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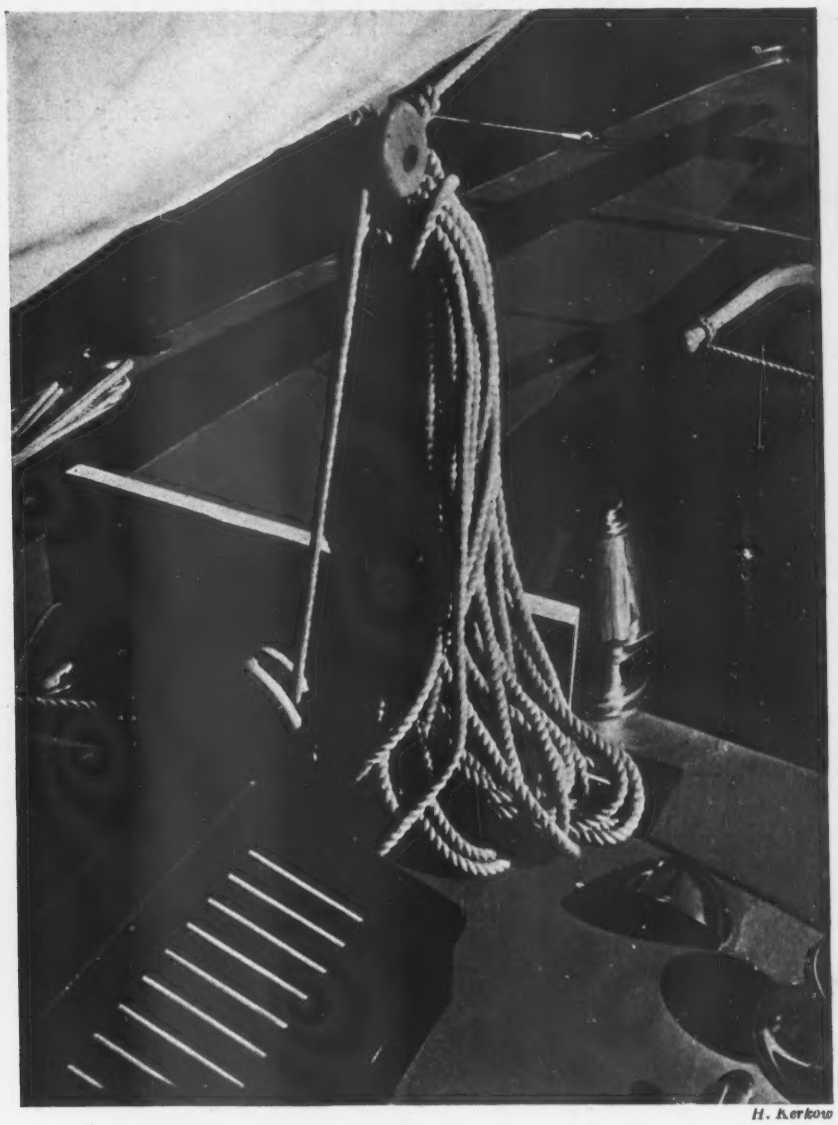
NO. 1

JULY

1936



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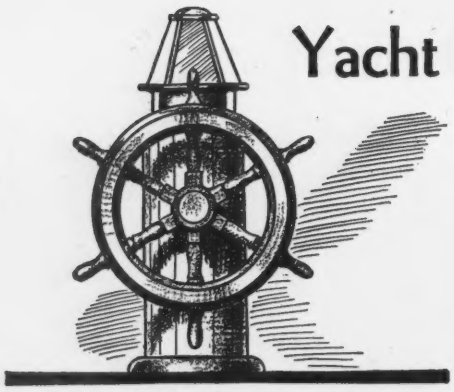
Yacht Club News and Gossip



Gold Cup Championships July 25th

THE Lake George Club, home of the A.P.B.A.'s Gold Cup for the last three years, is preparing to stage the 33rd renewal of the famous championships on Saturday, July 25th. The course, starting and spectator arrangements will be the same as last year. Dr. Edwin B. Jenks, regatta chairman, has announced the first 30-mile heat of the Gold Cup for one o'clock in Bolton Bay, Lake George, and that the second and third heats will follow at three o'clock and five o'clock. A race of 225 Class boats for the Governor Lehman trophy will be staged in two ten-mile heats between the Gold Cup contests.

\+ + +

225 Class Hits Its Stride

The "225" circuit hits its stride on July 4th when it begins eleven consecutive week-ends of action. Down on the Chesapeake seven more regattas are scheduled, including one at Baltimore on September 12th-13th. The other events will be held at Hampton, Va., Havre de Grace, Herald Harbor, Miles River, and Chestertown, Md. Five regattas of this class are carded on the South Jersey circuit, starting at Trenton July 4th. Cape May, Stone Harbor, Ocean City, and the Absecon Island Yacht Club will stage the other races in that section. So far, only four events have been scheduled in the northern regions, these being at Lake George as above noted, at Boston August 1st, at Detroit on Labor Day, and at Toronto September 9th to 11th. The other sanctioned regatta on the calendar is the National Sweepstakes at Red Bank, N. J., August 22nd-23rd.

\+ + +

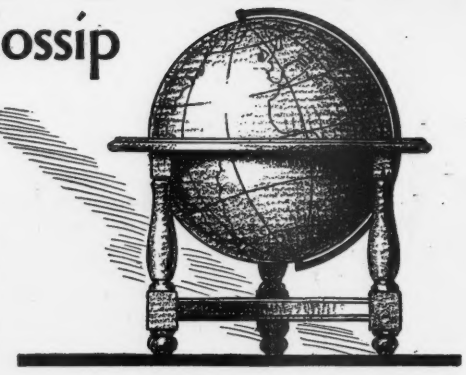
Pidgeon at Cape Town

A despatch in the Cape Town *Times* reports the arrival in the closing days of March of Harry Pidgeon and his world-girdling yawl *Islander*. Harry is doing his able best to prove the truth of the statement that it's a small world after all. Leaving Los Angeles for Hawaii in August of last year, the indefatigable cruiser worked his way from Honolulu to Port Moresby, Thursday Island, Christmas Island, the Cocos Keeling Islands, and south to Mauritius. After a five-week stop at Mauritius, *Islander* had a rough passage to Durban where she remained for three months. With stops at East London and Port Elizabeth, she made Cape Town in three months. Harry intends to proceed leisurely to the West Indies. The despatch in the Cape Town *Times* concludes with this statement: "After that he will take stock of what is happening and what his people are doing before deciding to get back to his shore home in Los Angeles."

Yachting Calendar

Sail

July 1 — Transatlantic Race, Bermuda-Cuxhaven, Germany, Norddeutscher Regatta-Verein, Hamburg.
July 1–5 — Fifth Annual Semana Nautica, Santa Barbara, Calif.
July 1–5 — International Pacific Northwest Regatta, Victoria, B. C.
July 2 — Second Annual Virginia Cup Race to Old Point Comfort, Gibson Island Yacht Squadron.
July 3 — George O. Clinch and Dreadnought Trophies, Chicago to Milwaukee, Chicago Y. C.
July 3 — Annual West End, La.-Biloxi, Miss. Race, Southern Y. C.
July 4 — Honolulu Ocean Race, Transpacific Y. C., San Pedro, Calif.
July 4–5 — Annual Lake Michigan Association Regatta, Racine Y. C., Racine, Wis.
July 4–5 — Babylon Y. C., N. Y.
July 5 — Midwest Moth Regatta, Baw Beese Sailing C., Hillsdale, Mich.
July 5 — Special Regatta for Meteors, Sound Juniors, and Dinghies, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
July 6–11 — Race Week, Biloxi Y. C., Biloxi, Miss.
July 7–14 — Annual Cruise, Eastern Y. C.
July 10 — British-American Six-Metre Team Races, Firth of Clyde, Scotland.
July 11 — Block Island Race, New York Athletic Club.
July 11–12 — Annual Regatta, Lorain Y. C., Lorain, O.
July 12 — Special Regatta for N. Y. Y. C. 32-Footers, Interclubs, Victories, S-Boats, Stars, and Atlantics, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
July 13–16 — Midget Championship Trophy, Shinnecock Y. C., N. Y.
July 15 — Long Distance Race, Fire Island Lightship and Return, Larchmont Y. C.
July 18 — Return Long Distance Race, Gulfport, Tex.-West End, La., Southern Y. C.
July 18 — Chicago-Mackinac Race, Chicago Y. C.
July 18 — Port Huron-Mackinac Race, Bayview Y. C., Detroit.
July 18–25 — Larchmont Race Week.
July 19 — Special Regatta for Meteors, Sound Juniors, and Dinghies, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
July 20–22 — Roosevelt Bowl Races, Beverly Y. C., Marion, Mass.
July 21–23 — Gulden Trophy Championship, Westhampton Y. C., N. Y.
July 23 — Thirty-Square-Metre Association Race from Marion to Edgartown.
July 24–25 — Annual Regatta, Edgartown Y. C., Edgartown, Mass.
July 26 — Swan Point Race, Gibson Island Y. C.
July 26-August 1 — Annual Race Week, Sheridan Shore Y. C., Wilmette Harbor, Ill.
July 28-August 1 — Prince of Wales Cup Race for Juniors, Lake Milo, Yarmouth, N. S.
July 31 — Bayside-Block Island Race, Bayside Y. C., Bayside, L. I.
July 31-August 2 — Pacific Coast Blue Star Championships, Newport Harbor, Calif.
July 31-August 2 — Eastern Connecticut Y. R. A. Regatta, Duck Island, Conn.
August 1 — Gulf Yachting Association Regatta, Southern Y. C., West End, La.
August 1 — Auxiliary race, Great Kills, S. I., to Fire Island Lightvessel and return. Richmond County Y. C.
August 1–2 — Antonia Trophy, World's Championship Moth Races, Atlantic City, N. J.
August 1–8 — Race Week, Marblehead, Mass.
August 2 — Freeman Cup Race, Rochester-Coburg-Youngstown.
August 2 — Special Regatta for Meteors, Sound Juniors, and Dinghies, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
August 3–8 — Race Week, Great South Bay Y. R. A.: Babylon, Bayshore, Point O' Woods, Timber Point, Sayville, Bellport.
August 3–11 — Southern California Y. A. Regatta, Newport Harbor, Calif.
August 4–15 — Olympic Regatta for Eight-Metres, Six-Metres, Stars and Monotypes, Kiel, Germany.
August 6–8 — Miles River Y. C. Regatta, St. Michaels, Md.
August 9–11 — Annual Cruise, American Y. C., Rye.
August 10–13 — Morgan Bowl, Bellport Women's Championship.
August 11–13 — Race Week, New Bedford Y. C., South Dartmouth, Mass.
August 12–20 — Annual Cruise, New York Y. C., New London, Conn.
August 14–16 — Chesapeake Bay Y. C. Regatta, Oxford, Md.
August 15 — Waukegan Race, Columbia Y. C., Chicago.
August 16 — Special Regatta for N. Y. Y. C. 32-Footers, Interclubs, Victories, S-Boats, Atlantics and Stars, Manhasset Bay Y. C., Execution Light.
August 17–19 — Inter-Lake Y. R. A. Regatta, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
August 17–21 — Inland Lakes Y. A. Regatta, Madison, Wis.
August 18 — Annual Regatta, New York Y. C., Mattapoisett, Mass.
August 22 — Annual Regatta, New York Athletic C.
August 22 — Cornfield Auxiliary and Stratford Shoal Sailing Races, City Island Y. C., N. Y.
August 22–23 — Annual Regatta, Y. C. of Stone Harbor, Stone Harbor, N. J.
August 23 — Special Regatta for Meteors, Sound Juniors, and Dinghies, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
August 29 — Monhegan Island Race, Portland Y. C., Portland, Me.
August 29–30 — Annual Regatta, Ocean City Y. C., Ocean City, N. J.
August 31-September 4 — Sears Bowl Races for Junior National Championships, Bay Shore Y. C., L. I.
September 4 — Vineyard Lightship and Return, Stamford Y. C., Stamford, Conn.
September 5 — Overnight Race to Stratford Shoal and Return, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, L. I.



September 5, 19, 20, 27 — Eight-Metre Championships Gibson Island Y. S.
September 5–7 — Triangular Race, Chicago-Michigan City-St. Joseph-Chicago.
September 5–9 — Pacific Coast Regatta, St. Francis, Y. C., San Francisco, Calif.
September 6 — Special Regatta for Meteors, Sound Juniors, and Dinghies, Manhasset Bay Y. C.
September 9–12 — Fourth Annual Fall Race Series, Manhasset Bay Y. C., Manhasset, L. I.
September 10–12 — Class R and Eight-Metre Championships, Chicago.
September 12–13 — Comet Class, National Championship Regatta, Richmond County Club, Great Kills, N. Y.
September 13 — Special Regatta for N. Y. Y. C. 32-Footers, Interclubs, Victories, S-Boats, Atlantics, and Stars, Manhasset Bay Y. C., Execution Light.
September 19 — Autumn Regatta, Chicago Y. C.
September 24–27 — President's Cup Moth Regatta, Washington, D. C.
September 25–26 — President's Cup Regatta, Potomac River Sailing Association, Washington, D. C.
October 9 — Race to Stratford Shoal and Northport Harbor, New Rochelle Y. C., New Rochelle, N. Y.
October 16–18 — National Moth Championship Regatta, Elizabeth City, N. C.

International Star Class

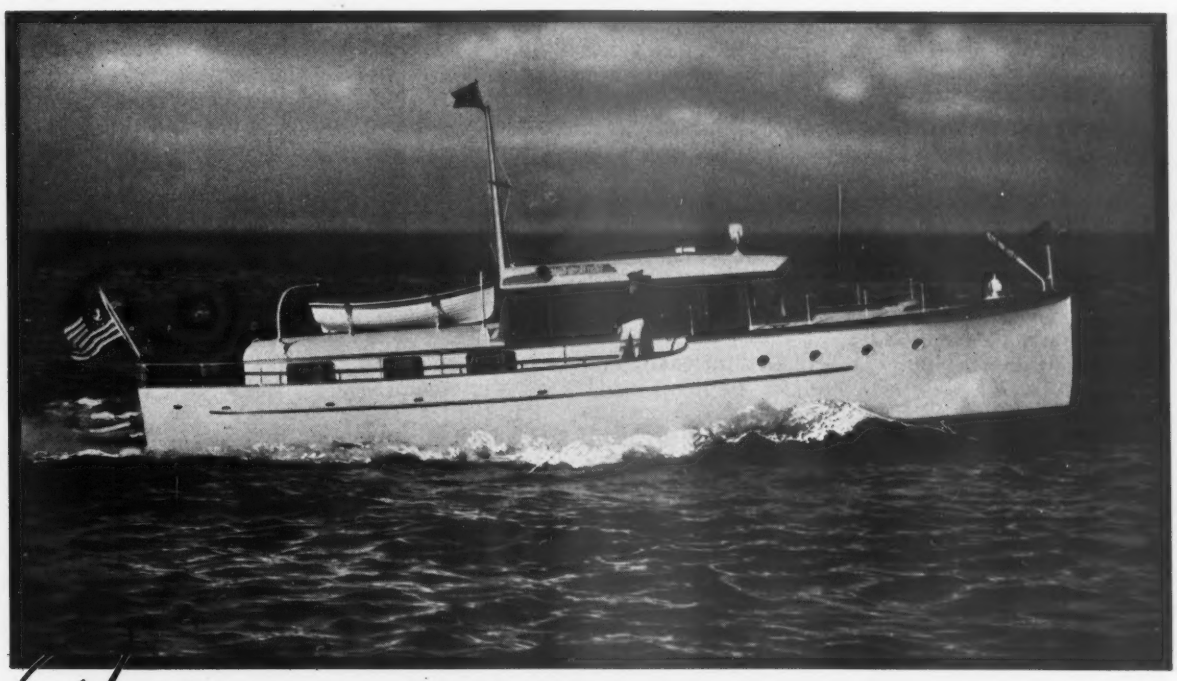
July 7–9 — Atlantic Coast Olympic Semi-Finals, Sayville, L. I.
July 10–12 — United States Olympic Finals, Sayville, L. I.
July 24–26 — J. Rulon Miller Memorial Trophy, Chesapeake Bay.
July 26–28 — California Pacific International Exposition Regatta, San Diego, Calif.
July 26-August 1 — Sheridan Shore Y. C., Wilmette Harbor, Ill.
August 4–8 — Corry Trophy Races, Great South Bay, L. I.
August 4–8 — Great Lakes Championship, St. Joseph, Mich.
August 4–15 — Olympic Regatta, Kiel, Germany.
August 14–16 — Chesapeake Bay Lipton Series, Oxford, Md.
August 18–22 — Atlantic Coast Championships, Moriches Bay, L. I.
August 20–22 — Twelfth District Championship, Geneva, N. Y.
September 1–8 — World's Championship, Rochester Y. C., Lake Ontario.
September 5–7 — Eighth Annual Jersey Coast Challenge Series, Seaside Park, N. J.

Power

July 3 — Annual West End, La.-Biloxi, Miss., Long Distance Race, Southern Y. C.
July 4 — Yacht Moteur Club de France, Paris. Spreckels Trophy, Outboards.
July 11 — Block Island Race, New York Athletic Club.
July 18–20 — Power Boat Cruise, Chicago to Mackinac I.
July 25 — Gold Cup Race, Lake George, N. Y.
August 1 — Long Beach-Newport cruiser race, Including Series at Newport during Southern California Championship Regatta.
August 1–2 — Charles River Basin, Boston.
August 7–8 — Miles River Y. C. Regatta, St. Michaels, Md.
August 9 — Cruiser Race to Put-in-Bay from Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland.
August 22–23 — National Sweepstakes Regatta, Red Bank, N. J.
August 24 — Mile Time Trials, Outboards and Inboards, Red Bank, N. J.
September 5 — Long Beach-Isthmus-Catalina Island Cruiser Race.
September 5–8 — International Motor Yachting Union Regatta, Detroit.
September 9–11 — 225 Class, Toronto.
September 25–26 — President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D. C.
November 1 — Cruiser race for the Pacific Motor Boat Trophy, 732 Class or Under, Newport Harbor, Calif.

Long Island Y. R. A. Schedule

July 3 — American Y. C.
July 4 — Independence Day, Larchmont Y. C.
July 5 — Knickerbocker Y. C.
July 11 — Indian Harbor Y. C.
July 18–25 — Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.
August 1 — Stamford Y. C.
August 8 — American Y. C.
August 15 — Huguenot Y. C.
August 22 — New York Athletic Club.
August 29 — Port Washington Y. C.
September 5 — Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.
September 7 — Labor Day, Larchmont Y. C.
September 12 — Indian Harbor Y. C.
September 19 — Manhasset Bay Y. C.
September 26 — Open Date.



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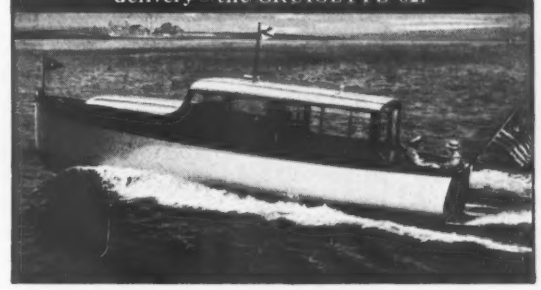

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IN THE WIND

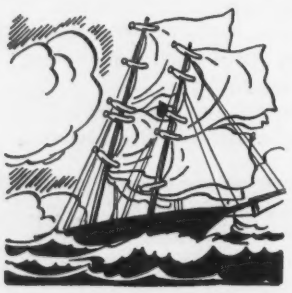
I SUSPECT the traditionally taciturn United States Coast and Geodetic Survey of having acquired a high pressure press agent. How else explain an almost garrulous release — "Vast Gorge Charted Off Harbor" — which backed Representative Zioncheck off Page One but wasn't news except to your grandfather a half century ago. Granted that I would rather read ancient history than about the contemporary antics of Washington's most playful legislator, I was shocked at the publicizing of a routine hydrographic undertaking.

The Hamburgers are being smothered in Onion Patch hospitality at this point. . . . Signature chantey of navigators who didn't make their expected landfalls was, "Oh, How I Miss You Tonight!" . . . There was nothing slack about the receiving line at the R.B.Y.C. . . . Much of the uninhibited conversation among the crews is "I"-spiced. . . . Some of the boys, despite a salty baptism, can't break themselves of the habit of saying, "He's in the kitchen" and "I'm going upstairs." . . . A lot of skippers went sailing as soon as they got their hooks down. . . .

SEXTANT MUSING

Twinkle, twinkle, little stella
How I wonder who the hell are
You, above the world so bright,
Whom I'm using for a sight!

Old Cap Schlimbach arrived in Newport, his pleasing features wreathed in smiles as he received congratulations on his successful promotion of the Bermuda to Cuxhaven race. . . . He came over in the *Isis* aboard which were the German entries *Hamburg* and *Ettsi* whose rigging and outfitting he supervised in Boston.



"Here's a nugget from the *Miami Herald*," writes a faithful contrib. . . .

"Up the coast 10 miles the 45-foot schooner *Haligonian*, another Clearwater boat, owned and skippered by L. S. Ruder, had its masts crowded with sheets and was gradually closing in the gap. . . ."

Whereupon the band struck up "Blankets Away!"

A faithful correspondent observes: "I note several firms advertising radio direction finders in your good old magazine. As has generally been the case with radio development, amateurs are always a step ahead of the professionals.

"Slade Dale, who has friends in every harbor, has a direction finder on his ancient *Emma Berry* that is far ahead of the store variety.

"Instead of being graduated in points or degrees, Slade's dial is marked off: 'Roast Beef'—'Chicken'—'Roast Lamb'—'Stew'—etc. . . . and she makes an extra loud squeal when you aim the loop at 'Strawberry Shortcake' . . .

"By careful use of this instrument Slade entirely eliminates the element of chance in the harbor he makes each evening."

Your schooner with fore'n aft topsails is no topsail schooner, paradoxical as that may seem. . . . A topsail schooner is a schooner having a square topsail on the foremast and, rarely, on the mainmast. . . .

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Excerpt from a contemporary column: "Manny was actually only about five minutes astern coming up to the finish, but for some reason or other he couldn't figure out how to finish and lost all of three more minutes before he finally crossed the line backward. . . . Fortunately, the race was of no importance."

Aw, come now. Have a heart. It must have *seemed* important to the winner, at least.

Further information on President Roosevelt's cruise in Harry Tweed's *Sewanna* was forthcoming from his son, James, who is readying the schooner at Fairhaven. . . . Plans are for a leisurely voyage along the Maine and Canadian coasts. . . . With a call at Passamaquoddy, no doubt.

George Sutton and William John have been getting the run-around from members of the International Motor Yachting Union in their efforts to obtain recognition for certain American record classifications. With the exception of Italy, which has curtly refused the American proposals, all the other countries have replied with an exasperating ambiguity and evasiveness. Consequently, the A.P.B.A. wants George to attend the I.M.Y.U. annual convention in Brussels next October in the hope that he will be able to accomplish in person what correspondence has failed to achieve. If he can't, the American Association is going to pursue a policy of isolation. . . . Leaving the wily Europeans to *put-putter* along by themselves.

Ralph Gore ("Sir" to you) is supposed to challenge for the America's Cup on behalf of Tom Sopwith. . . . It's an old British custom.

Mrs. J. Frederic Bohmfalk of Great Neck writes that she is just about resigned to undertaking again this season the duties of deck hand and steward aboard her new boat *Gay Head*. . . . She encloses a letter which she says is typical of many she has received from

professional yachting gentlemen whom she approached on the subject but who passed up the opportunity due to the arduous nature of the work involved. . . . The epistle, from Wiscasset, Maine, reads in part as follows:

"I have delayed answering your letter as I couldn't make up my mind. But I must confess the idea of so much cooking has dampened my spirits. . . . I have been cook on a yacht . . . and Captain and cook . . . and I find it too great a strain. So, much to my regret, I will have to give up the idea of making a deal with you. Cooking takes all the joy out of my life."

From the Norwalk Yacht Club News Bulletin: "Real and valuable instruction was given at these meetings, and our skippers should now be in a position to file a bunch of protests after each race to help the Race Committee do some work for the pay they get, and give them something to think about."

From the looks of the little schooner *Adventurer* in which Charlie Powell, Jr., Fred Boardman and Mort Miller intend to round the world, I'd say the C-G-Men won't have to worry. But I bet you "Spun Yarn" has her embarrassing position worked out already.

I wish I'd had a look at that 47-foot "schooner-rigged yawl" before she sank off Eaton's Neck.

A fatal error in philatelism has the Bermuda philatelists all hot and bothered at this point. It seems someone gummed up a recent issue of tuppenny stamps intended to represent pictorially a typical Bermuda sailing yacht. . . . Instead, the stamps show forth the American six-metre *Lucie*, owned by Briggs Cunningham. . . . At least so Kenneth Trimingham insists, claiming that when the late Governor, Sir Thomas Astley Cubitt, examined photographs with the object of selecting the colony's typical yacht he picked *Lucie* instead of the Trimingham Brothers' famed old campaigner *Viking*. . . .

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"Yes, they're Winton-Diesels" . . . today prominent yacht owners say it with a feeling of pride that bespeaks the traditional quality apparent in these fine engines. Consistently these units set new standards in Diesel efficiency. Typical Winton-Diesel performance was recently demonstrated by the 101-foot yacht *Gem*, owned by William Ziegler, Jr. This boat, illustrated above, repowered with two of the latest type 200 h.p. Winton-Diesels under the supervision of John H. Wells, Inc., attained a speed of 15.36 statute miles per hour on her trial run . . . a performance record that proved highly satisfactory to the owner. To those who contemplate initial or replacement installations, we suggest a careful investigation of the power characteristics provided by the latest Winton-Diesel Marine Engines.

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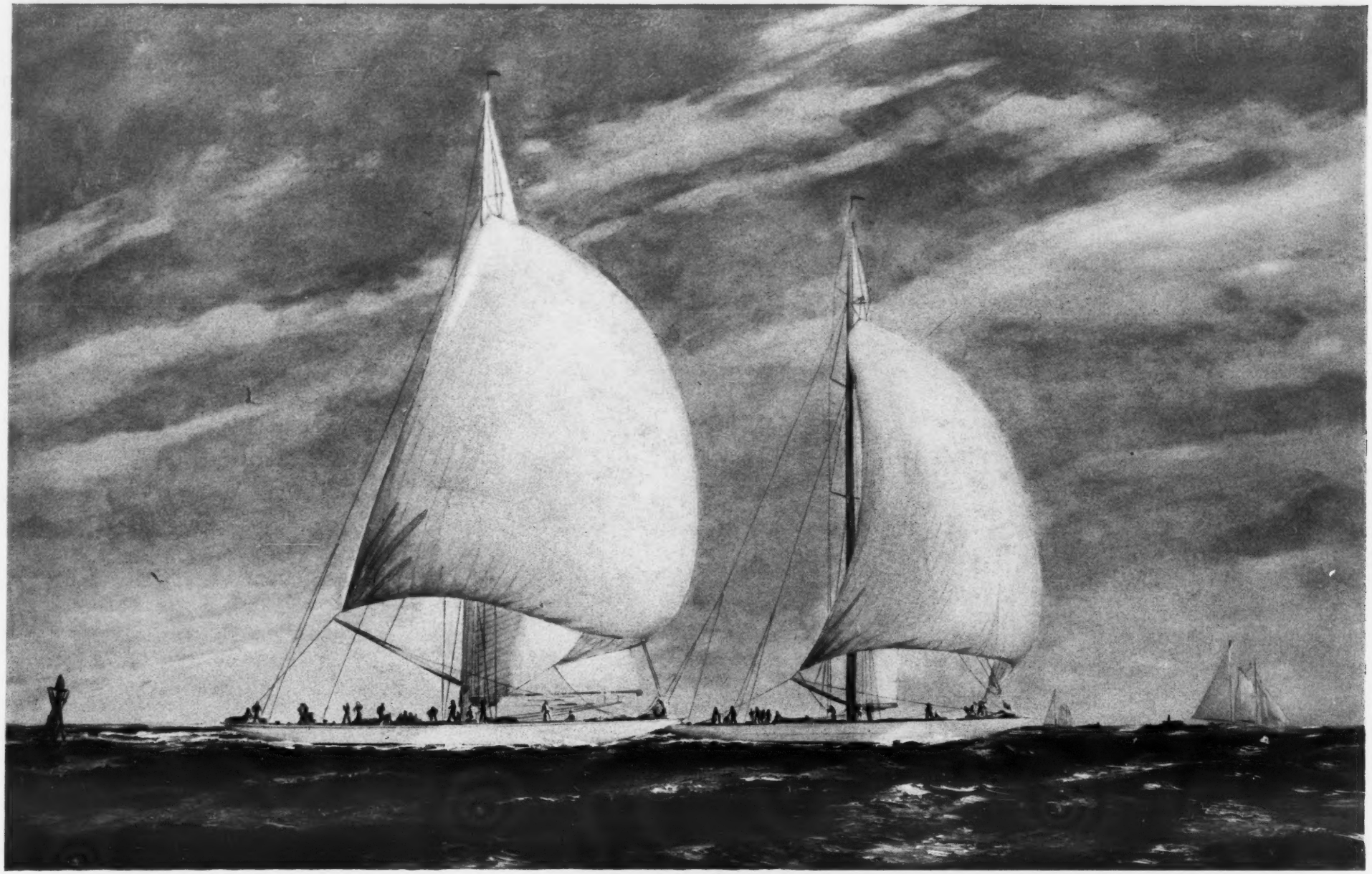


A Matter of One Second

Finish of the much discussed race of the trial series of 1934 which resulted in "Rainbow" being chosen to defend the America's Cup. "Rainbow" and her old rival "Yankee" (right) will be racing against each other this summer for the first time since this memorable day.

Painting by Benjamin Stephenson. Reproduced by courtesy of Chandler Hovey

YACHTING

Volume LX JULY + 1936 Number 1

Jogging along through Sea Reach, a pair of barges bound for the Medway cross our bow

To Sea with Red Spritsails

By

C. H. J. SNIDER

THIS came about at noon hour at the Ship and Whale, in Dollar Bay, on the Coast of Slavery, in the spring of 1935. Land directions, take the London tube to Surrey Docks underground station, cross the road, turn left for half a mile, cross two bridges (if they're not swung for tows), pass Canada Yard and Quebec Yard and New Brunswick Yard, and turn right at Finland Yard, if the dock police will let you.

The Ship and Whale was doing a truly roaring trade, with hungry customers making the cutlery rattle over chops and chips and toad-in-the-hole with bubble-and-squeak, and thirsty customers banging the bar for pints faster than Dorothy with the yellow "perm" and her two assistants could fill them. A cockney with a good music hall voice and an eloquent concertina was ripping off radio melodies at high speed, a Yankee with a banjo and a Red Cross man with a white tin can toiling hopelessly in his wake.

"It's for a good cause, gentlemen," quoth the Red Cross knight, rattling the few coppers in his can. "It's for a good cause, gents," mimicked the Yankee, getting nothing but grins. "It's for a good caws, mytes," trolled the cockney, and his hat was full of pennies, tanners, and an occasional bob.

Over half-pints of bitter and shandy — the gaff disappeared as if in anticipation of my approaching acquaintance with the sprit rig — I became fourth hand in the 300-ton seagoing Thames sailing barge *Will Everard*. She was steel hulled, flat bottomed, bluff bowed, and leeboarded. Five thousand square feet of red-tanned flax and duck canvas, spread in jibs and spritsails, were her sole motive power. Her topmast truck was a hundred feet above the deck, and one hundred feet also happened to be her length from stem to rudder.

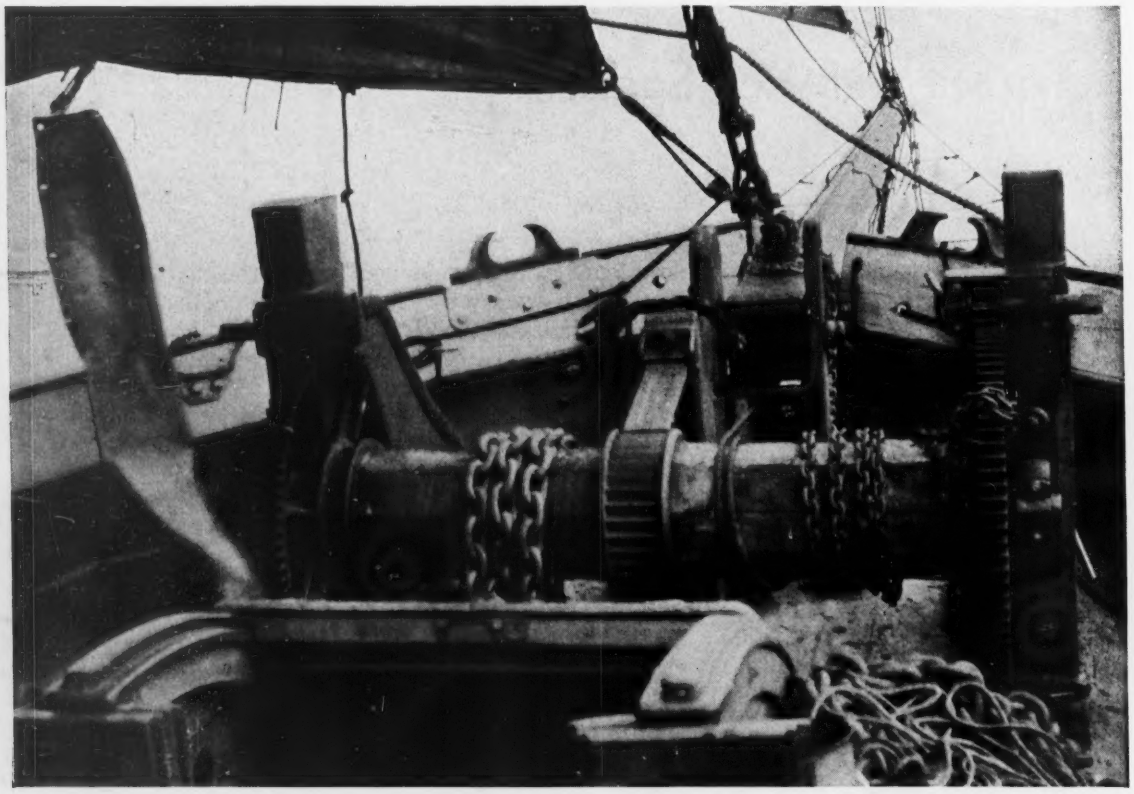
She was lying alongside the American steamer *Waban* in Dollar Bay, and was loading ground oyster shells from the Chesapeake, to make poultry farming pay in Norfolk

The third hand carries the skipper's dinner from galley to cabin

"All hands on the main sheet!" and skipper, mate and third hand of the "Will Everard" tail on to the hauling part

County, in England. She had already taken in 500 quarters — do you get that? — of dark brown wheat in bulk, for the Colman mills in Norwich on the Wensum, which is reachable from sea by way of Great Yarmouth. She was finishing with two lots of oyster shell, carefully divided by flakes of cable between the tiers of bags. The main hatch, opening amidships for a third of her length, with coamings higher than the two-foot bulwarks, was full and battened down when I shipped. The last stuff was going into the smaller fore hatch, which cocked up with the sheer of the bows.

The forecastle where I dumped my brown turkey — kit bag to you, sir — was far superior to any schooner's I have ever sailed in, except the *Bluenose's*, and such fishermen's, or the *Oliver Mowat's*, on Lake Ontario forty years ago. No damp dirty doghole this, fouled but not illuminated by perpetual lantern light. No, this was an airy four-bunk boudoir, with good daylight from the big scuttle, and a good cooking range in the after part. George, the mate, the hardest working man in the ship, slept here in preference to using his dark junk-filled berth aft in the cabin. And Dick, who was Richard when he was not Henry, cooked for us all here. It proved good food, too — fried meat or fish and eggs for breakfast; plenty of bread and butter always; chops or a roast, with potatoes and cabbage, for dinner, and sometimes a suet pudding; and cheese, jam, syrup, bread and butter, and often a salad, for supper. And, at all hours, tea, with condensed milk; five times a day, anyway.



Ricardus-non-Henricus kept the forecastle and cabin clean and shining as to paint and brass work, cooked, washed, swept and lent a hand generally, for twenty shillings a week. He was to have thirty as soon as he could steer an hour's trick, stow the topsail, tie a bowline, and scull the yawl boat, but in ten months he had not got round to all this yet. He was a willing, happy lad getting out of his teens.

Before we swung the heavy pitch pine beams into place over the filled fore hatch with the aid of a winch — she was

We wound up 1000 pounds of anchor and what seemed like 1000 miles of chain with this windlass and did it many times in a watch

well found in hand winches — there came word from "the City," where "the Governor" ruled a mighty office, that we were to take on a hundred bags of dried peas for Norwich. That would still leave our Plimsoll mark well out, but there was no place below for them now, with the holds all stowed, so we got a few into the fore hatch and had the rest piled in tiers on the high main hatch. The longshoremen were a good natured lot, with little tough language and a great willingness to oblige "sailormen," but, even so, they burst some of the bags in stowing them. Though they were penitent and tied the rips with rope yarns, this led to our future punishment. The bags piled on the main hatch were covered with double thicknesses of the tarpaulins which usually went over the hatch covers direct.

Carrying a deckload or "stack" is, of course, no novelty in a sailing barge. You should see them with baled hay piled halfway to the cross-trees, "winding" or "turning" to windward on the boost of a flood tide! "Sailorman," by the way, has a specific meaning on the Coast of Slavery. Longshoremen use it exclusively for bargees, because, alas, they are the only sailing sailors left using dockland. I heard at the Ship and Whale that only three "round-bottoms," that is, keel sailing craft, were left in the British coasting trade. But there are still hundreds of these crimson winged barges, which can go wherever the tide creeps. They often cross the North Sea and the Channel, for France, Holland and Belgium.

At one o'clock in the morning the dock gates were opened and our Old Man (Capt. James Uglow, still in his twenties) called down the fore scuttle: "The pleasure of your company is requested for hauling round the knuckle!"

I had heard a good or bad deal about the language of bargedom, and it may be all that they say, but this was a fair sample of our ship, and of all I encountered anywhere. When the skipper wanted to be emphatic, he became politely ironical; when the mate was popping off, he whistled and spat.

So we hauled around the knuckle, in a spitting rain, and spread sail to the faintest of airs, relying on the ebb. How we cleared the Coast of Slavery and tided it down the London River, as sailors call the Thames from the Tower to the sea, is a separate saga running through a night and a day. Next sunset found us in the estuary, parting company with a fleet of barges bound for the Medway, their iron sheet travelers jingling like vesper bells as they slatted across the great wooden horses that crossed the decks from bulwark to bulwark. Our own main sheet horse was an eight-sided stick a foot in diameter, cunningly curved in two directions and off-centered so as to keep an even pull on the sheet on both tacks. Our "spreet," you see, was on one side of the mast — the starboard. They always are.

"There'll be wind tonight, thank God," said the Old Man when he relieved me at the wheel. "Get some sleep while you can."

Our watches all the way down the river had been scarcely able to earn the name. There had been no wind, and all hands were almost incessantly working the vessel with the tide and the anchor. We slept when the flood tide held us up. The skipper was at the wheel almost the whole of the rest of the time, and the other three of us were sure to be bending over the windlass brakes before the hour struck.

At midnight we were well out of the estuary and turning Orfordness, the mile post which marks the northern trend of the East Anglian coast of the North Sea. There was wind all right. The *Will* was wading through under whole sail, cracking on to get clear of the mess of "sands," "deeps," "gats," "swatches," tide rips and overfalls which horrificate the entrance to the Thames. We had long since passed out of the Gunfleet into the Wallet, if that means anything to you, and the skipper was below, poring over his Bible, *The North Sea Coal Trade*, with its big folding charts. The cabin, where we all ate at one table, was a cosy place, entirely below deck, well lighted by a skylight, and bright with pitch pine panelling and a red-tiled grate with shining brass mantel and mirror above it. "Most masters would give you our soundings and position to a foot, without looking at a chart or heaving the lead," said he, when I came down for my midnight tea, "but I can't see a chart too often."

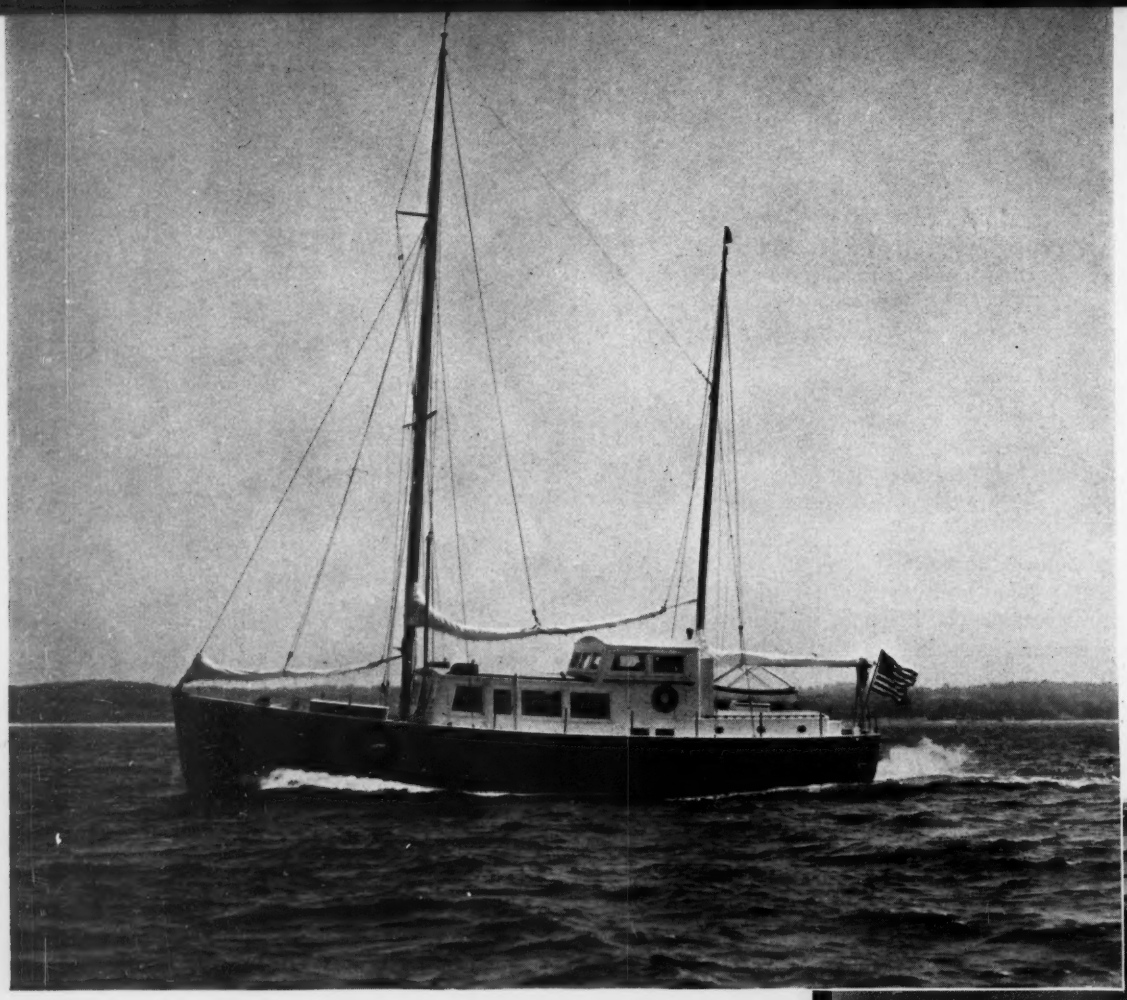
Just then she took a heavy puff which filled the decks and spilt the

(*Continued on page 101*)

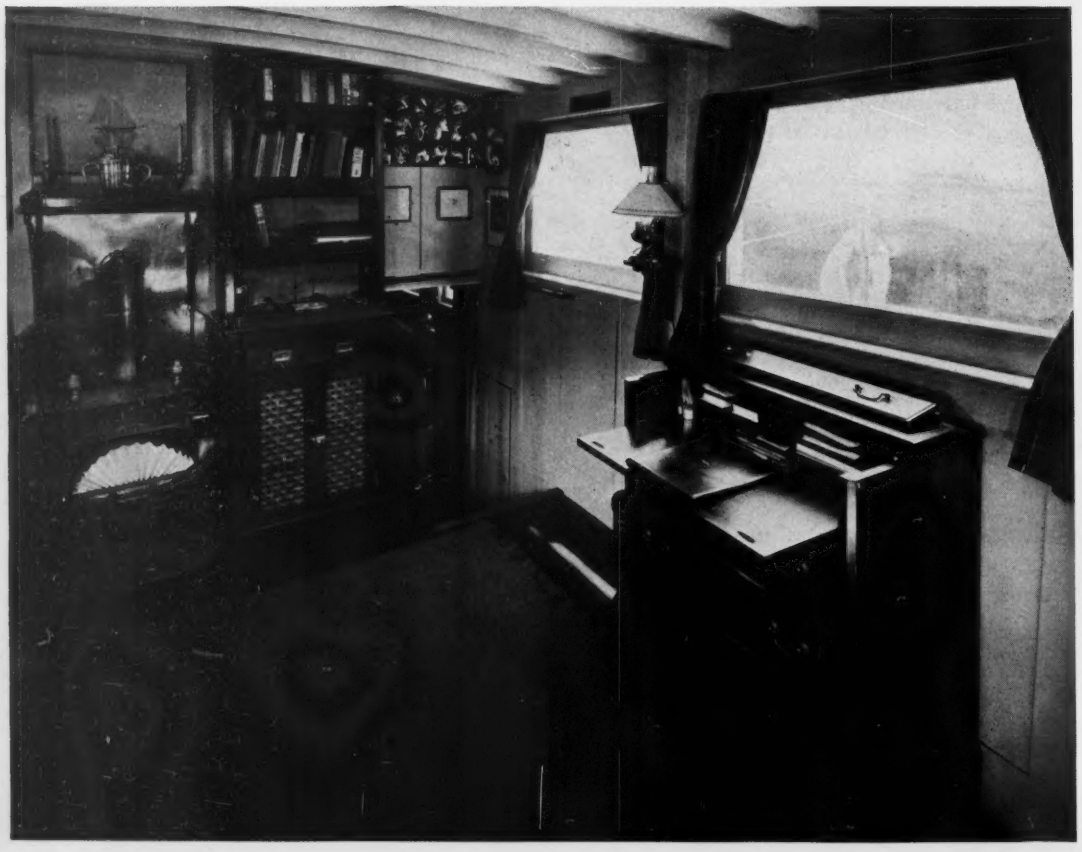
Our mate, "Yarmouth George," cocks a sailorly eye aloft as he stands with one foot on the rail and one on the telegraph pole which does duty as jib horse. Below, transom and after side of the wheelhouse are white; they reflect the rays of the stern light and avert overtaking collisions

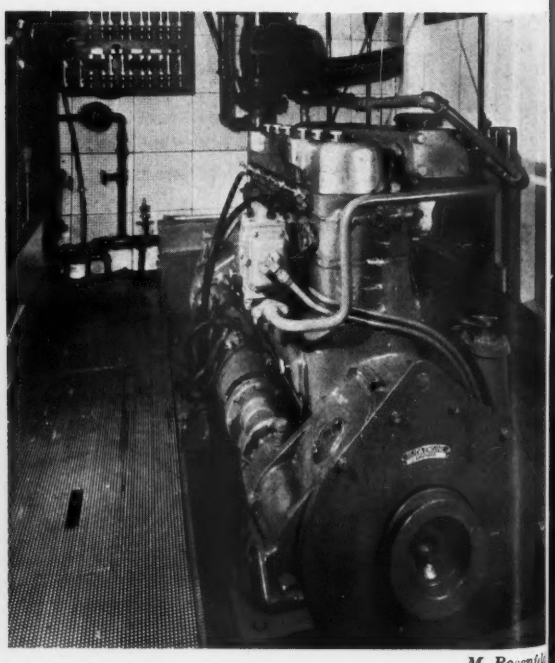
"Diana"

A Summer Home



Built for Langhorne Gibson of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., this new yacht is 60' 6" over all, 57' 6" l.w.l., 16' 8" beam, and 6' 3" draft. "Diana's" plans were drawn by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., and she was built at Solomons, Md., by M. M. Davis & Son. A 6-cylinder Buda Diesel gives her a cruising speed of ten knots. The yacht has a roomy sunken deckhouse used as living and dining room, and two large double staterooms with bath rooms adjoining. The galley is in the raised house abaft the deckhouse. At the right is shown the owner's stateroom aft; below, the deckhouse and the engine room





M. Rosenfeld

A rescue at sea. A whaler from the Coast Guard Cutter "Sebago" about to take off the crew of the schooner "Teresa White" just before she sank

Watchdogs of the Sea

A Glimpse at the Many—And Sometimes Perilous—Duties of the Coast Guard

By CHARLES FREDERICK McKIVERGAN

THE usually calm waters of San Francisco Bay were whipped by waves as high as the deckhouse of a freighter. Out on the bay three men were adrift on a dynamite-laden barge. At the mercy of the elements, they had no rudder, nor was there any motor, steam or sail to drive her to a haven. Fortunately, the crew of the passing vessel *Condor* saw the plight of the men. At once a lifeboat left the vessel's side, only to become immediately as helpless as a cork in the seething sea. From the *Condor*, then, an *S O S* flashed through the air.

At an anchorage off San Francisco pier, Engineer Joseph Beck and Seaman George Gordon were on duty on the Coast Guard patrol boat *Gaviota*. The rest of her crew was ashore. Calling two seamen of the nearby cutter *Golden Gate* to aid them, the coast guardsmen set out to the rescue.

They came first to the lifeboat, drifting beyond control. They put a line aboard her and started to tow, only to have the rope break. Once, twice, three times the line parted, before it held long enough to permit the rescue of the boat's occupants. Then the coast guardsmen set about rescuing the men on the dynamite-laden barge.

Wave after wave was breaking over the helpless craft. Her three-man crew sat on top of the cases of dynamite, holding on tight. Only after half an hour of delicate, dangerous maneuvering were the men taken off the barge. Then the *Gaviota* put back to her base and other Coast Guard boats took up the patrol of the dynamite craft to warn shipping away from her until finally she was hard aground, her deck swept clean, but her hull and dangerous cargo undamaged and no longer a menace to other ships.

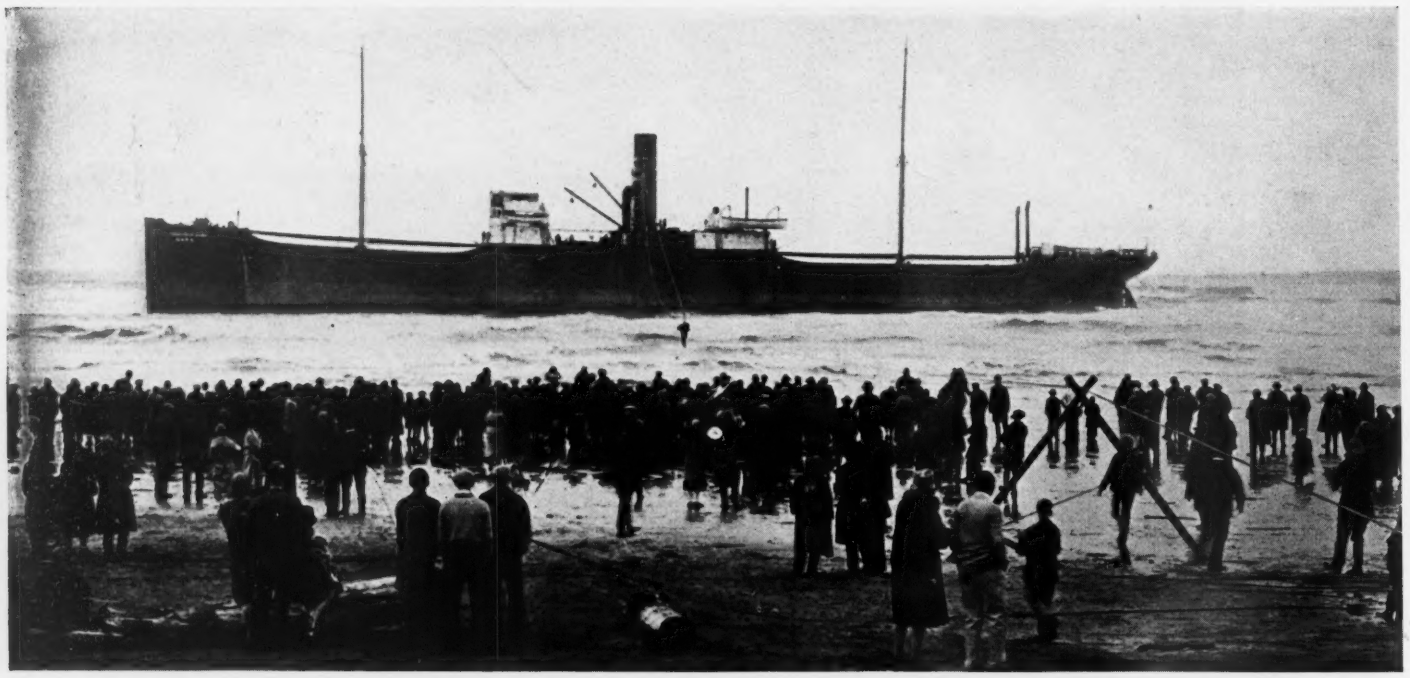
The story is, of course, a true one, taken at random from last year's files of the Coast Guard. For scarcely a day passes without an episode of heroism on the part of the men who make up one of the most gallant services in all the world — the United States Coast Guard. Along 13,000 miles of coast line, 365 days and nights in the year, these Good Samaritans of the sea answer the call of duty. By land and sea, they stand constantly ready to go into action, heedless of bitter winds and pounding waves, to meet countless emergencies. But suppose we begin our story where perhaps we should, with the story of the Coast Guard.

This marine protective agency dates from 1790, when President George Washington signed an act creating the "Revenue Cutter Service of the United States," to consist of a force of ten cutters, manned by 200 men. Sixty years later, in 1850, a Life Saving Service was created by Congress to save life and property in danger along our coasts, thereby supplementing the work of the Cutter Service which was confined mostly to large vessels far out to sea. For the following 65 years, these two departments worked harmoniously, but independently of each other.

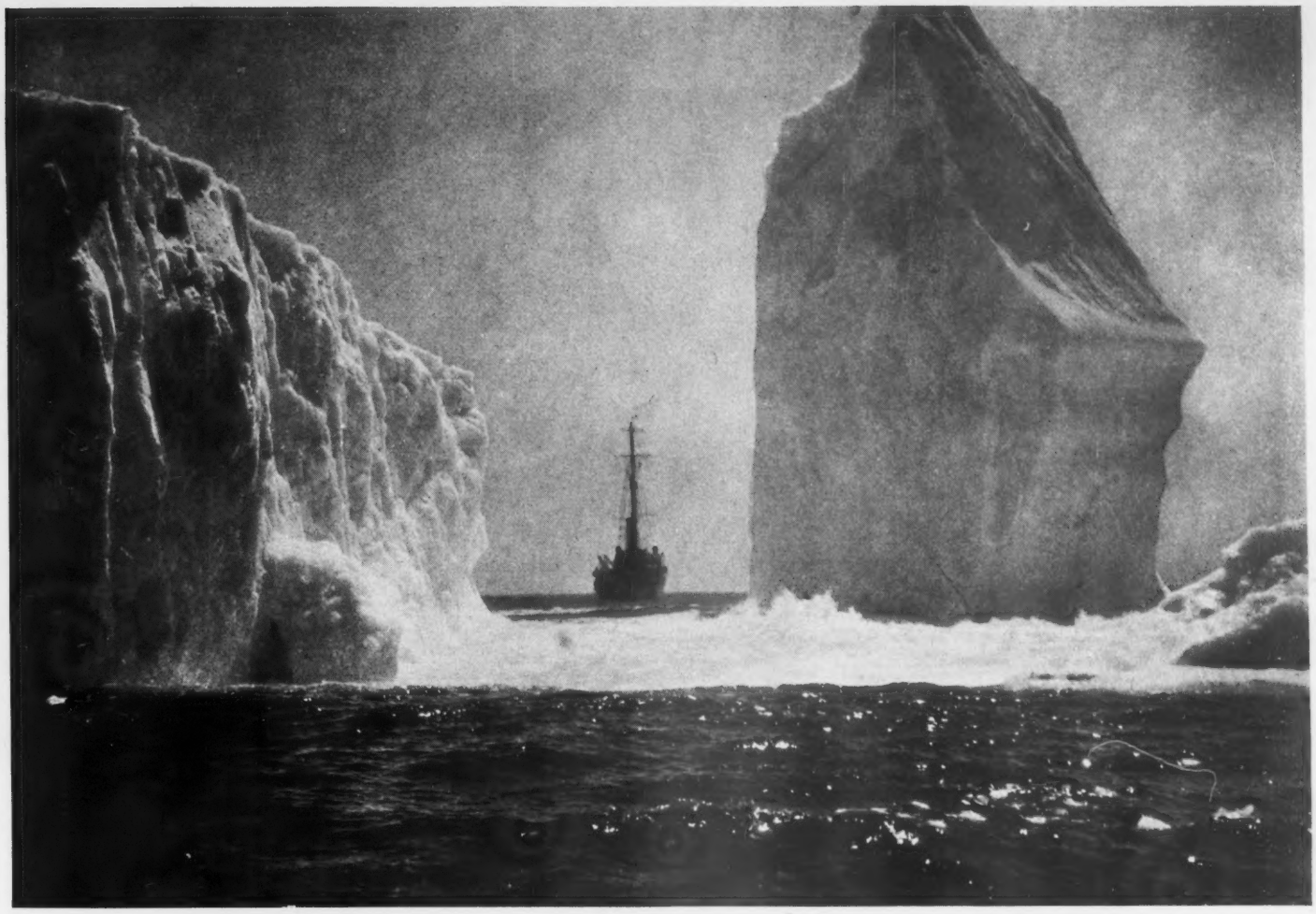
In January, 1915, President Wilson combined the two services into our modern Coast Guard. In peace time the service operates under the Treasury Department; in time of war, it functions as part of the navy and is subject to orders of the Secretary of the Navy. Under this arrangement, the Coast Guard has played a distinguished part in every war in which the United States has engaged, with the single exception of our almost forgotten conflict with Tripoli.

Originally organized to protect the customs and preserve order and safety along our marine borders, the duties of the Coast Guard have expanded greatly. Today it is charged with enforcement of navigation and motor boat laws; prevention of smuggling; collection of customs revenue; protection of game, seal and fisheries in Alaska; enforcement of the sponge-fishing laws; enforcement of the laws relating to quarantine and neutrality; and the carrying out of general preparedness for national defense. It enforces regulations concerning oil pollution, immigration and related problems; destroys and removes wrecks, derelicts and other floating dangers to navigation; suppresses mutinies on merchant vessels; provides for the safety of life at regattas and marine parades; extends medical aid to American ships; guards the seal herds and sea otters in the North Pacific and Bering Sea; dispenses flood relief on our western rivers; forms the international ice patrol in the vicinity of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland; and renders assistance to all mariners and craft in distress.

The accomplishment of all these aims requires at present a force of 37 cruising cutters, 125 patrol boats, 75 picket boats, two score miscellaneous craft, 243 life-saving stations, five air stations and 40 aeroplanes. From its original nucleus of 200 men, the personnel has grown to include 500 commissioned officers, 600 warrant officers and 9,000 enlisted men. To fill officer vacancies, about 100 cadets, chosen through competitive examinations, are maintained under instruction at the Coast Guard Academy at New London. Those who survive the difficult four-year course and graduate are commissioned ensigns in the service.



The crew of the Grays Harbor station bringing a man ashore in the breeches buoy



The work of patrolling the ice-filled waters off the Grand Banks is performed by the U. S. Coast Guard. Below, a Coast Guard plane drops a hurricane warning alongside a fisherman

Think it easy to become an enlisted coast guardsman? In a a single year, of over 6,000 applicants only 189 were accepted. About 250 young hopefuls were rejected because of physical disabilities and 5,000 youths were turned down because they failed to meet the mental, educational or character requirements. Every man who applies is called upon to prove by test that he is a reasonably fast, enduring swimmer. He must be able to dive straight to an underwater target. And he must be a first-class boatman, almost by instinct. No one could set down on paper what these men usually know about small craft before they put on a uniform.

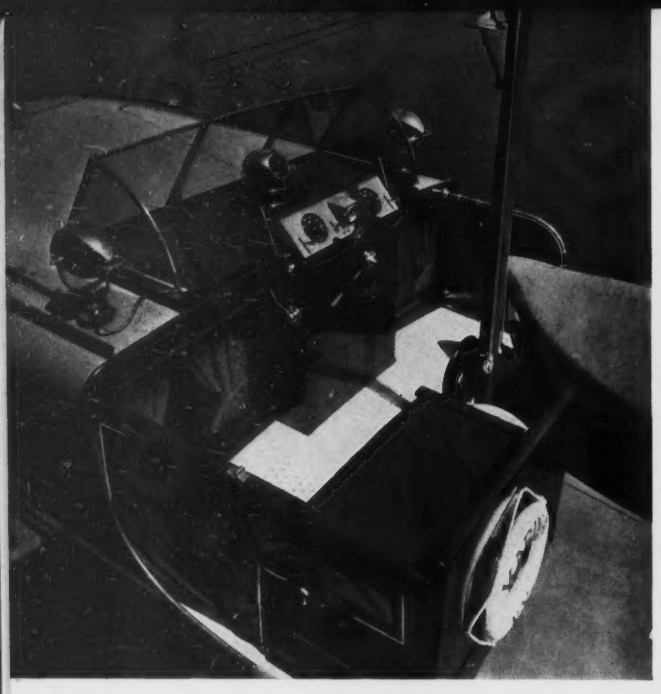
Once in the service, the men are required to practice week after week to perfect their use of the traditional breeches buoy and the Lyle gun that fires the line, in continuous preparation for the supreme emergency. On hot summer nights, when even an undershirt seems too much clothing, as on stormy winter nights, when oilskins freeze solid and the wind nearly knocks them off their feet, they must, if surfmen, trudge their three, four or five miles on beach patrol duty until they reach the frontier of the neighboring patrol, forming a chain of watchful eyes that extends unbroken along the Atlantic Coast from near the Canadian border to Cape Fear.

Coast guardsmen must be experts, also, in the art of resuscitating the apparently drowned. As Federal officers, they must be able to shoot with rifle and pistol. And they must learn equally well how to preserve the spotless cleanliness that distinguishes the standardized two-and-a-half story white painted Coast Guard stations that dot the coast line. But all these achievements are simple, indeed, compared with the trick of launching a frail boat through the surf and bringing her ashore again in safety. Surf launching and beaching are matters of intricate teamwork and careful timing that can be perfected only through years of practice.

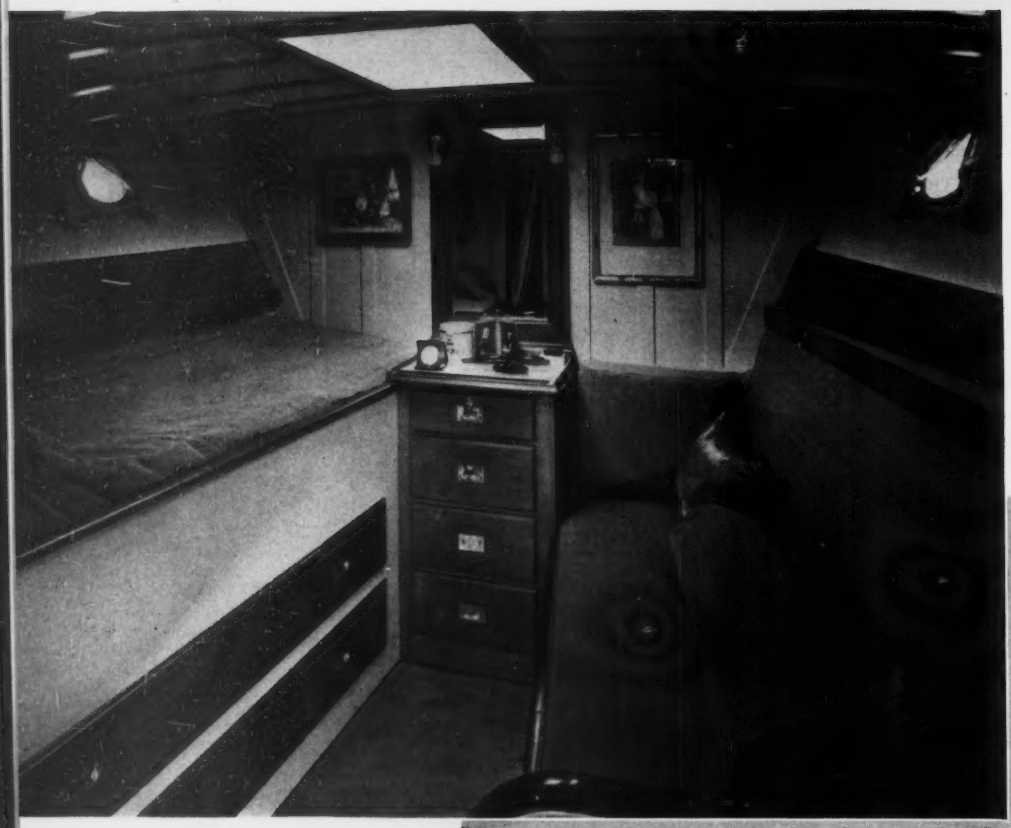
Before they have been in the service long, then, the men realize that their calling is one which demands hard work, brains and dauntless courage. Why this is so is easily apparent to anybody who gives more than casual thought to

(*Continued on page 96*)

Launching a surf boat from the runway of a station on Cape Ann



"Karina"



Robert E. Tod's new "Karina" is 50' in length over all, 12' 4" beam, and 3' 4" draft. Hull design is by Frederick K. Lord, while the layout of quarters was arranged by the builders, Dawn Cruisers, Inc. Her power plant is a pair of 8-cylinder Superior Diesels developing 150 hp. each which give a speed of close to 20 m.p.h.

M. Rosenfeld

Melton Ritter, Melbourne

"Triad," an Australian 14-foot racing dinghy, with "lee cloths" and outrigger for main sheet

The Fourteen-Foot Racing Dinghies of Australia

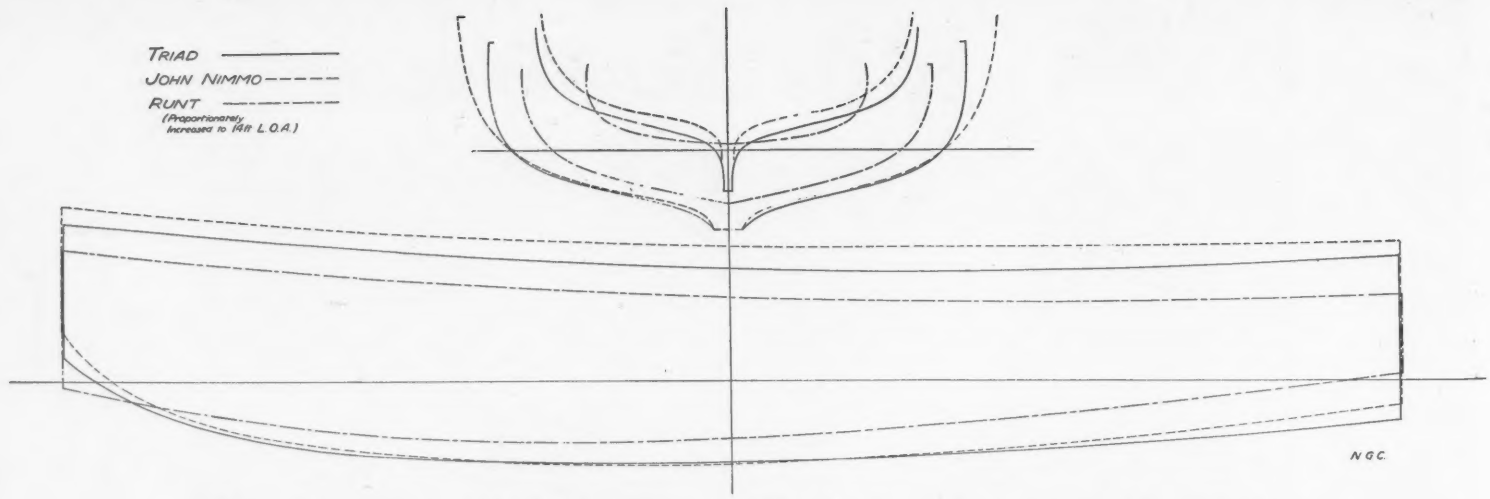
By

NEVILLE G. COLEMAN

HETHER the rapidly growing interest in dinghy sailing throughout the yachting world is due to the stress of economic conditions (euphonious phrase meaning "being broke") or to the marvelous sporting possibilities inherent in the type, I do not propose to discuss. But as I believe that the Australian 14-foot dinghies have been developed to a wonderful standard of speed and seaworthiness, embodying many variations in design and detail from typical boats of other countries, it is possible that overseas dinghy sailers (including those super-enthusiasts, the impervious "Frostbiters") might find points of interest in the evolution of the Australian type. It is not relevant to delve too deeply into the history of Australian dinghies beyond a point necessary to trace their development, and the period most important in this respect is the last twenty-five years or so.

Because of its remarkably favorable conditions, Port Jackson (Sydney Harbor), New South Wales, was the home of small sailing boats in the early days of Australia. Today the 18-footers, replete with topsails, spinnakers, ballooners, ringtails, water sails, a bone in their teeth and two men on the tiller, trundle impressively around the racing course. This type is comparable to the "sandbaggers" of America's eighties, and it is reported that a visiting merchant marine officer who had been in the crew of the King's cutter *Britannia* once remarked: "If they continue increasing the beam they'll finish up round — or square — I wouldn't like to predict which."

In the early days of the 14-footers, the general characteris-



Sheer outline and sections of "Triad," "John Nimmo," and "Runt," the latter scaled up proportionately to 14 feet length

tics of the 18-foot type were preserved, particularly in New South Wales, South Australia and Western Australia. On the other hand, the beamy, over-canvassed skimming dishes were unsuitable for sailing conditions in Port Phillip Bay (Melbourne, Victoria) for, with its area of 725 square miles situated on the northern fringe of the "Roaring Forties," steep nasty seas are quickly lashed up by the boisterous, prevailing westerly and southerly winds. It became necessary to develop a seaworthy type of dinghy which could provide sport for the Victorian sailing men.

About 1909, several Melbourne enthusiasts for "unballasted boat" sailing formed what is now the St. Kilda Fourteen Foot Sailing Club, adopting as their standard craft a restricted class of 14 feet length over all. Generally speaking, the early boats were of the conventional type of the period, entirely open, carvel built, with sharp, cutaway bow, centerboard, and sloop or gunter rig. Their dimensions were: length over all, 14 feet; beam, 5 feet to 5 feet 6 inches; draft, 6 to 9 inches (without crews); sail area, 450 square feet maximum. Dinghies of the same length over all were also being raced in Sydney (New South Wales), Adelaide (South Australia), and Perth (Western Australia), but these were of the "flat-iron" model, with beams ranging up to 7 feet 9 inches and the sky the limit on sail area.

Up to 1913, only one interstate race was held, and this was won by *Waituna*, the Victorian representative, with the two other Victorian entries in second and third places.

Then the Great War intervened. It is sufficient comment to state that of the St. Kilda Dinghy Club membership, the 90 per cent who volunteered for active service represented every man eligible to enlist. Consequently, dinghy sailing languished for a few years.

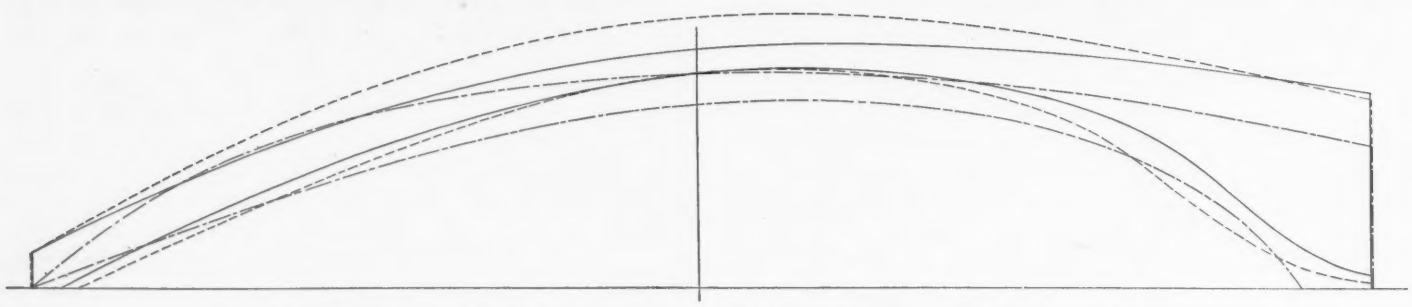
When the survivors returned from the "War to End War," the 14-foot Australian championship, covering the states of South Australia, Western Australia, New South Wales and Victoria, was inaugurated as an annual event to be held in each state in rotation. An Australian Dinghy Council was instituted as a controlling body, and uniform rules and restrictions adopted. It was from this time that the progress of the sport and the development of the boats is really dated.

I have already indicated that conditions in Victoria made necessary an essentially seaworthy type of boat. At the revival of the interstate races, one of the Victorian team of three boats was the *John Nimmo* (facetiously named after a very elderly bucket-dredge belonging to the Melbourne Harbor Trust). Compared with the windjammers from the other states, the Victorian representatives had a most conservative appearance, particularly the *Nimmo* whose slim, sleek, varnished hull and relatively small sail plan moved along with a minimum of fuss. To cut a long story crosswise and in the best fictional tradition, the modest *John Nimmo* won the championship. She won it the next year and again the year after that, and followed this up in the following year by coming in third to the other two Victorian boats, *Schemer* and *Wallaby*, which tied on points for first place and sailed off for the title and £25 a side, the final race going to *Schemer*.

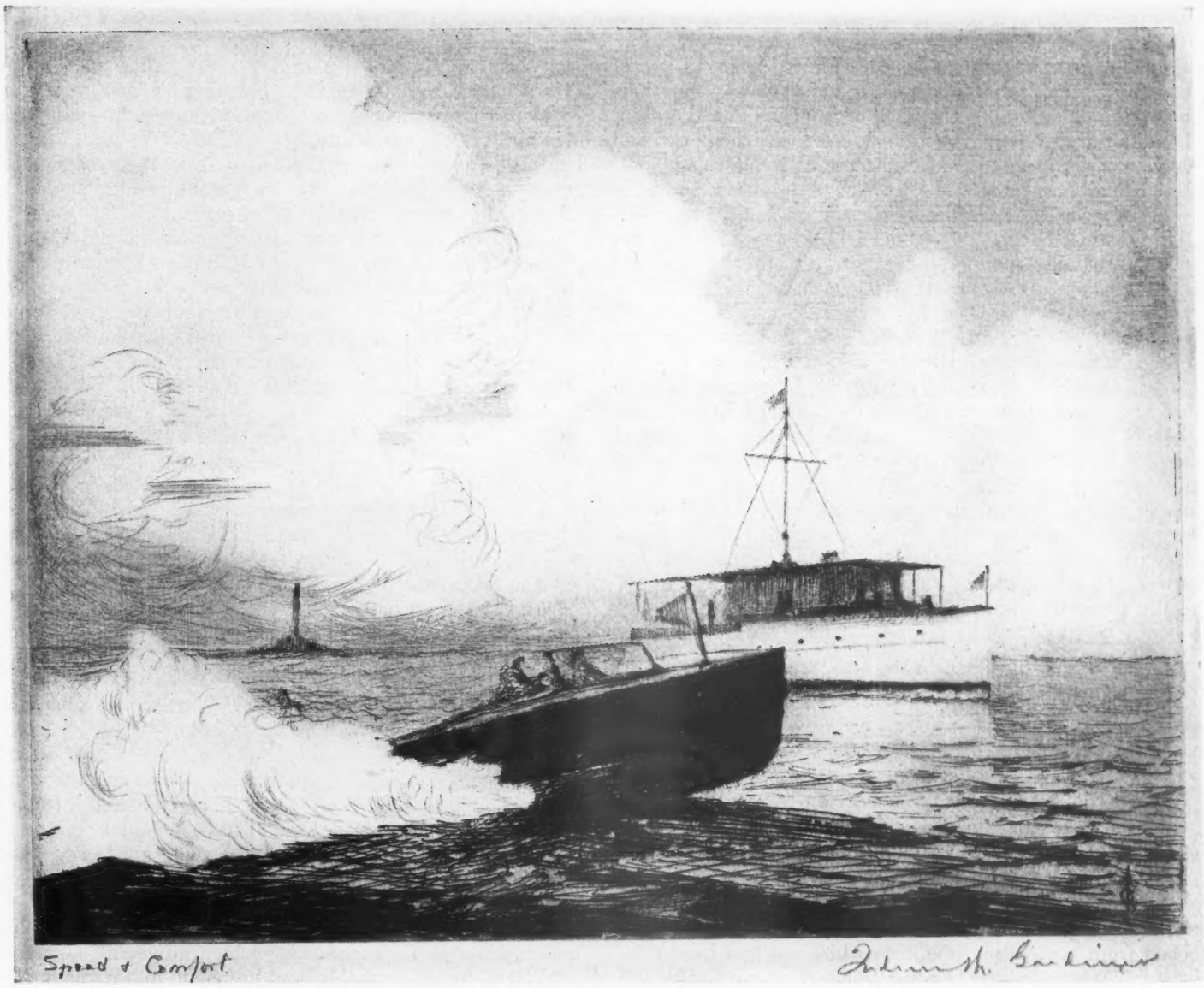
Apart from the credit justly due the skipper (Micky Brooke) and his crew, there was no magic in *Nimmo's* achievement. It was inevitable that a clean-lined, able craft should put up a consistent performance, and the decisive domination of the *Nimmo* type of hull was to dinghy sailers convincing proof of its suitability, which led to its adoption in the other states (except New South Wales, which has not participated in the Australian championships for many years). An interesting commentary on the enthusiasm of the crews in these interstate contests is the fact that for Melbourne or Perth to keep an engagement in either city means that the three visiting crews, their boats and "barrackers" (American, "fans") have to make a trip totaling 3,900 miles.

The design of *John Nimmo* deserves special comment as it marked a considerable advance over the early boats. To secure a maximum of water line length, the designer, C. Peel,

(*Continued on page 99*)



Half breadth plans of the three boats above. Notice the bows of "Triad" and "John Nimmo"



A "Yot's" a "Yot" For A' That!

Debunking the Superiority Sometimes Affected by the Windjammer

By FREDERIC M. GARDINER

I WAS brought up, sternly, in the tradition of sail. At a tough age — usually called a tender age, but experience has convinced me that the ages from two to eight are tough rather than tender — my father tossed me into a cat boat and took me out "cawd-fishin'." That was down the coast of Maine, the coast of cold water, fog, breeze, sunshine, and exhilarating air — and "cawd-fishin'." Until I was well grown that was my cruising ground, and the family, one and all, looked with scorn upon anything propelled over the water by other means than sail; except, possibly, a fisherman's dory, propelled by oars, which was granted a special dispensation as "dory-fishin'" was considered a manly sport in those days.

Nothing, of course, called forth my father's opprobrium more definitely than the appearance, in our little harbor, of a motor "yot" (obsolete spelling "yacht") and as he was, to us, the authority in all things, we did our best to outdo him. Motor "yots" then were neither so plentiful, so champagne and caviar in appearance, nor so efficient as they are today, and I have always felt that, in my father's attitude, there was something of prophetic fear; something of that fear evidenced among sailormen (with more justification) when steam began to nose its way into the economy of the world. That his fears were groundless, in the broader sense, is evident for, though motor "yots" have multiplied like the spawn of the salmon, they have not, and never will, replace sail. While commercial necessity has forced power into the ascendancy in the business traffic of the oceans, man still has the choice of sport!

At any rate, until I was a freshman in college I had nothing to do with motor yachts, and was as scornful of them, and of "motor boat sailors," as any hard boiled windjammer. That year my roommate, who still had the golden spoon with which he was born tucked away in his cheek, was presented with a smart 40-foot motor cruiser, which he named the *Too-Too*. I asked him, inadvertently, why. And he told me that when his girl saw it she said it was "Just too-too" something or other, so he thought he'd call it *Too-Too*. That, it seemed to me, was a good enough name for an old motor boat!

Almost immediately he put me in an embarrassing position by asking me to go for a cruise with him during the Easter vacation. I was torn between two — whatever it is one is torn between. I straddled the horns of a dilemma! In

spite of myself, motor boat or not, I wanted to go. Visions of dancing waters, refreshing breezes, great spaces, snug harbors, floated around in the back of my head. On the other hand, all my training, my father's scorn, my own professed condescension, rose up and smote me. It was a tough spot. But I finally accepted!

I sent a wire to my father for permission, but did not mention the name or the type of the yacht on which I was to go. I knew that my roommate's father had a fine, impressive looking sloop, and hoped that my father would assume I was to cruise on *her*. He did.

I shall never forget that cruise. I finished it with an entirely new conception of motor yachts and those who go down to the sea in them. I went on board the *Too-Too* full of outwardly suppressed scorn, but full of interest. She shone like a Rolls-Royce just out of the shop. She purred like a maltese kitten having her head scratched. She danced and swooped and threw spray like any racing schooner. I missed the heel of the boat to the breeze, the handling of ropes, the towering, hard stretched canvas. But I reluctantly admitted a different kind of thrill — in the throbbing power, the exhilaration of speed, the swallow-like dip and rise to the swell.

She was, I had to admit, an able packet, and fast. Forty feet of rugged construction, powerful engines, and comfortable quarters. We took a good dusting that first day out, in half a northwest gale following an April nor'easter. But it was not too much for *Too-Too*. The captain was a Down Easter who knew his stuff — sail, power, or what have you. My roommate and I were the crew, and we took orders. I mean we *took orders!*

We went here and there, and we did this and that. Occasionally I had qualms of conscience because I was having a swell time on a motor boat. Finally we fought our way for shelter against a rising gale into the tiny harbor of an island about fifteen miles off the coast. We were tired; every bone ached from the tossing about to which we had been subjected. We were evidently going to be storm-bound, for the wind was rising steadily, so we snugged down everything and my roommate and I prepared to turn in while the captain went ashore for provisions.

He returned some time later, looking very solemn. With him was a tall man who looked even more solemn. The captain called us into the chart room.

"I want you boys to go ashore and stay there till I get back," he said.

"Where are you going?" we asked.

"I've got to go over to the mainland to get a doctor. This man's wife —" he indicated the stranger — "is very sick. There's nothing here but a couple of Friendship sloops, and they'd never make it in time. So I've got to go."

At the idea of being left behind, we put up an awful row. Finally we wore the captain down, and he consented to let us go, not, I thought, without some satisfaction on his part that we wanted to. It was, I knew, about twenty miles to the nearest port on the mainland, and dead into it. The wind was blowing harder than I thought it ever could; and the seas, as we rounded the point at the harbor entrance, were awe-inspiring — steep and breaking.

We bored into it, and I was, I am not ashamed to confess, thoroughly frightened. One wave after another climbed up over the bow, sat down on the fo'c's'le head, and swept, boiling and angry, against the pilot house. In the end a gray-bearded monster smashed one of the pilot house windows and water poured in over us. We all, fortunately and by a miracle, escaped the broken glass. I thought we would turn back then, but the captain said something to the man he had brought with him, who took the wheel. In a few minutes, with some boards dug up from somewhere down below, the captain had the window space nailed up. The engines purred steadily on, and listening to their reassuring conversation my fears gradually subsided and I began to feel the thrill of the adventure.

Suddenly the tone of the sound from the engine room changed, grew irregular. The captain jumped for the hatch, threw it open, and dove down below.

"I'll have to shut down the engines for awhile!" he bellowed, a moment later. "Water in the gas or something. Put her over and let her run before it."

The man at the wheel watched his chance, and then spun her over. As we turned we rolled down until I thought we were done for, and my roommate and I caromed against each other as we slid precipitously to leeward. With silence from the engine room came the appalling screaming of the storm, the amplified crash of the waves; and when, at last, the captain finished his job and the engines started with a roar and steadied to their work, I felt as if a great weight had been lifted from my chest. Once more, as we swung into the trough of the seas, came the breath-taking lurch and roll of that instant of danger; and then we were back on our course, taking them green over the bows.

We got the doctor, and we brought him back, and I, at least, chalked up one saved life to a motor boat! It was an episode which gave me something to think about. Thank God we had a motor boat, I thought; thank God we had a *man* aboard. And, above all, I thought: it's not just the boat, it's the boat, *and* the men, *and* the *sea!* That's it, that's it in a nutshell. There are men and men, and yachtsmen and yachtsmen, and sailors and sailors; and there are yachts and yachts, *and* — there's the *sea*. Then and there I reached a conclusion from which I have never had reason to depart, *viz.:* that it is not the type of yacht a man owns but why he owns it, what he does with it, what's inside himself, and what the sea does to him, that counts.

There are, I think we may say, six classifications of yachts and yachtsmen. Ice yachts, air yachts, sail yachts, auxiliary yachts, motor sailer yachts, and just plain motor yachts. So far as I know there are, as yet, no submarine yachts, but if the girl friends' demands for sea heroes, tough sailorizing exploits, etc., continue, I have no doubt there will be. Nobody will doubt the manly courage of an air yachtsman, unless, of course, he carries a parachute with him; and I am sure, when the time comes, no one will doubt the manly courage of a submarine yachtsman, after reading the newspaper accounts of what can happen to a submarine. Ice yachtsmen are a small class, but as a few of them are killed each year I suppose they would qualify, in the minds of the girl friends, as He-men.

That leaves us the "water yachtsman," who rates in the public mind somewhat as follows:

1. Sail boat yachtsmen, particularly if they have sailed to England or Norway.
2. Auxiliary yachtsmen, usually classed with the above, as the public has not learned the difference, if any.
3. Motor sailer yachtsmen.
4. Motor boat yachtsmen.

Now, most of my experience has been in sail, because I happen to prefer the thrill peculiar to sailing to the thrill I get out of a motor boat, so I am not qualified to speak as a motor boat yachtsman — but I *am* qualified to speak as a *sea enthusiast*. Prejudice is a tough nut to crack, but let me at least take a crack at it by stating, categorically, that there are only two real classifications of (water) yachtsmen:

1. Yachtsmen who are seamen, and
2. Yachtsmen who are landlubbers afloat, who can only be called yachtsmen because they happen to own yachts!

(*Continued on page 98*)

Lake George will again be the scene of the Gold Cup race, with the veteran "El Lagarto" again the defender

Shining Up the Gold Cup

By

EVERETT B. MORRIS

THE Gold Cup speed boat class, keeping pace with engineering and naval architectural progress through more than three decades of glamorous if somewhat troublous existence, reaches another milestone in its development this month.

Casting aside the thin disguise of "gentlemen's runabouts" which they have worn since 1922 with figurative tongues in equally figurative cheeks, the aristocracy of American speed boat racing will burst into full bloom at Bolton Landing, Lake George, on July 25th as out-and-out racing machines.

Gone will be the pretensions to utility and comfort required by tightly drawn rules. Clutches and reverse gears have been dropped overside. Length, beam and weight restrictions on hulls have disappeared into the gloom of Davy Jones's locker. The old 625-cubic-inch piston displacement engine that has served so nobly since 1922 has been retired in favor of a 732-inch motor fitted with supercharger, scavenging pump and no end of modern gadgets.

The shackles have been taken off the imagination and ingenuity of the men who have striven under handicaps to keep the Gold Cup fleet a development class in fact as well as fancy. The result is the merging of the Gold Cup group into the International 12-Litre category and an opportunity for American motor boat racing men to match their ability, wits and skill with Europeans on an even basis.

There is new luster on the old gold-plated silver urn that has served as the supreme trophy for this country's speed boat devotees since 1904. The end of July will mark the end of an era in Gold Cup history and the beginning of a new one rich in possibilities for marine engine and hull development and higher, more breath-taking speeds on the water.

One must not expect the transition from conservatism to radicalism to occur suddenly. There will be a period of what might be termed liberalism. The metamorphosis will be accomplished without undue haste and its inevitable waste. So, at Bolton Landing, we shall see a blending of the old with the new, familiar faces mingling with strangers.

Unless unlooked for circumstances force a change in his plans at the last minute, George Reis will defend the ancient trophy for the Lake George Club with the oldest and most amazing of all the Gold Cup boats in commission — the fourteen-year-old *El Lagarto*, the "Leaping Lizard" of Lake George. Victor Kliesrath, another veteran of the class, will be on hand with a new boat. Arthur Bobrick, from the Pacific Coast, will return to the Gold Cup wars after a long absence, carrying the colors of the Long Beach Yacht Club on *El Torbellino* (funny how these Californians go in for Spanish names), a 15-footer that will be the smallest boat in the field.

Among the newer element will be Herbert Mendelson of Detroit, with *Notre Dame*, the only boat built into the class last year; Jack Dunn, of Miami, with a brand new hull, *Jay-Dee Too*, and possibly Jack Rutherfurd if the Long Island and Florida sportsman can finish the extensive overhauling of his equipment in time for the race.

John Shibe, Philadelphia baseball magnate, had entered *Ethyl Ruth IV* but withdrew her later on the grounds that

the new opposed cylinder engine that Harry Miller was building for him would not be completed. However, Mr. Shibe is unpredictable. He may turn up with his big Hacker-built hull and astonish everyone by going somewhere with it.

The foregoing paragraphs, you probably have noticed, have not taken into account two of the leading Gold Cup figures of recent years — Bill Horn and Horace Dodge. Horn, whose *Delphine IV* won in 1932, is now associated with the vast Bendix organization and may be at the starting line if Vincent Bendix and Kliesrath decide to put in two boats instead of one. Dodge, of course, is an uncertain factor. He has boats and engines galore and, since he has for years been one of the most ardent advocates of lifting hull restrictions and allowing superchargers on Gold Cup engines, it would surprise no one if he decided at the last minute to put the good old *Impshi* and perhaps one of his many *Delphines* into the contest.

So, when the gun booms and *El Lagarto* gallops off in an attempt to win her fourth straight leg on the Gold Cup, she may have anywhere between four and nine opponents. One never knows about this Gold Cup situation. About the only prediction it is safe to make is that the combination of *El Lagarto,* George Reis and Dick Bowers will be the one to beat.

Last year, matched against theoretically faster, more up-to-date craft, the aged "Leaping Lizard," with an unsupercharged, 625-inch Packard motor combining a reasonable turn of speed with staunch reliability, melted them all down and made history by taking the cup three years in a row. At the end of the season, *El Lagarto* sang her swan song as a 625-cubic-inch class boat by galloping 72.727 miles an hour in an official mile time trial on Lake George — a grand performance for an unsupercharged engine in an old, multi-step hull.

This record was not dimmed by the fact that, a week later, Clel Perry drove Mendelson's *Notre Dame* 76.08 miles an hour with superchargers stepping up the power output of a 24-cylinder Deusenberg engine. These performances are listed in the American Power Boat Association archives as separate record achievements.

Last year, it will be recalled, the class raced under the old hull requirements, but the engine restrictions were relaxed to aid in the transition from the obsolescent code to the one going into effect this season. Drivers were allowed to use either 732-cubic-inch motors, unsupercharged, or to employ blowers on their 625-inch engines. For one reason or another, none of the "suped" up jobs ran worth a sneeze in a gale of wind and *El Lagarto,* with no blower on her Packard, romped in.

Obviously, she cannot be expected to go on forever with that equipment and no one knows it any better than Reis. This time he will bring out the old lugger with a new power plant, a twelve-cylinder, supercharged Reis-Menasco engine worked out by the Lake George sportsman in collaboration with the aviation engineer whose name is the other half of the hyphenated combination.

He had planned to use this machine without blowers in last year's race but connecting rod weaknesses forced him at the last minute to go back to the tried and true Packard. All winter, at his home in Pasadena, Reis has worked over the new engine, strengthening weaknesses, eliminating "bugs" and getting it ready for the boat. Now, at Lake George, he and Bowers and "Smoky," *El Lagarto's* groom, are engaged in their characteristic, painstakingly thorough tuning and adjusting of motor and boat.

The new motor is said to be pulling close to 700 horse power, about double the output of the now outmoded Packard. Obviously, changes will have to be made in *El Lagarto's* shingled V-bottom to make her handle the increased speed without turning inside out or upside down. It is a pretty safe bet to say that when Reis and Bowers are ready for the starting cannon, the old *El Lagarto* will be leaping around the lake at 80 miles an hour, anything but a decorous gait for one so aged.

The challenging outfits are an interesting melange of new hulls, new motors, and old motors with new fittings. Different ideas are embodied in every boat.

Mendelson and Perry are standing pretty much pat on *Notre Dame,* which won the President's Cup at Washington last September after failing to get further than the starting line in the Gold Cup. They have shifted the engine aft and the control cockpit forward so that Perry and his mechanic will be riding ahead of the motor. The same Deusenberg, supercharged, will be used but has been brought up to 732 inches and will exhaust through open stacks.

Mendelson believes the new layout to be definitely faster than the 1935 installation and he points out that when *Notre Dame* did her 76 m.p.h. last October she was not wide open. That gives you some idea of what may be expected from the Detroit Yacht Club's entry. Perry seems to have mastered the temperamental Deusenberg that ran so erratically in so many Gold Cup boats before Mendelson bought it from Dodge.

Vic Kliesrath, who chauffeured *Hotsy Totsy* to victory at Red Bank in 1930 and at Lake Montauk the following summer, is pairing with Vincent Bendix in the entry of a new hull powered with a rebuilt version of the Wright motor that did duty in *Hotsy Totsy II* (ex-*Louisa*) at Lake George last year.

The hull is being built at Benton Harbor, Mich., by the Robinson Marine Construction Company on whose designing staff is Walter Leveau, who used to work on the Dodge fleet and later turned out successful 225-cubic-inch hydroplanes. The boat is 23 feet long, has a beam of 6 feet 4 inches and will resemble in a general way the Italian 12-Litre *Lia* that ran the Gold Cup boats ragged at Palm Beach in the 1934 internationals.

Time was too short to build a new power plant for the Bendix entry so Kliesrath and his faithful mechanic, Otto Capra, thoroughly revamped the Bendix-Wright V-8. Says Kliesrath, a cagy veteran not given to loose talk: "We expect to develop plenty of power." He will have to be reckoned as one of the leading contenders.

Considerable interest is bound to be shown in the first Pacific Coast entry since the ill-starred attempts of Dick Loynes to score in the Gold Cup with *Californian* in 1930 and 1931. Bobrick's *El Torbellino* (torpedo) is a veritable jack rabbit of a boat. She is only 15 feet long and 5½ feet wide at her largest point. Her engine, a 728-cubic-inch Bobrick adaptation of a Wright aeroplane motor, drives the propeller through a gear box that has a 1:2½ ratio. The motor, turning at 2,500 r.p.m., thus spins the wheel at better than 6,000.

Bobrick is considering the advisability of using a new set of valves and cams in the hope of putting 500 r.p.m. on the motor speed and consequently getting 7,500 on the shaft, but it is by no means certain that he will attempt this. Rather than sacrifice reliability for excess speed, Bobrick is working with the idea of making his outfit one that will hold together for the three 30-mile heats and run at a better average speed than ever has been made in a Gold Cup race. He says: "I haven't been worried much about speed. I feel sure we have enough. The thing we have been working on is to get everything fixed in the boat so that nothing will break and no nuts or bolts will come loose."

That will be quite a trick if he does it in so small a hull, particularly if Lake George happens to be in one of its less

(*Continued on page 103*)

When open water was reached, the whaler easily outran the two cutters

The Voyage of the "Jeannette's" Boats

By

VICTOR SLOCUM

In the past YACHTING *has published accounts of notable voyages made in small boats, such as those by Captain Bligh and Shackleton. Here is another story of a boat voyage in the frozen wastes of the North, battling ice and sea, gales and shoals in those inhospitable waters.*

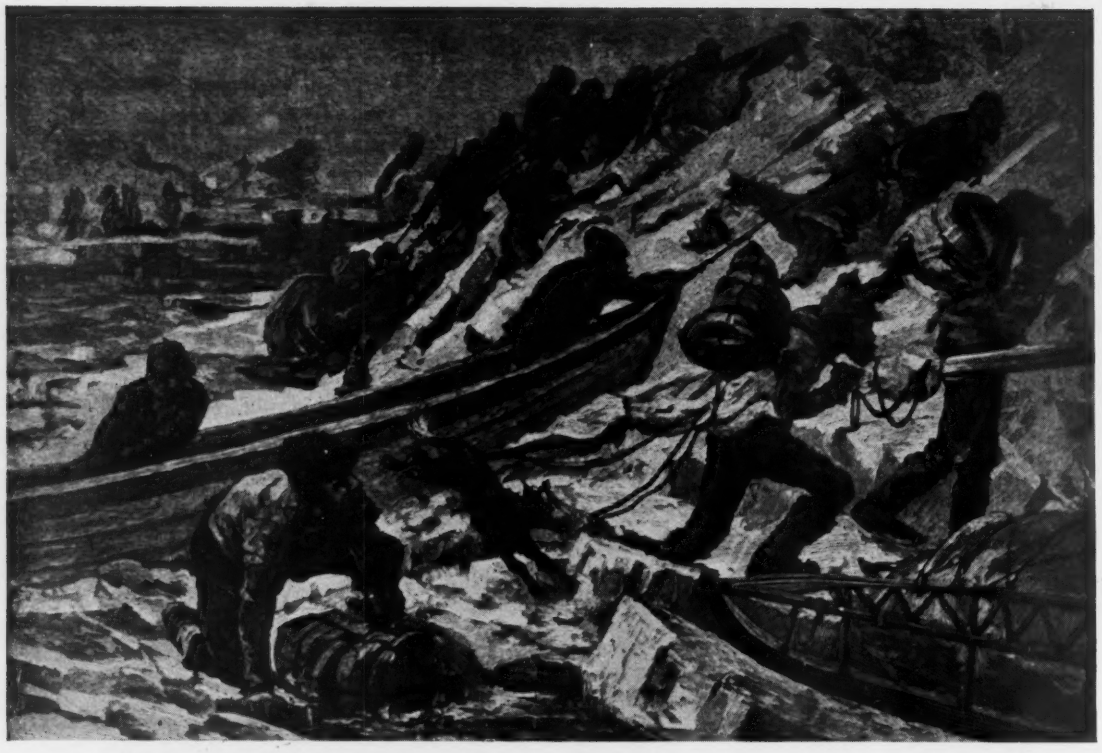
THE story of the *Jeannette's* boats properly begins with the sinking of that vessel through the ice when about 500 miles to the northward of the Siberian coast. The *Jeannette* was an Arctic steamer, formerly the British gunboat *Pandora*, owned by James Gordon Bennett, New York newspaper man, and commanded by G. W. De Long, a lieutenant in the United States Navy.

The attempt of the *Jeannette* to reach the North Pole was based on two mistaken theories. The first was that the warm Japan Current, which was known to flow north through Bering Strait, could be expected to melt navigable leads through the ice. The second was that Wrangell Island was the terminating promontory of a great expanse of land which stretched over the top of the world to join Greenland on the Atlantic side. The shores of this supposed land were thought to afford a convenient base for a dash to the Pole, which would need but one summer to accomplish.

On the 8th of July, 1879, the *Jeannette*, with a complement of 33 men, left San Francisco. Soon after leaving St. Michael's and passing through the Straits, De Long boldly jammed his vessel into the drifting ice, expecting to make winter quarters at Wrangell Island. As he was helplessly swept past Herald Island and came in sight of Wrangell he gradually became convinced that it was not part of a friendly continent. Clutched by the ice floe, the *Jeannette* was carried over the very spot marked "mountains" on the chart. The ship passed fifty miles to the northward of Wrangell Island as she drifted west.

After twenty months of crooked and sometimes retrogressive drifting from this point, the *Jeannette*, on June 12th, 1881, was crushed by the ice and went to the bottom. Not a life was lost at that time and the crew was in good health and spirits. As the need for abandoning the vessel and escaping to the Siberian coast had been imminent for some months before the *Jeannette* sank, the men took their new home on the ice largely as a matter of routine. The entire organization of the ship had been transferred to the ice in such a masterly manner that, once in their snug camp and after they had been piped down for the night, one of the men treated his mates to a harmonica serenade. This was not a devil-may-care attitude in the face of a desperate situation, but an open expression of relief over the final disappearance of the ship under the ice. They had no longer to worry about her, and they were now homeward bound.

They were in Latitude 77° 18′ and it was about 150 miles, in a southwesterly direction, to New Siberia Island. Once to



Landing on Bennett Island and dragging the boats up over the ice foot. From "Voyage of the Jeannette"

the southward of that island, De Long expected to find open water, but that 150 miles of sledging between was of the worst possible nature, for at no time of the year is traveling over the rotting ice worse than it is in summer. In winter, the ice, though cold, is dry. Just at this time the snow was soft enough for men to sink into. At the very best, it was wet and slushy going; at the worst, progress was sometimes impossible.

The three boats selected for the journey were mounted on sledges while four dog sledges were loaded with full rations for sixty days. There were 33 men and 40 dogs.

The three boats used by the expedition were all of English build, being part of the equipment of the ship before coming under American ownership. De Long's boat, officially the "first cutter," was an open boat, 20 feet long, 6 feet beam and 30 inches deep. She was clinker built, copper fastened, fitted with mast and dipping lug and pulled six oars. She had the greatest capacity of the three and was an excellent sea boat. With Captain De Long was Dr. Ambler (surgeon), Mr. Collins (meteorologist), Nindemann, Ericson, Gortz, Noros, Dressler, Iverson, Kaack, Boyd, Lee, Ah Sam, Alexey (Eskimo hunter) — 14 persons.

Lieutenant Chipp's boat, the "second cutter," was the smallest and least efficient of the three, being only 16 feet long, 5 feet beam and 30 inches deep. She was clinker built, copper fastened, pulled four oars and was fitted with mast and dipping lug. With Lieutenant Chipp was Mr. Dunbar (whaling captain), Sweetman (carpenter), Starr, Warren, Kuehne, Johnson, and Sharvell — 8 persons.

Chief Engineer Melville's was the whaleboat; 25 feet long, 5 feet 6 inches beam and 26 inches deep; copper fastened, and clinker built. She pulled six oars and was rigged with mast and dipping lug. With Chief Engineer Melville was Lieutenant Danenhower (on sick list due to partial blindness), Mr. Newcomb (naturalist), Cole (bosun), Leach, Mansen, Wilson, Bartlett, Lauderback, Charles Tong Sing, Anequin (Eskimo hunter) — 11 persons. The whaleboat was the best sailer of the three and she was pronounced by the master boatbuilder at Mare Island to be the best fastened boat he ever saw, which accounts for her survival after the awful punishment she got by being dragged over and through the ice. The second cutter, from being so short, was racked the least of the three boats. Before leaving Semenovski, they were all fitted with weather cloths.

The general procedure of the march was for Dunbar, the ice pilot, to go in advance with a party of four. Melville followed Dunbar by a quarter of a mile, with nearly all hands and the dogs, dragging the heavy provisions. All hands then marched back and dragged one boat at a time, until the quarter-mile stage was made and then they were ready for the next one. The best speed they could make thus was from one to two miles a day. No labor could have been harder, and no greater endurance could have been shown by human beings, fighting for life in this open and moving Arctic wilderness. The unnatural expedient of turning "night" into "day" was adopted to relieve them from the glare of the ice and the heat of the sun. This enabled them to sleep sounder and warmer while, at the same time, their clothes could be drying on the boats and tent tops. It always froze at night.

Immediately after they had broken their first camp, the floe, upon which they had lived for two days while organizing the march, suddenly split under their feet, just as it had done under the *Jeannette*. With their boats and gear, they jumped from one piece of ice to another, finally getting on one which was large enough to camp on for the night. Next to the labor of dragging boats and sledges, the greatest hardship was the constant wetting from wading through knee deep slush. At the end of three weeks of toiling over the sharp ice, not one man had a tight pair of moccasins. Many a time, at the end of a march, their bare feet were on the ice in spite of all that leather from the oar-looms, or canvas, could do.

After marching a week on a supposedly southward course toward New Siberia Island, De Long found by the first meridian altitude of the sun he was able to get during that time that they had been carried northward three miles for every mile made in the opposite direction. The ice was slipping under them. They were now in Latitude 77° 42′, the record latitude attained in the Polar Seas northward of Siberia. Shifting their course across the current stream, they made 21 miles to the good in the following week. The men, who had grown morose and despondent on sus-

pecting the fearful truth of their position, burst into cheers upon the public announcement of their new progress.

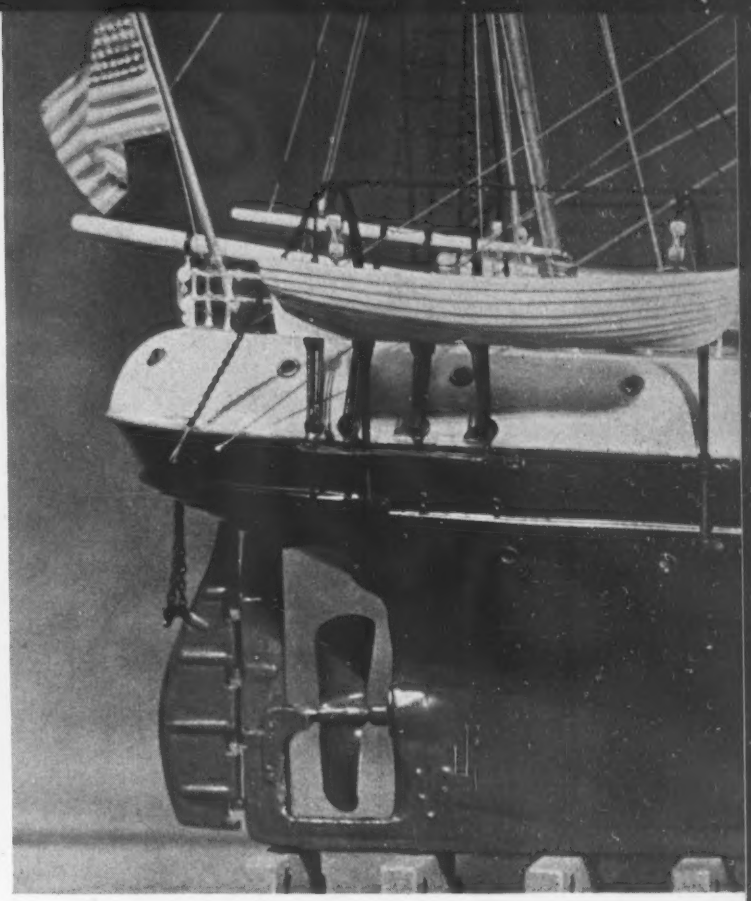
After many more days of painful marching and camping on the floes, Dunbar thought that he sighted a dark line of open water to the westward. This dark line proved to be an undiscovered island towards which the course was changed. In another day the sun broke through upon some blue mountain peaks, the sight of which filled them with new life and hope. Approaching the land, they found the ice looser, the leads more frequent, and game more plentiful. Soon they had seal in the pot; then a bear supplied a feast for men and dogs. The bear was cooked by using its own blubber for fuel, saving the rapidly diminishing supply of alcohol.

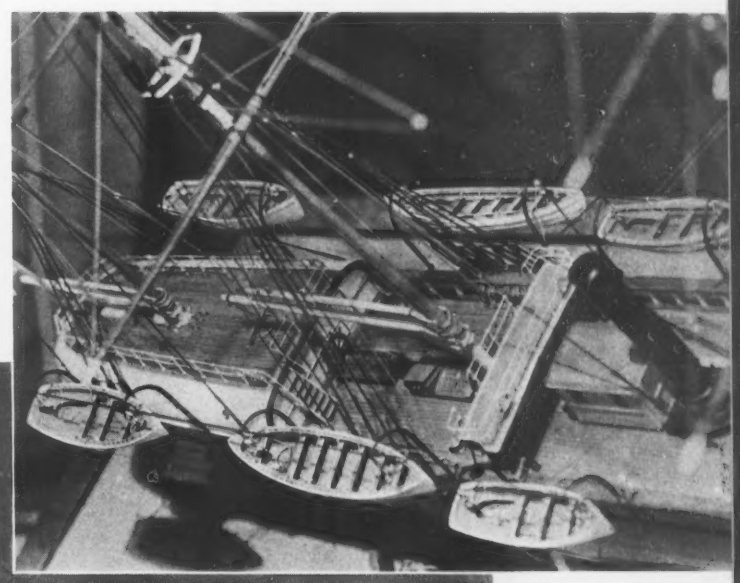
Forty-six days after the sinking of the *Jeannette*, they landed and pitched camp on Bennett Island, as De Long called it. There they repaired the battered boats. On the beach and under the great mountains, ten days were spent working on their gear preparatory to the next stage of the journey. The men were sunburned, lean, ragged and hungry. Prospects began to look hopeless for by this time they should have been beyond New Siberia Island, on the open sea and sailing toward the Lena River.

On leaving Bennett Island they found a mile of water between the beach and the nearest floe. It required two trips by the deeply laden boats to transport all their provisions, sledges, camp equipment and the four remaining dogs. The journey now became a combination of open water and floe work of the most strenuous kind. When a floe was to be crossed, the boats were run alongside the ice, emptied of their freight, hauled over the floe on their sledges, launched and reladen. Then they were off again to work with sail, oar and tow rope until the next obstacle was encountered.

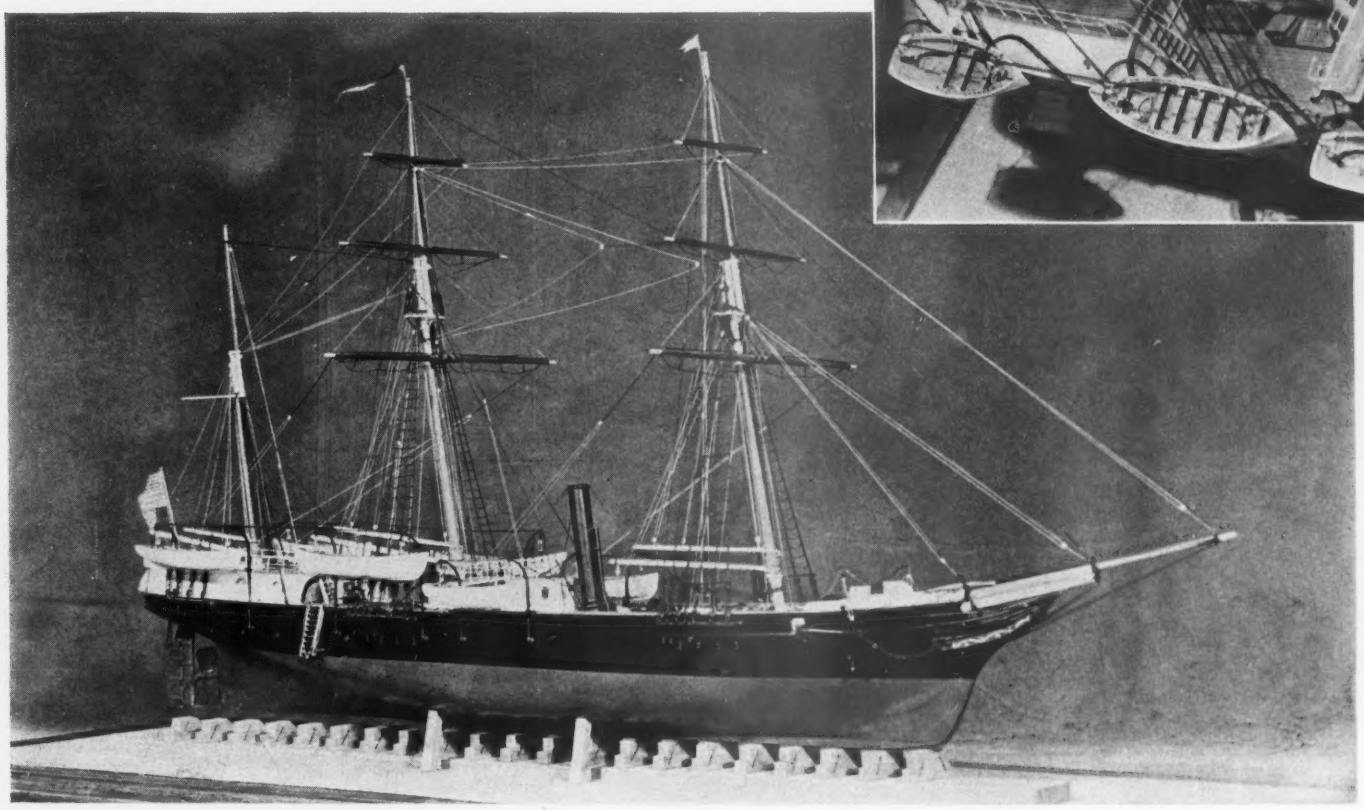
So long as the wind, which put the ice in motion, made open water for them, their progress to the south was rapid, but when it crowded the pack together it seemed that they would never get out. At length, after a good day's run with a freshening breeze, they were finally forced by the gale and the crowding of the ice, with approaching darkness, to haul out on the floe. Pitching their tents near the edge, they ate their supper of pemmican and then crawled, wretchedly wet and cold, into their sleeping bags. As bad as this was, they were not to be undisturbed, for at midnight they were turned out by the watch into a howling snow storm and told that the floe was breaking up. Shifting boats and

(*Continued on page 109*)





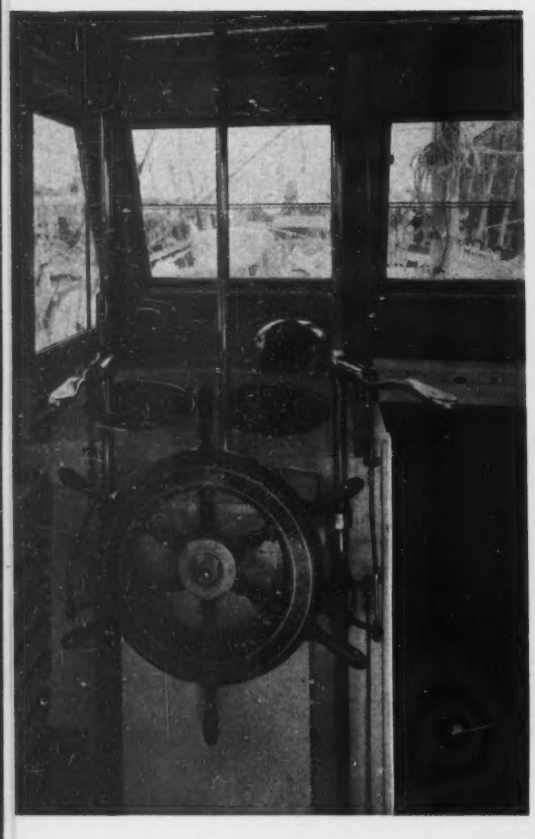
The "Jeannette's" propeller could be disconnected from its shaft and hoisted into a well in the counter. Below, looking down on deck, and the ship herself. From photographs of a model



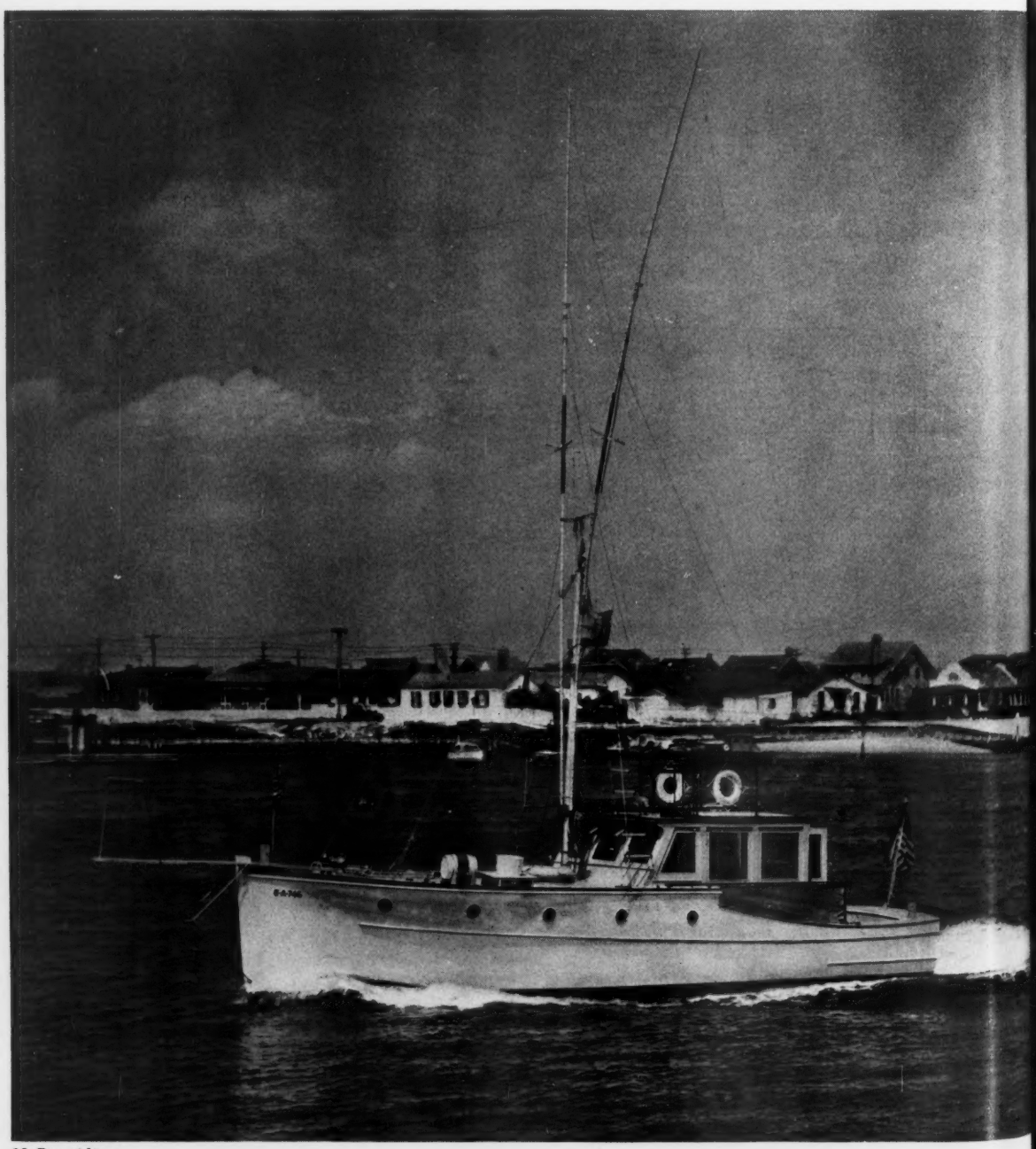
Photos Courtesy Southmayd Hatch

"Aunt Frances," An Up-to-Date Fisherman

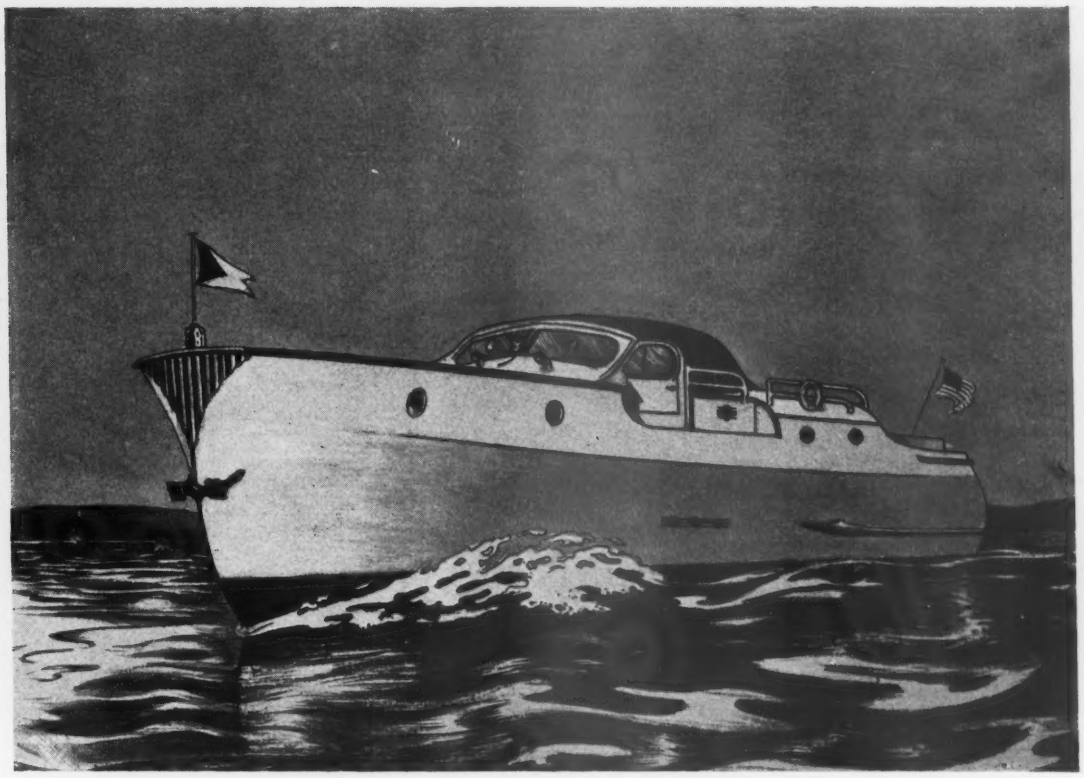
She has just been delivered to her owner, Rolfe Floyd, Jr. The boat was built by Franklin G. Post & Son, Inc., of Mystic, Conn., from designs by Nelson and Reid, Inc., of New York



"Aunt Frances" is a 40-footer of 11'4" beam and 4' 6" draft. She has a crow's nest, pulpit, dual controls, fish well, and everything for the fisherman. Two 6-cylinder reduction gear Budas drive her at a speed of 13 miles per hour



M. Rosenfeld



The latest "Lochinvar" embodied the novel devices of her predecessors

"Lochinvar's" Shakedown Cruise

The Little Luxury Liner Goes on a Trial Trip With a Little Sister

By SAMUEL L. LORD

SHORTLY before *Lochinvar** went overboard in the spring, Dr. Fabyan, hobbyist deluxe and *Lochinvar's* creator, had commercialized the Slipstream Boat Works to the extent of building a smaller edition for a pestifero us admirer in Bar Harbor. Although I must admit that his hobby thereby lost the purity of its amateur standing, to say he had become commercialized would be woefully unfair. I happen to know that he spent a clean thousand out of his own pocket on the new boat and charged it off to love and romance.

Being trimmed down to 32 feet, the new boat weighed only five tons, whereas her 35-foot big sister weighed seven. Both were put over on the same tide and we planned a shakedown cruise to Bar Harbor where the *V* would be delivered to her owner and both crews would return in the *VII*. It was just the right distance each way to furnish a good actual test for all the amazing array of *Lochinvar* specialties. A tour of inspection through the plant always left a lot of old salts feeling "from Missouri" so we had included the most important sceptic of all among the crew, my old professor, Olsen, whose opinion of power craft in general was lower than the trough of a sea. He was to have the pleasure of being a human recording instrument, but to assist him, both boats were equipped with portable vibration and noise level indicators, roll and pitch recorders, and a variety of other instruments showing thrust, speed and power.

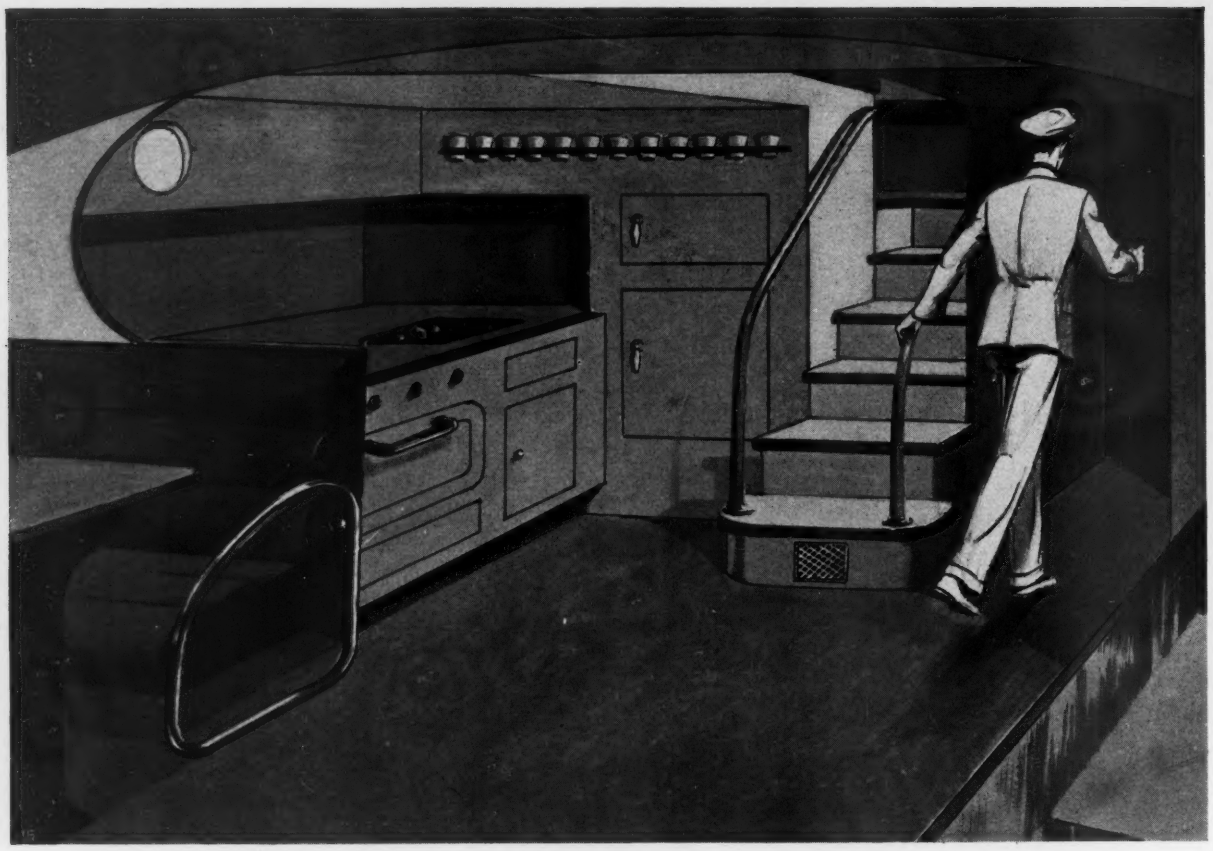
In spirit, the *V* was similar to the *VII*. But where the *VII* had been developed regardless of cost, we had at least tried to keep the *V* to her limited contract price. However, everything needed for comfort had been retained but the scale was smaller in one all-important place, the bridge. This space-saving novelty was a sort of conning tower with two three-passenger seats set over the cabin amidships. To the shellbacks, this bridge served as a focal point for their contempt. You wouldn't catch them at sea in an automobile, no sir! But the cry has an old, familiar ring. Sailors hollered bloody murder in clipper ship days when houses were first put over the wheel.

And, as a matter of fact, the bridge of the *V* really was heresy to the accepted idea of things marine. It was a flattering copy in dimensions and appearance of the Doctor's Packalac Arrow convertible, even to the doors at the sides. Of course, it was much wider but that was the only difference; fore and aft dimensions were identical. Windows, instruments, steering wheel and fittings were an out and out steal from the boards of hard working automobile designers. In fact, a lubberly guest simply couldn't get properly seasick on this familiar bridge. Then, directly behind the pilot seats, a huge eight-foot seat-berth stretched clear across the house top. With the convertible top up for protection, it served as the biggest berth aboard; with the top down, it became a lounging seat for the whole party, high and in just the right location.

But below, she was a sailorman's boat. Leading down from the bridge was an actual "grand stairway" to the cabin. This grandness was more than a gesture; it was built to those comfortable proportions as a housing for the motor, so it wasn't a waste of space after all. Under the stairs, every inch of surface was ceiled and lined with mineral wool an inch thick and covered with perforated aluminum sheets, highly polished.

As the owner wanted to live aboard for long periods, the

* *The author's fantastic account of the designing and building of "Lochinvar" appeared in* YACHTING *for August and September, 1935.*



The "grand stairway" led down from the bridge into the cabin. It was soundproofed and the engine was housed under it

galley included a twelve-cubic-foot refrigerator recessed flush in the bulkhead under the bridge. Then, on the starboard side, we built in a four-foot buffet-bar, fully equipped right down to a spare corkscrew.

Underfoot was the wonderfully soft sponge rubber sheathing which had proved so surefooted in the *VII*, while overhead the insulated dome of the whaleback ceiling was illuminated evenly from cove lighting along the sides. Out aft, bosun davits, similar to those on the *VII*, picked the tender out of its compartment under the cockpit and swung it into the water athwart the transom, where they held it, boat boom fashion.

Of course, the scheme of filling the bilge with cement or something, to clean it up, has been tried a lot of times but always with indifferent success. Nevertheless, the need for better bilge conditions is a real one and the doctor determined to find the answer. His method of procedure for any mere routine developments was simply to turn them over to me. To him, the generations of boatbuilders who had hopefully monkeyed with bilges were mere shadows; hence, cleaning up the bilge was just routine.

So, after worrying about it for a decent length of time, I hit upon the idea of a pitch emulsion aërated by intense beating. This bubble-filled emulsion was then poured in hot to a level just over the floor tops but graded to a sump for pump connection under the after cockpit. And now the bilge is as neat as the topsides. Furthermore, the globular formation of the pitch has kept its total weight down to less than fifteen pounds to the cubic foot.

Both crews slept aboard the night before the start to get everything shipshape and be under way with the morning sun. We were particularly eager to give Slipstream's latest invention, the tin sails, a trial. These tin sails were a smart new arrangement for making an auxiliary sailer out of a power boat without any of the usual spars, rigging or gear. Tin sails were self-bracing and needed no masts.

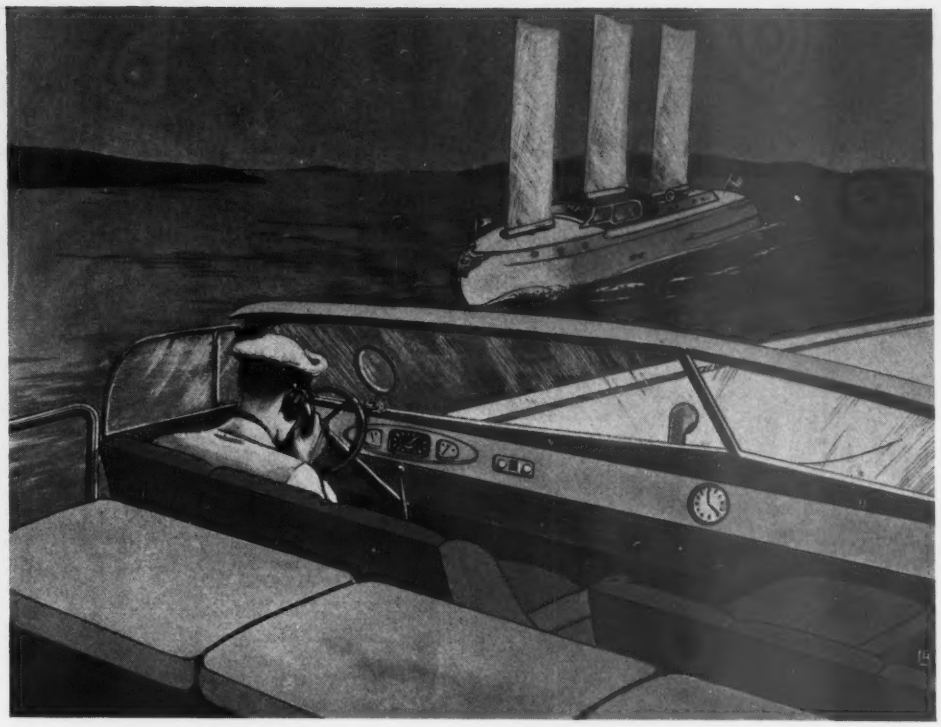
They operated on the principle of the steel rule, unrolling from a drum and standing up stiffly with the strength inherent in their own curvature. When fully extended, each sail was 25 feet high and 6 feet fore and aft. The camber, like that of an aeroplane wing, was constant from bottom to top, with none of the canvas sail's twisting from the wind. It appeared, therefore, that they could be trimmed with beautiful effectiveness. And there were other advantages. In the first place, they required no masts or rigging whatsoever. And, in the second place, as much or as little of their surface might be unfurled and exposed to the wind as was desirable. Their long leading edges and whole shape were aerodynamically correct and the large area aloft, held to the same effective angle as the bottom of the sail, should give them highly efficient driving power.

The sail itself was made of a single, very light, stainless steel sheet, hammered to spring into its designed camber. It furled into a cylinder mounted on a deck pivot and the whole unit could be detached in a moment and stowed below if clear decks were wanted. Thus did the impossible happen — Slipstream actually went in for sailing.

At four bells we tumbled out. Decks were still slippery with dew and it was a pleasure not to have to deal with fathoms of still wetter anchor cable. Both boats were equipped with anchor winches directly at the helm so that hoisting was simply a matter of turning the crank to wind in slack, breaking out under power and then winding in until the anchor stowed itself in the hawsepipe. To begin a day with such royal ease may be bad for character but it's swell for efficiency.

A nice southerly was breezing up and the tin sails were unfurled on the *VII* as soon as we got out by Cape Elizabeth. I put the *V* on a course which would take her just outside of Monhegan and let the *VII* draw out a lead of a quarter mile so that I could watch her. Under both power and sail, she was making about 18 knots and I watched closely through the range finding bearing indicator (another Slipstream novelty) to be ready to check her speed under sail alone. Suddenly, the foam about her forefoot quieted down and I knew they had turned off the power. The polished steel plates were at times almost invisible, reflecting perfectly the sky and water. According to my timing for the first half hour, she was making just over five knots and that in only a 12-mile breeze.

Picking up the telephone, I called the *VII* for particulars. It seems that the vacuum gauges at both bottom and top on



The cross bearing range finder was an ingenious gadget that allowed the navigator to plot his position without any tedious calculation

The "tin sails" unrolled from a drum and stood up rigidly, without masts or rigging to support them

the lee sides of the sails showed almost identical negative pressures. This was just what we had hoped for. Similar vacuum gauges scattered about on the lee side of a canvas sail on a mast will vary as much as 70 per cent, showing the ineffectiveness of some of the area.

One practical detail, however, remained to be proved. That tin sails without mast or rigging would stand up to a wind on their concave faces was a foregone conclusion. But suppose the boat were rolling in a near calm? Would just the snap of the rolling buckle the sails into the wind? In other words, their stiffness to resist pressure from the concave side was much greater than from the convex. Shop trials had been satisfactory but the practical test was yet to come.

Suddenly, the red blinker on the dash gave a wordless warning of shoal water and the gauge read five feet. Then the figure changed to four and the blinker stepped up its tempo. I peered into the compass. The photo-electric steerer had held a perfect course and, according to the chart, there should be over 200 feet. I looked back at the depth recorder and was horrified to see the four change to three while the blinker went positively jittery. I threw out the clutch and looked overside but the clear, green water showed no bottom, although science said we were practically up on dry land.

This particular shallow water depth gauge had been simplified from an old principle but was entirely non-electric. A tiny propeller, driven by a stream of water from a hull scoop, caused a flyball rotor to go into action and indicate at the steering wheel the boat speed through the water. At various boat speeds, the ratio between flyball rotor and propeller shaft r.p.m. varied slightly according to the depth of water. This variation was enough to give a fairly accurate indication of the depth up to about twenty feet. However, it looked like score number one for the shake-down cruise. Here was one gadget that wasn't proving out.

The trouble, as I had begun to suspect, was due to fouling of the hull scoop with consequent slowing down of the flyball rotor. It looked like one of those confounded practical difficulties that would never be overcome. Without a doubt, the experiment being tried out on the *VII* would be far superior although it was by no means perfect yet. This was a principle of sounding which involved the transmission of an electrical impulse over an under-water radio beam. Under the forefoot, a fixed radio beam projected straight downward; amidships, an oscillating beam swung in an arc from horizontal ahead to straight down. While the path of the after beam was such that it intercepted the forward beam, electrical contact was maintained, but should bottom intervene the contact was broken. But at a certain point

(*Continued on page 107*)

The convertible top over the bridge was usually stowed in fine weather, giving the helmsman the benefit of sun and air

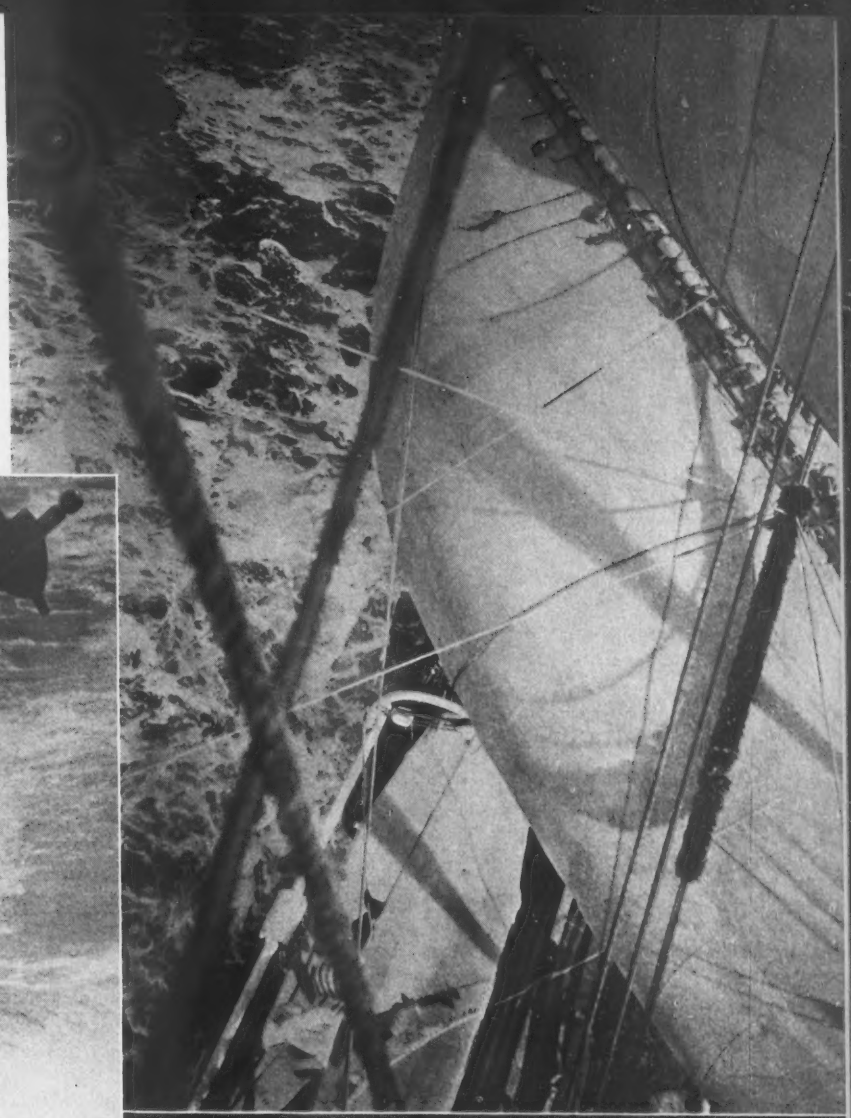
Here we have glimpses of the work on deck and aloft as the "Conrad" sails, through fair weather and foul, and see her entering port at Auckland, New Zealand, and standing up to the anchorage

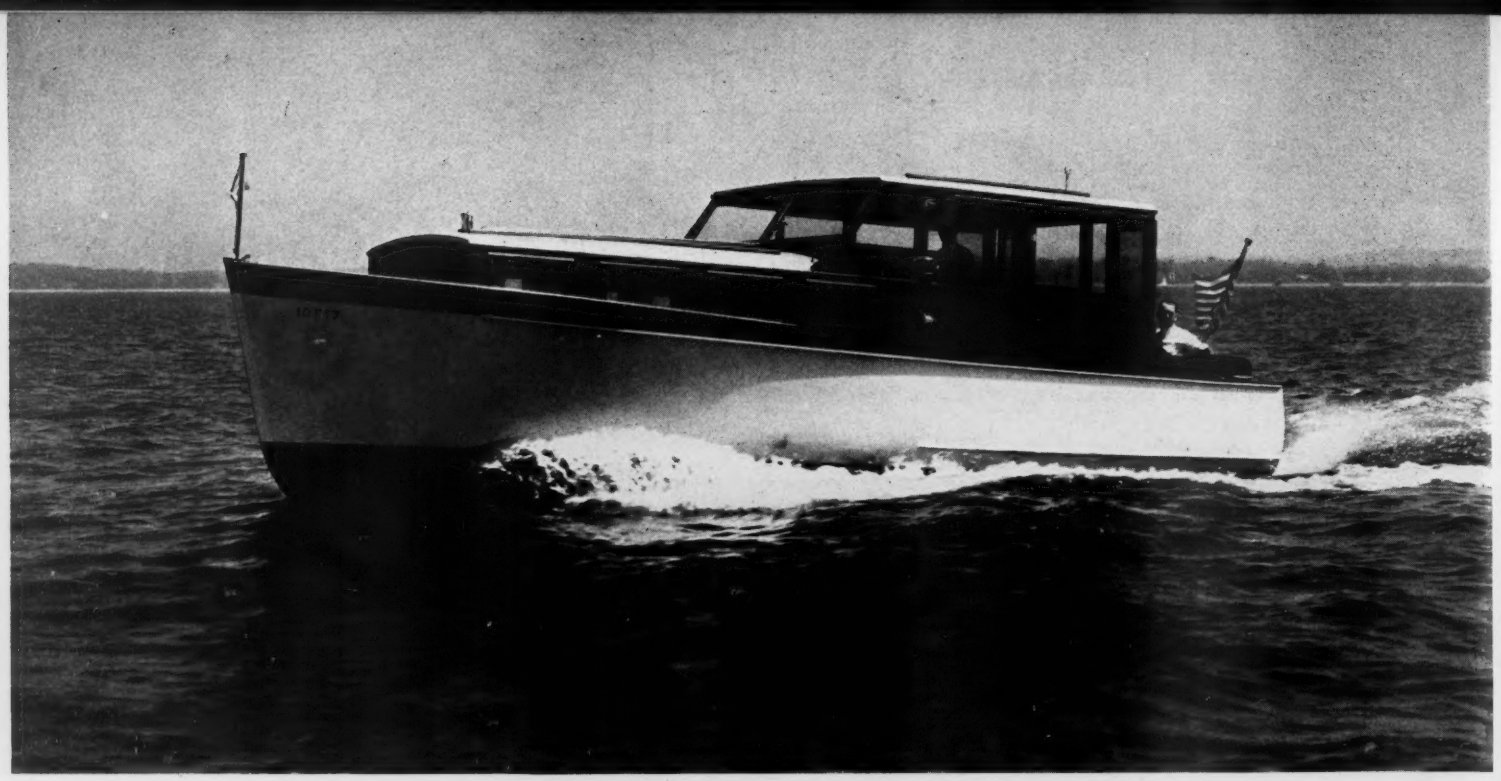
Eastward in the "Joseph Conrad"

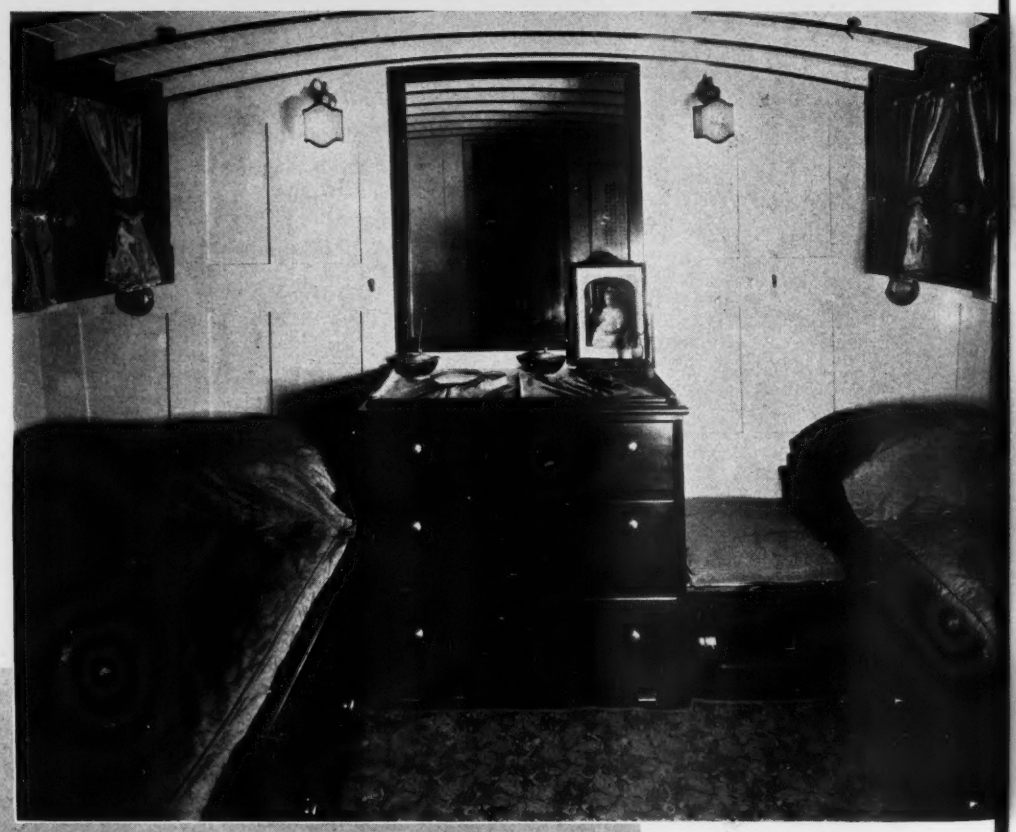
From New York to Auckland in the World's Smallest Full-Rigged Ship

Photos by Ely Griswold

Leaving New York in January, 1935, Captain Alan Villiers took his "Joseph Conrad" to Rio de Janeiro and thence to lonely Tristan d'Acunha. Sixteen days later she was at Cape Town. Then she sailed 4255 miles in the "Roaring Forties" to 100° East where she headed north through Bali Straits and on to Singapore. Then came 131 days of dodging islands in rain and broiling heat on the way to Sydney. Christmas week she battled gales in the Tasman Sea, bound for Melbourne, and thence jogged along to Auckland, New Zealand. When last reported she was headed for Tahiti







Two Stock Cruisers

Above is one of the new 32-foot "Wanderers" designed and built by the American Car and Foundry Company. A deckhouse is built amidships with an open cockpit abaft it. Her engine is a Chrysler Ace. Below is a "Wanderer" of the open cockpit model alongside one of the 54-foot a.c.f. twin screw motor yachts. At the right is a view of the owner's stateroom of the 54-footer. Two Hall-Scotts furnish motive power

M. Rosenfeld

Careless handling of a boat or improper use of mooring lines might be hazardous in such a busy spot as this

Working Around a Dock

Some Hints on the Use of Mooring Lines to Bring a Power Boat in Alongside of a Pier

PLENTY of men handle a motor boat well as long as she is out in open water but make a terrible mess of things when they try to put her alongside of a pier or float. Not all of them are amateurs, either, for some professionals have little idea of the use of lines except to haul a boat in broadside on by "main strength and nonsense." They may have watched a tugboat skipper make his boat do everything except talk, twisting her around in a narrow slip and pulling a clumsy barge along with no fuss at all, but his art is a closed book to them.

Let us assume that we have to deal with a single screw boat with a right hand propeller. A little consideration of the forces involved and a few experiments should be illuminating. The thrust of the propeller is exerted along the center line of the boat, whether she is going ahead or astern. When going ahead, the stream of water set in motion by the propeller is delivered against the rudder. If the rudder is moved to the starboard side, say, the effect of the propeller race against it is to move the stern of the boat to port. When going astern, the rudder has only the water sucked into the propeller acting against it and it partly blankets the propeller so that the steering effect is not as great as when going ahead. With a large, slow turning screw, the tendency is to pull the stern over to port, even against the rudder. With the helm hard aport, the rudder may hold her straight but it is almost impossible to get her stern over to starboard as long as the engine is running in reverse. With starboard helm, the effect of the rudder added to that of the screw will pull her stern rapidly to port. A motor boat's steering when going astern is apt to be erratic.

Water must be moving past the rudder for it to have any steering effect. With the boat lying still, her head may be swung to one side or the other by putting the helm over and going ahead with the engine. She will swing before she gathers much way. A single screw boat may be turned in a narrow slip by putting her stem against the pier — with a good fender, of course — putting the helm hard over and going ahead with the engine.

With a line fast to the dock, the effect of the rudder is not great and the boat's actions will depend more on the lead of the line than upon anything else, though the rudder may be used to help control her.

Lines are named according to their use; breast lines lead square in from bow or stern and hold the boat in to the dock, spring lines lead forward or aft at an angle from chocks near amidships and turn the boat. When working lines, do not let the boat come up on one with a jerk or she may part it. Slacking it away a little as it tautens will ease the shock and save the line. In general, lines are kept taut and any slack taken in as soon as possible. Where two lines cross, the one which is to be let go first should be underneath.

Now suppose the boat to be lying parallel to a pier and a

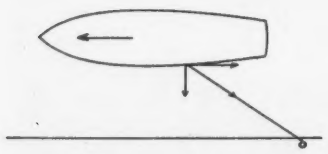


Fig. 1. The reaction of the spring line tends to push the boat in towards the dock

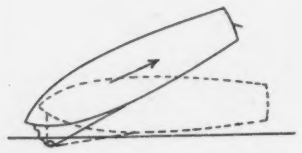


Fig. 2. With the bow close in, backing against a spring line throws the stern in, the bow breast line being slack

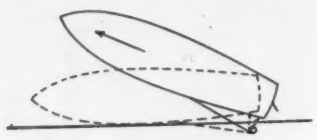


Fig. 3. Going ahead on a spring line throws the bow in. The maneuver may be helped with the rudder

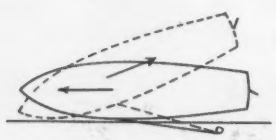


Fig. 4. When leaving a pier, the boat goes ahead on a spring to throw the stern out, and then backs clear

Fig. 5. She may be backed on a spring to get the bow out, going ahead when headed out

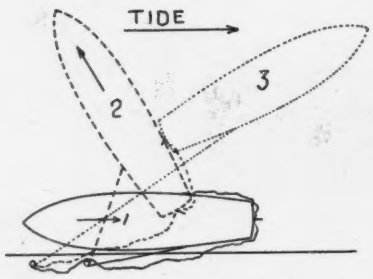


Fig. 6. Using the tide to wind a boat at a dock, using first one spring and then another

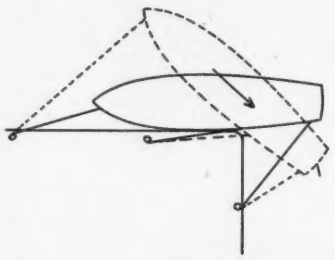


Fig. 7. Working around a corner with the tide on the bow. Spring lines aft and a stout swinging line from the bow are used

little distance from it. An unseamanlike way to bring her alongside is to run breast lines from bow and stern and haul her in bodily. But it is neater and more shipshape to spring her in by the use of lines. Run a spring from a chock near amidships to a point on the pier about opposite the boat's stern. Now consider what happens when the engine is started ahead (Fig. 1). The thrust of the screw acts along the boat's center line; the reaction of the line acts at an angle. If we analyze this reaction we can resolve it into a pull aft, applied at the chock, and a force at right angles to it pulling toward the dock. The thrust of the screw combined with the first component (acting towards the stern), tends to throw the bow in; the 'thwartships component tends to throw the stern in, especially if the line is led through a chock fairly well aft. The rudder is used to keep the boat as nearly parallel with the face of the dock as possible. If the boat comes in at an angle (Fig. 2), with her bow close in and her stern out, run a spring line from a midship chock to a point on the dock about opposite the bow and a breast line from bow to dock. Backing on the spring will throw the stern in; at the same time the breast line is slacked a little to allow the stern to move. When alongside, a stern breast is run and the two breast lines hold the boat in close to the pier while the springs keep her from surging ahead or astern. If the stern comes in and the bow is out, going ahead on a spring line leading aft (Fig. 3), with the helm over, will bring her bow in. The after breast line is left slack until she is close in.

Coming alongside of a dock or float you usually have to come in at a slight angle so that the bow is brought up to the pier while the stern is still out in the stream. Run a bow breast and a forward spring line and proceed as before. Sometimes the space alongside of the dock is restricted by boats already moored to it. In this case you have to come in at more of an angle and have no room to range ahead or astern, but the boat is sprung in as usual and then made fast.

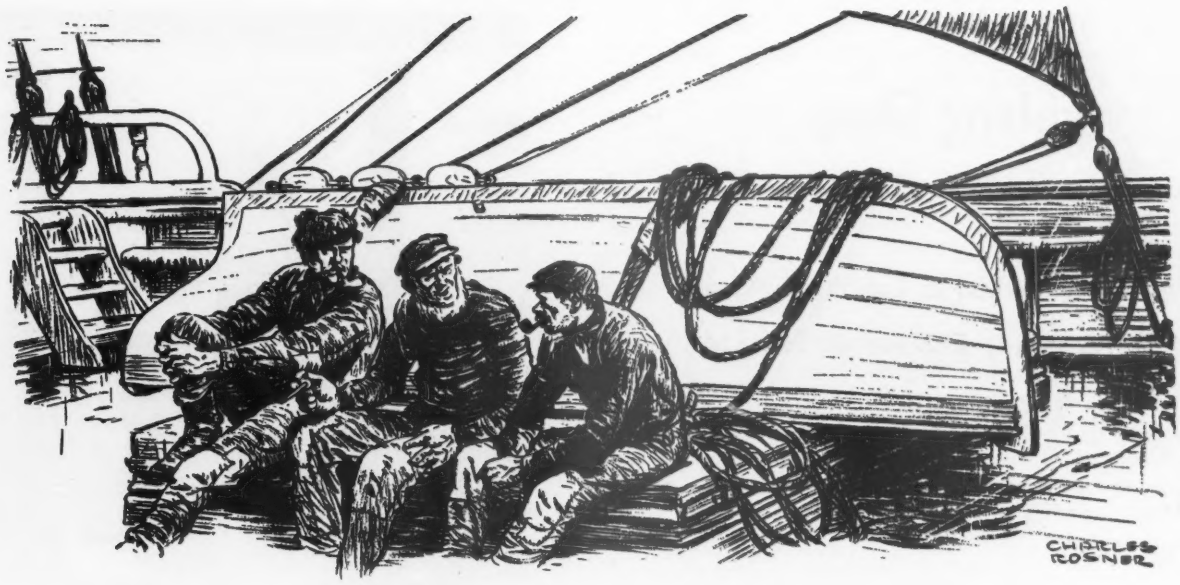
To leave the pier, have someone tend the lines and cast them off at the word. If there is no one on the dock, have one of your crew ashore (he can step aboard at the last minute), or single the lines, passing each around a bollard and bringing the end aboard. Now cast off everything but the spring line leading aft and go ahead slow on it, with the helm over to throw her stern out (Fig. 4). Have a good fender between the luff of the bow and the dock. The stern will swing out rapidly under the influence of the rudder and the pull of the line. When far enough out for you to back her clear, right the helm and go astern, casting off the line as you do so. You could, of course, get away by backing against a spring line leading forward but the corner of the transom might dig into the face of the dock with consequent damage to the boat (Fig. 5). You have to swing her one way or the other to get clear; you cannot back along the face of a pier safely if the boat is in contact with it.

Wind and tide may, of course, complicate matters but the skillful sailorman will make use of them. He will, if possible, make his landings with the tidal current ahead and in that case he can approach the pier with his boat parallel to it and with barely headway enough to stem the current, dropping her in with the helm, a little at a time. The danger here is that, if the current gets on the outboard bow, the boat will take a sheer and swing in too rapidly. She must be kept almost straight and not allowed to get a decided cant across the current. When leaving with the current ahead, the bow may be allowed to swing out by easing the bow breast line and starting the engine ahead slow so that her stern will not be jammed against the dock. Have a good fender on the corner of the transom, of course — just in case. And be careful how you put the helm over, for remember that the stern swings a lot more than the bow, so keep it amidships until the stern will surely go clear. A tug can rub her stern along a dock with impunity but a yacht cannot.

With the wind blowing hard against a dock, landing is easy but getting away difficult as the average motor boat presents a lot of side to the wind. If traffic conditions allow, an anchor may be let go as you come in and the boat's stern hauled out clear when ready to leave. But don't take any chance of getting the line wound up in her propeller. If there's room, shift the cable forward when the boat is over the anchor and weigh the kedge from there; otherwise, haul it up to the stern quickly, with the engine stopped. A fairly light kedge will serve as its duty is not to hold the boat in a hard blow but merely to hold enough so that she may be hauled out to it.

In a narrow river, a boat may be winded at her dock with the aid of the tide instead of being cast off and turned around in the stream. This maneuver takes a little planning and good timing. Suppose that she is lying head to tide, port side to the pier (Fig. 6). Take a stout line from well up the dock around the stern to a chock on the starboard quarter, having someone hold it up out of the water at the stern so that it will not get into the propeller. Now cast off all other lines except a spring leading forward from the port quarter, letting go the bow breast last. As the bow breast is slacked, go ahead dead slow with the helm aport so that the tide will catch her on the inshore bow and start her out. As she starts

(Continued on page 112)



Under the Lee of the Longboat

By "SPUN YARN"

I HIT fairly close to the mark a few months ago when I opined that it was a poor year for American participation in a Transatlantic race. The race from St. Davids Head to Cuxhaven starts as this magazine reaches its avid readers, and at the present moment the sure fire American entries can be numbered on the thumbs of two hands that have their proper quota of fingers. This seems to demonstrate that you can drive Americans to the water but that you can't make them drink potions of publicity.

In three immortal lines Shakespeare almost said,

Sweet are the uses of publicity
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Well, perhaps our German friends who planned their race as an adjunct to the Olympic Games misjudged the American yachtsman's attitude toward that highly publicized quadrennial occasion. Trophies are all right, and Olympia and Corinth are not far apart, geographically, but the field of our average yachtsman's binoculars isn't wide enough to bring them into view together.

A friend of mine believes that all ocean racing men are exhibitionists who like to see their names or their pictures in the yachting magazines. I disagree with him and offer as an item of information that this summer's ocean races couldn't have been worse timed from the magazine standpoint. The Bermuda race, starting in June, can't be covered until August, and the Transpacific and Transatlantic races, both July events, will have to be reported in September. In short, we exhibitionists who endure the rigors of ocean racing solely for the published accolade of praise will have a long wait for our compensation.

When the *Queen Mary*, a gallant ship, made her first westward run, a reporter for a New York paper sent this gem scintillating through the ether: "Sir Percy Bates, chairman of the board of the Cunard White Star Line, met enthusiastic expressions of congratulation with the calm statement, 'We are not interested in records or comparisons. We built the smallest and slowest ship we could for the job she has to do.'" I quoted the calm statement to the commodore of the Lee Rail Vikings and asked if he could match its bombastic greatness. I got no answer from the commodore as he was laughing himself sick over the case of a contestant in the Bermuda race who swung a propeller in order to get the time allowance but who didn't install a motor to hook up to the propeller.

I am one of those who refuses to get worked up because Corny Shields, Harry Maxwell and their group have gone to B. J. Aas in Norway for a new one-design class. In fact, since it's their money that they're putting into the new class and since I didn't help them earn it I give them full permission to spend it where they damn please. My attitude, I am told by people who habitually travel on English vessels, who drink French wines, and who take an occasional flyer in the Irish sweepstakes, is unpatriotic. These patriots say that American money should be spent for American yachts. O.K., let 'em say so.

As authors are always log-rolling I hope it will not seem amiss if I point out that Uffa Fox is sticking to his swell idea of naming his books numerically and that the new volume on which he is now working by the banks of the Medina will be called "Uffa Fox's Third Book." . . . I saw H. A. Calahan at lunch the other day and with Uffa's system in mind told him that he had missed a trick in naming his forthcoming volume "Wind and Tide in Yacht Racing." The first of Calahan's popular series was "Learning to Sail." Then came "Learning to Race," and after that "Learning to Cruise." Obviously the fourth should have been entitled "Learning to (or from) Calahan."

Any day now I'm going to write a book entitled "Alf Loomis's Last Book — If Not, Why Not?"

A while ago at the start of the fitting-out season a charming young woman whose husband owns a cutter remarked that he was leaving her every week-end for a faster and thinner lady. A denial was in order and my wife up and declared, "Oh, but nobody could be faster or thinner than you." I mentioned the perils of mixed metaphors a little later, but my wife stuck to her guns and insisted that any comparison between a woman and a cutter is favorable to both.

Fishing Deep

The Drifting Method for Catching Big Game Fish Is Particularly Effective on Flat Days

By

S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

Michael Lerner, fishing deep, brought this 446-pound blue marlin aboard "Lady Grace"

HOW would you like to get up at four thirty on twenty-four consecutive July mornings when you knew you would not return from the day's fishing until after eight o'clock that evening, and that ten long hours would be spent in the blazing sun of the tropics?

And just ask yourself this: Would you continue this ordeal for twenty-four mornings, if you had caught nothing but sharks — dirty scavengers that they are — and had never even seen a marlin of any kind? I shall answer for myself with a most emphatic "No!" And I have never been found wanting when it comes to taking a first-class beating in trying to catch a big fish.

This was the ordeal of Michael Lerner, one of the finest of big-game fishermen, while deep fishing last July at Bimini. Twenty-four consecutive days he left the dock at five in the morning and fished deep until noon. After that hour he began the usual method of trolling. With this latter method, however, he was highly successful, taking five big blue marlin weighing from 180 to 478 pounds. On the twenty-fourth morning, when he was leaving for Miami and the North, it was characteristic of Lerner to give fishing deep one more chance before making his departure around nine o'clock. At seven-thirty he had fought and landed a 446-pound blue marlin — the largest ever taken in that fashion at Bimini.

Fishing deep, or drifting, has two great advantages. On very calm days, when there are no signs of fish surfacing, it is often possible to hook a big marlin weighing from 200 to 1000 pounds, anywhere from 50 to 200 fathoms down; second, owing to the fact that the motor is shut off, this is an economical way of fishing. Besides, it usually gives one a chance to get under cover, out of the burning sun, and on occasion — although I don't advise it — to take a quick nap.

On the negative side there is the shark nuisance. These marauders are constantly taking the bait and hooking themselves, and while one can always tell a shark from a marlin by the pull, still, the shark must be brought up and disposed of. The other bad feature is that under these conditions marlin run much more chance of swallowing the bait and hooking themselves deep in the stomach, which is very apt to make them put up a slow, uninteresting and sluggish fight, and one which will be terminated with great rapidity. However, all of the bill fish family, when hooked fairly, come to the surface almost immediately and begin their magnificent jumping in the frenzied effort to throw the hook. The boat is then started up and the fish fought in the orthodox manner. If the angler is in a dory or a rowboat, he will enjoy himself even more. I have seen marlin come to the surface and start their acrobatics with 1200 feet of line out, and the bight must have been from 100 to 200 feet deep.

If possible, some "hot spot" which has produced fish before should be picked for this operation. But if there is none, just try any likely looking place — a tide rip or slick would probably be the best bet. After cutting the motors out allow your regular trolling baits, if of a large size, to sink. When you have measured about the required number of feet, relax. A bottle of beer will probably help to pass the time. Leave the click on the reel to arouse you, and if you have outriggers, so much the better. You will then see the line come out of the clothespin and will have ample time, before it fetches up tight, to get yourself organized and the rod out of the holder. Waiting for that line to come up tight may seem never-ending, but if the fish has not dropped the bait, the big moment will arrive. When it does, strike as hard as you can swing that rod. Eight or nine times will not be too many. Always fish two lines if possible; if you have four, your chances are that much better. Vary the different lengths of the bait. For example, at Bimini, where there are 2000 feet of water and more, we fish at 200, 400, 600 and 800 feet. And remember, no sinker or weight is necessary — just a very large bait, a whole blue runner, mackerel, bonefish or tuna belly, preferably. Some fishing guides add small fish, such as pilchards or sardines, which are supposed to act as appetizers. Ernest Hemingway, who has had more experience and success off Cuba with this type of fishing than any

man in the East, tells me he has felt the marlin plucking them off before picking up the large bait.

From my description of this fishing, I hope you realize what a gamble it is and why Lerner had such poor luck for more than three weeks. But he had very flat and hot weather to contend with and marlin must have some sort of breeze to bring them to the surface.

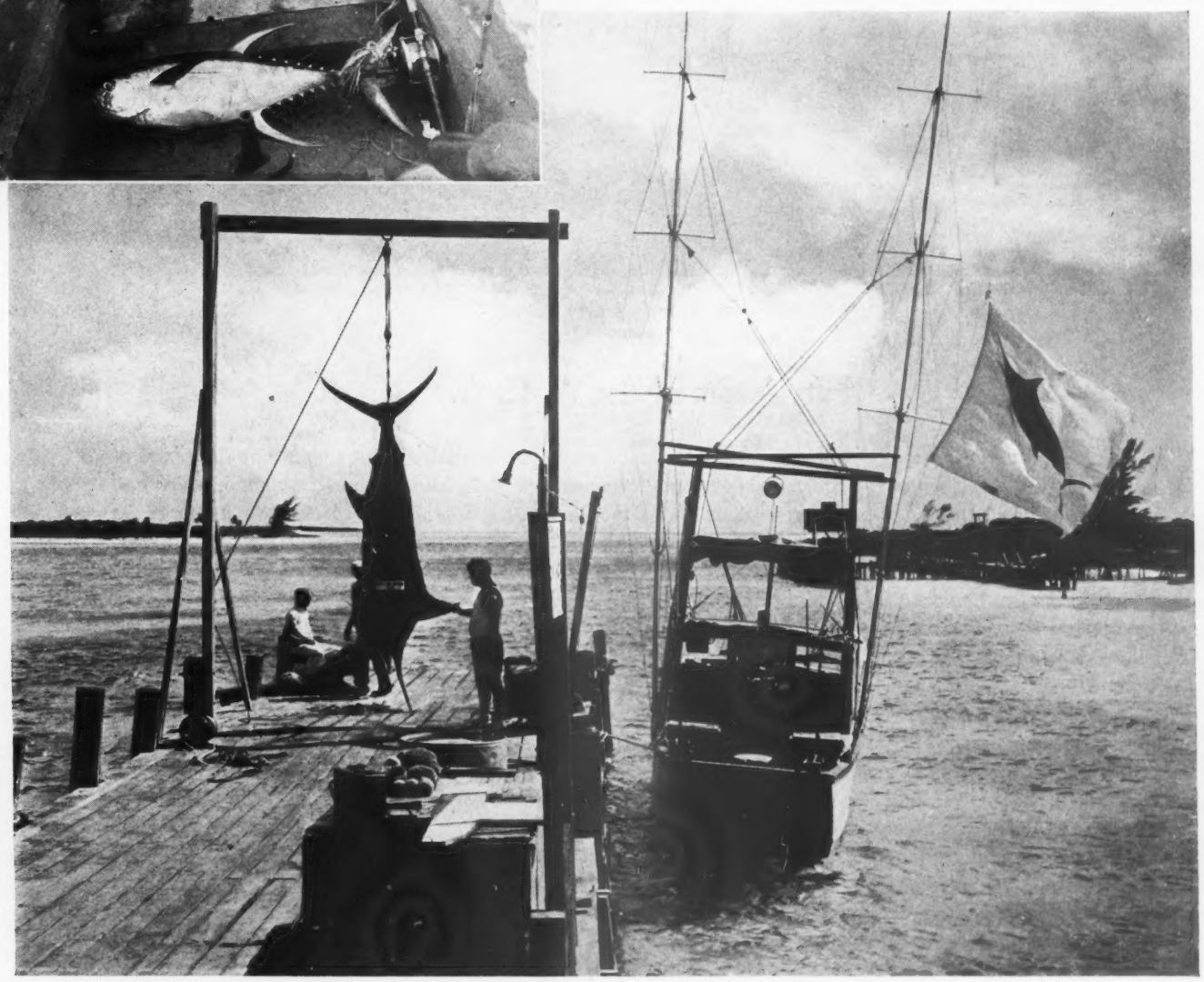
The commercial men fishing off Havana have caught big marlin, which has a food value in Cuba, and also broadbill swordfish for more than seventy years in this manner. These men fish out of rowboats and hand-line the marlin to the surface with great speed and skill. When they are brought near the boat, the usual practice is to throw a harpoon into them. It is a very exciting and dangerous business, and some of the fishermen have received injuries that in some cases proved fatal, when big marlin have jumped into their boats.

The first bill fish I caught, fishing deep, were two white marlin of 65 and 70 pounds, caught from a rowboat off Gun Cay. One jumped twenty-one times and I boated him in seven minutes; the other was hooked deep, threw his stomach, or gullet, which bill fish do on a great many occasions, and thrashed around the surface for about five minutes before tossing in the sponge. As I was after big marlin only, I was using 24-thread line, which was, of course, far too big for these sportsmen of the Gulf Stream. The following day we tried it again without any success, but we had the amusing experience of having a large yacht heave to immediately upon sighting us, launch the largest boat and send it to our rescue. The owner of the yacht, seeing a rowboat well out in the Stream and going north in a decidedly lopsided fashion as fast as the Gulf Stream could take it, concluded that we must be in trouble. He had not reckoned on finding two crazy fishermen.

I have an entry in the log book that I always keep while on fishing trips that we passed Bimini Harbor mouth, fourteen miles from Cat Cay, where we had made our departure, in two hours and ten minutes, and we were rapidly on our way to the Isaacs when Gifford's boat, the *Lady Grace*, came up and towed us home. I have seen native Bahaman turtle fishermen scull this same distance on the reefs and then go back with the Stream to Bimini. These men have remarkable skill with their oars and are most courageous in their old boats, which usually carry only one oar on board.

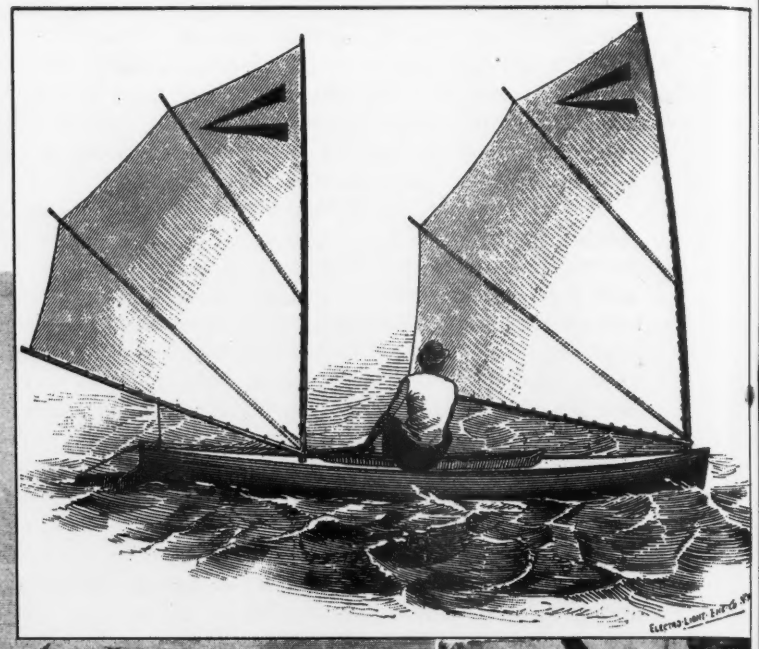
(*Continued on page 108*)

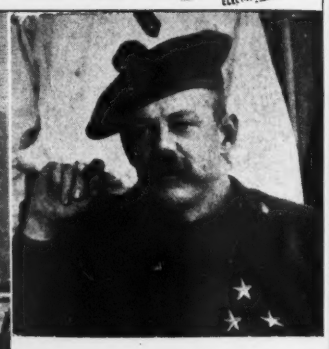
Left, the author's 96-pound Allison tuna ten minutes after it was boated. Note the rod holders, the large reels and the foot rest

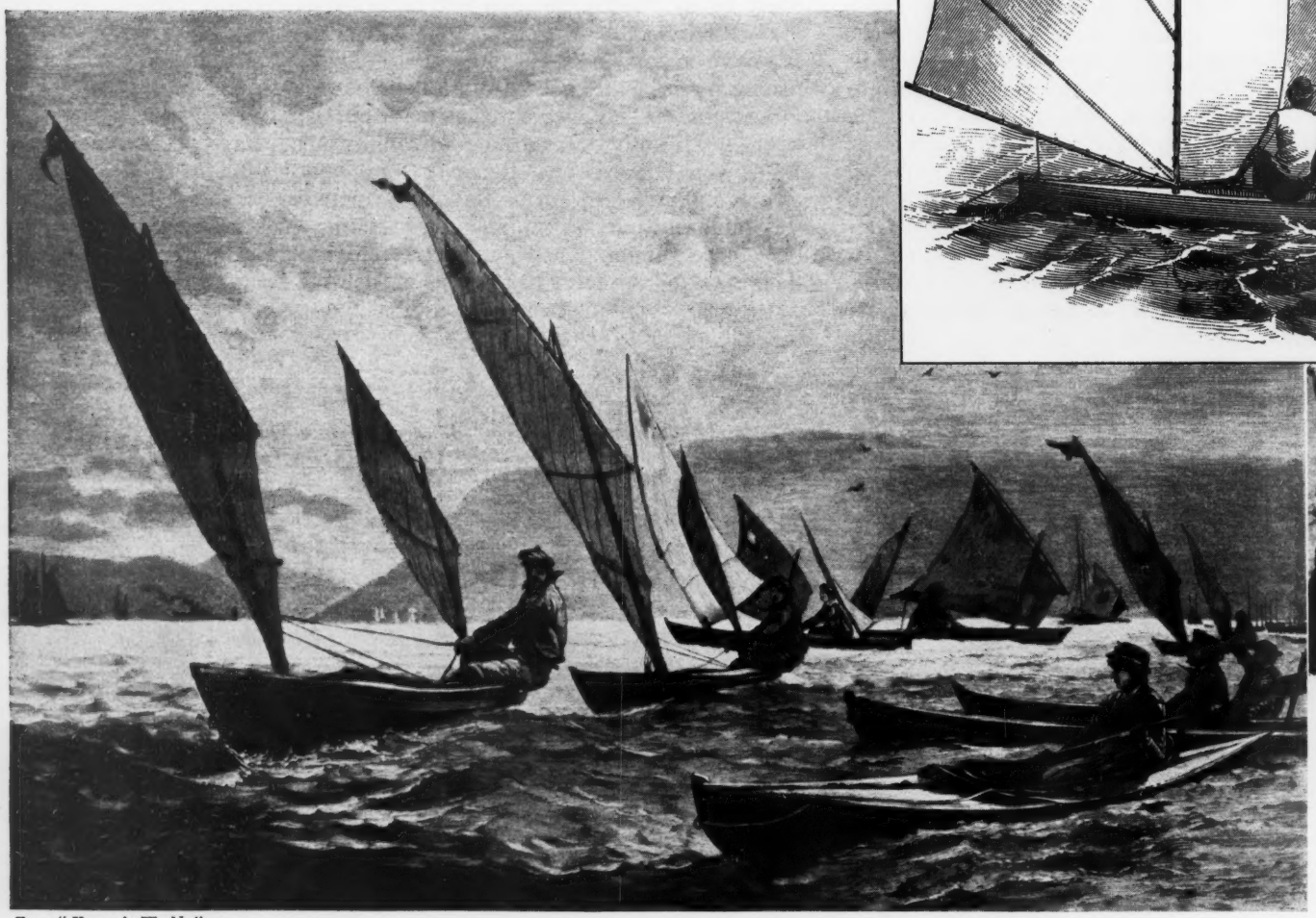


"Lady Grace" flies the blue marlin flag while her skipper admires the 478-pound fish, caught off Bimini

The first American regatta for decked canoes was held at Plum Point, Hudson River, on June 6th, 1885. Canoeists of the period followed the Indian fashion of painting a "totem" on their sails — a turtle, sea horse, "Jabberwock," etc. Insert, M. V. Brokaw, A.C.A. champion in 1886, sailing "Eclipse." Below, Commodore Nicholas Longworth of the Cincinnati Canoe Club







From "Harper's Weekly"

Fifty Years of the A. C. A.

WHEREVER the few inches of water necessary to float a canoe are available, canoeing is a popular form of recreation. As an organized sport, its history is a long one. The American Canoe Association, which had its inception in 1880, now has a membership of three thousand. The organization came into existence as the result of a national canoe congress, called to formulate rules for governing the growing sport. Local clubs from various parts of the country sent their delegates to this meeting which took place at Crosbyside, Lake George, New York, in the boat house of Nathaniel Bishop.

Among those who attended were W. L. Alden, editor of "Harper's Weekly," who was elected commodore, and Nicholas Longworth, father of the late speaker of the House of Representatives, who became vice commodore. The other officers elected were Nathaniel H. Bishop, secretary; J. M. Meredith, treasurer. In all the early meets of the association at Lake George, the central figure was Nicholas Longworth of the Cincinnati Canoe Club, who, in the second year, was chosen commodore.

The first open canoe sailing regatta held in America was organized by the New York Canoe Club. The event was sailed off Staten Island, June 7th, 1879. Six years later the first decked canoe race was sailed. This was held at Plum Point, on the Hudson River, June 6th, 1885. Prominent champions of that day were N. V. Brokaw, A. C. A. champion in 1888, and W. Baden-Powell, brother of the founder of the Boy Scouts. Brokaw sailed the "Eclipse," and Baden-Powell, the "Nautilus." Both boats were of the cedar, clinker-built type, decked over except for a small cockpit in which the canoeist sat. They carried a one-inch keel.

A. C. A. regattas are now held throughout the country. The high point of the canoeist's year is the national meet which takes place on the St. Lawrence River, among the Thousand Islands.

The Barometer—What It Tells and Doesn't Tell

By
GARDNER EMMONS

THE subject of weather has, for obvious reasons, always been of great interest to seafaring men. The sailor's reputation of being weatherwise can be ascribed to the knowledge he has gained from inevitable first hand experiences with gales and storms. However, mariners in general seldom have the opportunity to classify and analyze their experiences in a scientific manner. Although it is true that sailors have indirectly contributed much towards the development of meteorology and weather forecasting, a great many of the sayings and ideas which they have handed down to us are entirely erroneous, and utterly lacking in scientific foundation. Familiar examples of these are the beliefs that the moon and the tide exert powerful influences upon the weather and the winds. Ideas of this sort owe their origin to superstition and ignorance. Yet seafaring men are inclined to accept them as fundamental truths without taking the trouble to check their accuracy.

Yachtsmen who have attempted to acquaint themselves with the science of weather probably have not found a study of ordinary meteorological textbooks particularly enlightening, since textbooks are only in rare instances written with a view towards answering the kind of questions that confront seamen. As a result of numerous conversations with yachtsmen, I have come to the conclusion that a good deal of misunderstanding prevails in regard to one of the standard items of nautical equipment, namely, the barometer. I propose, therefore, to discuss the workings, indications, and limitations of the barometer in some detail. The reader will find that the method of approach is decidedly indirect in places, and for that reason his final reaction may perhaps be expressed by the caustic comment "So what?" However, my chief purpose is to correct certain false notions which I feel are rather widespread among yachtsmen. Although it is always tempting to formulate easy rules of thumb, such a procedure, in discussing the barometer, does not conform strictly to the truth.

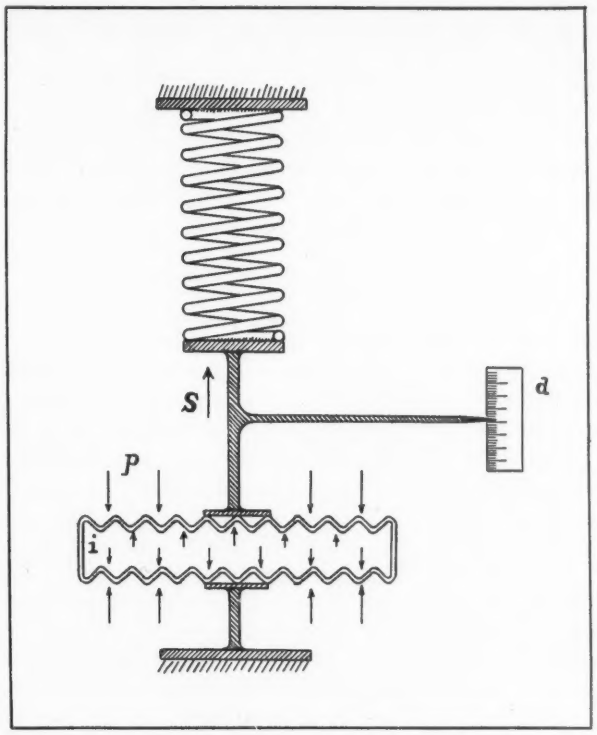


Diagram showing the general principle underlying the construction of the common type of aneroid barometer. Reproduced by courtesy of Dr. K. O. Lange

The barometer has always been considered the seaman's best guide in the matter of weather forecasting. Generally speaking, however, too much is expected of it. There appears to be a not uncommon belief that any barometer, in theory at least, should be an infallible prognosticator of coming wind and weather. The fact that the instrument often seems to shirk its duties in this respect has occasionally resulted in its being rather heartily condemned. Such an attitude results principally either from ignorance or disregard of the working principle of the barometer and of the quantity that it measures. An extreme case of ignorance was demonstrated to me last summer by a yacht captain, who evidently was under the impression that individual barometers had personal whims and reacted to the same atmospheric change in different ways.

It should not be necessary here to remind anyone that the function of the barometer is to measure the pressure exerted by the weight of the overlying atmosphere. The standard type of barometer is the mercurial barometer; it was first devised in its simplest form by the Italian physicist Torricelli in the year 1643. Everyone who has not completely forgotten his school physics remembers the Torricellian experiment, in which a long glass tube, closed at one end and completely filled with mercury, is inverted in a bowl which also contains mercury. The fact that the mercury in the tube does not sink below a height of about 30 inches serves as a graphic demonstration of the phenomenon of atmospheric pressure. The definition of the general term "pressure" is a force per unit area. Strictly speaking, atmospheric pressure should be expressed in terms of pounds per square foot, if the English system of units is used. However, because of the manner in which atmospheric pressure is measured, it has become convenient to speak of that quantity in terms of the height of the mercury in the barometer.

The type of barometer with which yachtsmen are most familiar is the aneroid. Because of its portability, small size, and the fact that it is not affected by the motion of the ship, it is obviously the more practical type for use on yachts. The principle of the aneroid barometer is illustrated diagrammatically in the accompanying sketch. The essential features are (1) a chamber of thin corrugated metal, from which all air has been exhausted, and (2) an ordinary spring, which may be inside or outside the chamber. The evacuated chamber, one wall of which is fastened to the barometer case, would normally collapse under the pressure of the atmosphere, but it is prevented from so doing by the tension of the spring, which pulls, or pushes (if the spring is inside), upon the other wall of the chamber. In the sketch the spring tension (S) pulls against, and exactly balances, the pressure of the atmosphere (p). A decrease in atmospheric pressure will allow the spring to contract and the tension to decrease until the latter equals the new value of atmospheric pressure. The extensions and contractions of the spring are proportional to the changes of atmospheric pressure, and consequently the changes in the length of the spring can be indicated on a dial (d) graduated in terms of pressure by means of a pointer attached to the spring.

Nearly all aneroid barometers of present day manufacture bear various legends on their dials. This practice of inscribing legends on the face of an aneroid is a survival from the early days of the mercurial barometer, or "weather glass," as it was commonly called. In times before weather became a subject of scientific study it was thought that the actual height of the mercury in the barometer indicated the nature of coming weather. It became customary to place various inscriptions alongside certain heights of the mercury, such as "stormy" beside 28 inches, and "very dry" beside 31 inches.

The belief that it was solely the actual height of the barometer that mattered grew from the fact that very low barometric readings are observed only at or near the centers of well-developed "cyclones," where the weather is almost certain to be stormy, while very high barometric readings are found only within well developed "anticyclones," where very fine weather and little wind usually prevail. However, the weather can be very fine without the barometer being especially high, and, conversely, it can be very stormy without the barometer being especially low. A striking example of this was furnished only very recently by the northeast gale which swept the Middle and North Atlantic coasts during November 16th and 17th, 1935. At 8.00 a.m. on November 17th the stations of the U. S. Weather Bureau at Nantucket and Block Island reported northeast winds having strengths of 52 and 50 miles per hour, respectively. The simultaneous readings of the barometer at these places were 30.16 and 30.10 inches, respectively. Both of these values are somewhat above what is usually considered normal. The Weather Bureau station at Boston, at eight o'clock on the same morning, reported an east wind with a measured velocity of 42 miles per hour. At the same time the barometer reading at sea level was 30.35 inches. Most aneroids have the word "fair" inscribed on their dials opposite the range between 30.0 and 30.5 inches, a description that hardly fitted the weather prevailing off Boston Lightship during the situation in question. This illustration suffices to show that there is not even a close relationship between the reading of the barometer and simultaneous weather conditions, to say nothing of future weather conditions.

As a matter of fact, the actual reading of the barometer has *absolutely no significance* as a sign of weather to come. In one sense it is fortunate that this is the case, because the average aneroid is often allowed to get out of adjustment, and its readings may be as much as several tenths of an inch in error. In any event, the inscriptions on the dial become utterly meaningless, and consequently they should be completely disregarded. In this connection it might be well to emphasize the fact that advertisements implying that weather can be accurately foretold in advance from the indications on the dial of the aneroid are deceitful.

Legends or no legends, it is quite impossible to make forecasts of an exact nature solely on the basis of the reading of a single barometer, because conditions of wind and weather do not bear any definite relation to the barometric reading at a fixed point. This fact was fully recognized as early as the middle of the 19th century. At that time the distinguished British hydrographer and meteorologist, Admiral Fitzroy, who was aware that the *changes* in the height of the barometer were more important in forming an idea of coming weather than its actual position at any time, formulated a set of barometer instructions based on *changes* of the barometer. These rules are reprinted in some nautical handbooks. They are based upon a considerable amount of experience, and frequently they give satisfactory results when applied in the vicinity of the British Isles, particularly during the winter. In general, however, it is not possible to formulate barometric rules that would enable one to make exact forecasts at all times. The barometer may behave in the same way on two separate occasions, yet the subsequent wind and weather conditions may differ markedly. Or, the wind and weather conditions on two separate occasions may have been alike, while the previous behavior of the barometer was not the same in each case. Sir Napier Shaw, in his book entitled "The Drama of Weather," has summed up the matter as follows: "If the barometer changes something will probably happen, but if it doesn't change things may still happen." In other words, conditions of wind and weather by no means depend entirely upon the changes of atmospheric pressure at one point alone.

On the other hand, there is a very definite relation between the wind and the instantaneous distribution of atmospheric pressure at sea level as shown by the readings of a number of barometers located at different points. Wind is simply the manifestation of air in motion, and air, since it is a fluid, is free to move in obedience to the field of forces acting within the atmosphere. Now, the term "pressure" was defined as the amount of force per unit area. Therefore it is clear that a given volume of air, say one cubic foot, should be set in motion away from a region of higher pressure towards one of lower pressure, because the forces pushing against it are stronger on the side of higher pressure. The greater the variation of pressure in a given horizontal distance, the greater the inequality between the forces pushing against opposite sides of our block of air, and consequently the faster the movement of the air.

The field of atmospheric pressure at sea level is customarily indicated on weather maps by a number of lines, each of which passes through points where the pressure is equal to a certain arbitrarily selected value. Such lines are called "isobars," meaning "lines of equal pressure," and they are drawn for a fixed interval, say one-tenth of an inch; they are analogous to the contour lines on a topographic map. The change of pressure per unit horizontal distance measured perpendicular to the isobars is termed the "pressure gradient." The more rapid the horizontal variation of pressure, the closer together are the isobars, whence it follows that the wind velocity must be inversely proportional to the distance between two neighboring isobars. The more closely the isobars are crowded together, the stronger the wind, and vice versa.

The wind does not blow directly from a region of relatively high pressure to one of relatively low pressure. The rotation of the earth around its axis introduces a deflective effect, which, in the northern hemisphere, turns the wind almost 90° to the right of the direct course. The general statement of this fact is known as Buys Ballot's law, which may be worded as follows: "In the northern hemisphere; Stand with your face to the wind, and the barometer will be lower on your right hand than on your left." In the southern hemisphere the deflective effect of the earth's rotation turns a moving air current to the left with respect to a point on the earth's surface. Hence, if one faces the wind in the southern hemisphere, the barometer will be *higher* on one's right.

If the barometric pressure at sea level were everywhere exactly the same, a flat calm would prevail over the entire ocean. However, there always exist appreciable inequalities of pressure, which are localized within definite areas. An area at whose center the pressure has a maximum value relative to the surroundings is called an "anticyclone," or simply a "high"; one at whose center the pressure has a minimum value relative to the surroundings is called a "cyclone," or simply a "low." Cyclones and anticyclones in general may be thought of as disturbances in the field of pressure. Such disturbances seldom remain stationary for any length of time; in middle and high latitudes they

(Continued on page 104)

Rivals. "Edlu," left, Commodore R. J. Schaefer's winner of the last Bermuda race, and Philip Le-Boutillier's Transatlantic winner "Stormy Weather," have a brush on the Sound prior to their battle in the Bermuda race this year. "Edlu" sports a new yawl rig. From a photograph by M. Rosenf

The Month in Yachting

One of the smallest entries in the Bermuda race is Roger Robinson's sloop "Sirocco," designed this year by John Alden and built by Lawley. She is shown here on her tuning up spin on Long Island Sound

The home of the Essex Yacht Club, recently finished in spite of the spring flood on the Connecticut River, and opened April 25th. Ample space for storing dinghies is provided on the first floor, above which is a large and attractive lounge

Princeton Wins the Intercollegiates

THE clever tiller work and sail handling ability of half a dozen Princeton undergraduates won the McMillan Cup, for the Jersey College, on June 10th and 11th at Marblehead.

Twelve trios from the six colleges sailed ten races in two divisions, using half a dozen Herreshoff "S" boats and six Paine M-B knockabouts, changing boats, as usual, after each race. The winning Princeton skippers were John R. Fales, Nantucket, John T. Arms, Southport, Conn., and W. Gould Jones, of the Pleon Yacht Club of Marblehead, under whose auspices the championship was held. Leonard M. Fowle, of Marblehead, secretary-treasurer of the association, displayed a fine brand of managerial ability. The Tiger crews were Alan Johnston, Wianno, Northam Warren, Jr., Bay Shore, and Robert Bobie, Rye.

The winning captains from the other colleges were Charles Gordon, of Dartmouth, who sails at Larchmont; F. Stanton Deland, for Harvard, a Marblehead product; Norman Gaynor, of Williams, who races at Black Rock, and Irvin Tyson, of Cornell, a canoeist from the Thousand Islands.

The four races sailed the first day, two in light airs and the others in moderate winds, gave Princeton a shade lead over Yale, with Cornell close aboard, Dartmouth and Williams not far astern, and Harvard trailing.

The second day was all orange and black, Princeton winning five of the six races and taking a second in the sixth, which gave the Tigers such a commanding lead that the eleventh and twelfth races were unnecessary.

Points scored: Princeton, 52½; Dartmouth, 35¼; Yale, 34; Cornell, 31¼; Williams, 30¼; Harvard, 28¼.

With the decision to include, in the future, Brown and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the association enters a new phase. Up to now, the organization has had a limited membership. It can now accept applications from other institutions which evince interest in the sport. WM. U. SWAN

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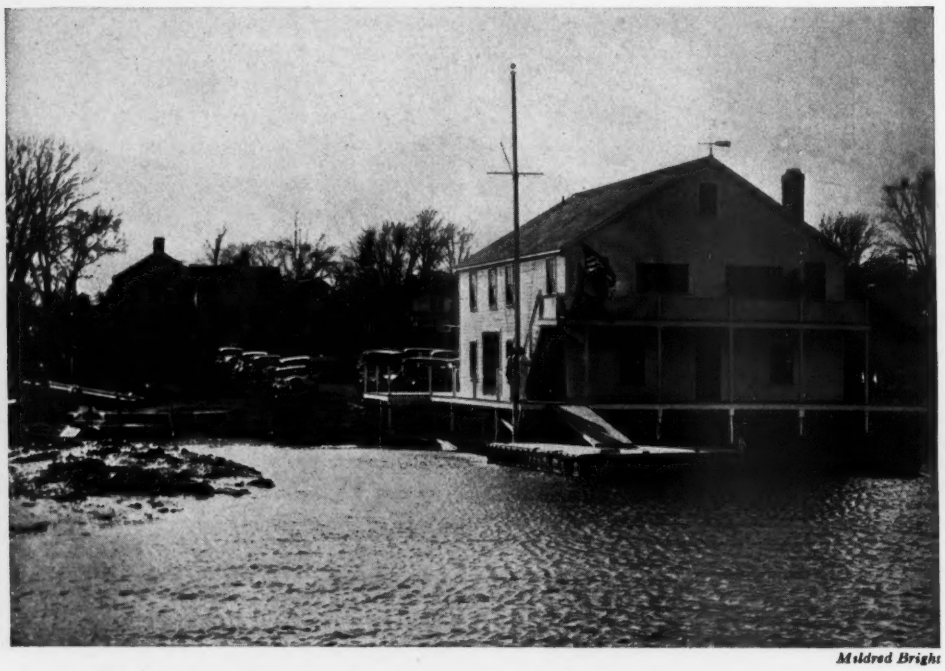
San Francisco Bay Trophy Remains With Aeolians

IT WAS the steady flight of the *Robin* against the high-flying of the *Skylark* that made possible the second straight victory for the Aeolian Y. C. of Alameda when the two Bird Class boats fought it out for the possession of the San Francisco Perpetual Trophy on the afternoon of May 10th.

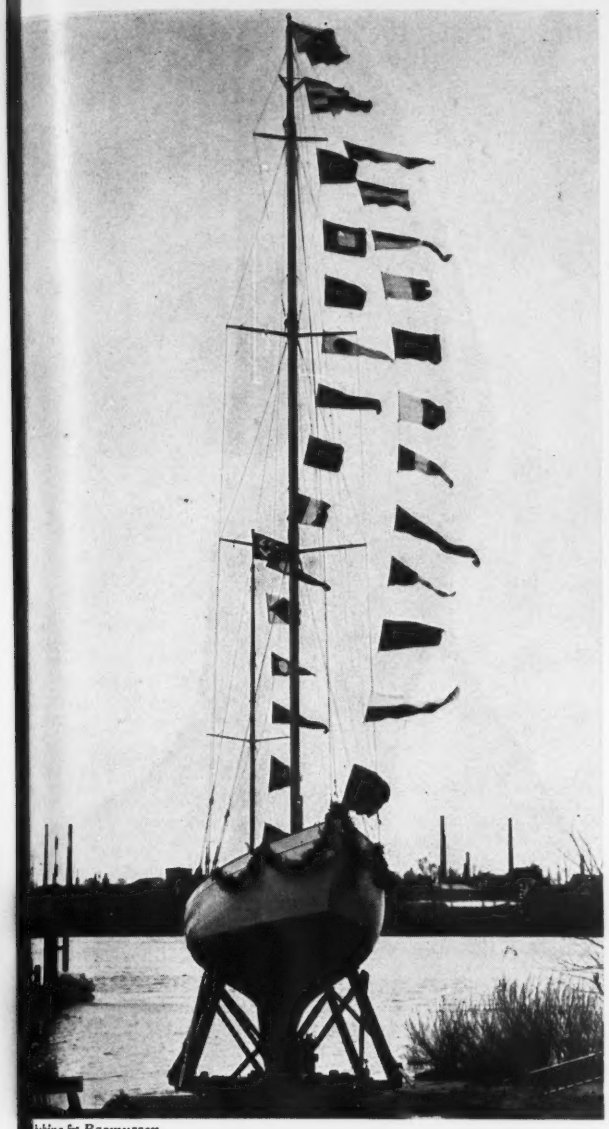
For the first time in the history of the 41-year-old cup, the Richmond Yacht Club was represented in the person of Glenn Conn at the tiller of Harold Decker's *Skylark*. Defending his club's title to the coveted trophy was "Babe" Stevens who skippered Ev Hanson's red *Robin* of the Aeolian fleet.

After much jockeying about from the starting line to Presidio Shoals buoy, *Robin* swept around the first marker with a comfortable lead and was never headed. Although at times a close race, *Robin* maintained her lead over the entire 13-mile stretch of the course that is said to include more tricky waters, from the standpoint of winds and tides, than any other stretch of racing water of equal length. *Robin* romped home in the lead by 2 minutes, 16 seconds.

This year's Perpetual Challenge race was the thirty-third in the history of the famed San Francisco Bay trophy, twenty-one of which have been won by



Mildred Bright



Ibking & Rasmussen

the Corinthians. The Bird Class was developed on San Francisco Bay waters to meet local racing conditions which often call for "cracking on." This sporty type measures 30′ 1″ over all by 22′ water line. The local fleet consists of 21 vessels. TOM WHITE

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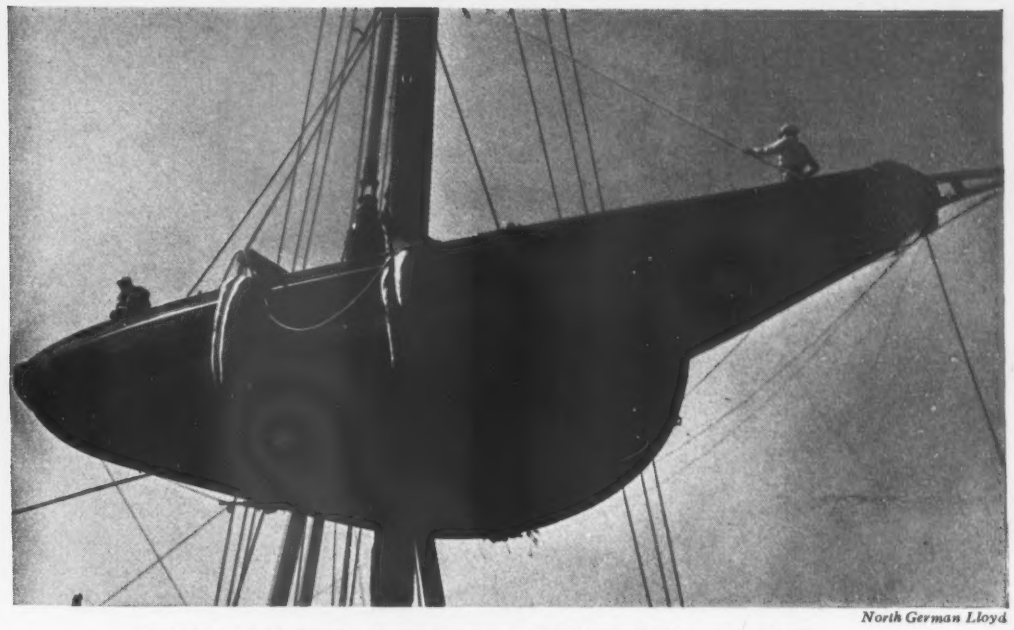
Roger M. Haddock

ROGER M. HADDOCK, one of the older of the practicing naval architects, died at Nyack, N. Y., on June 3rd. He was 66 years old and was still in active service, though he had been ill for some months before his death.

Mr. Haddock spent his early years in the Hudson River Valley and did much sailing on the river, having been a member of the Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club, of Ossining, N. Y. More than thirty years ago he designed his first boat and his name appears as designer in Lloyd's Register of 1904 and has been there ever since. In 1907 and thereabouts he turned out a number of successful power houseboats of the type so familiar in Florida, and in 1911 his *Sagitta* was one of the first commuters. Such notable craft as *Spindrift* (1926) and *Linwood* (1927), as well as many other yachts, are from his board. He was for many years a member of the Larchmont and of the New Rochelle Yacht Clubs.



North German Lloyd

Two of the German entries for the Bermuda and Transatlantic races. Above, the "Brema," of Bremen, being unloaded from the "Europa," and at left, the "Hamburg," entry of the Norddeutscher Regatta Verein. The "Hamburg" will be sailed by Captain Schlimbach

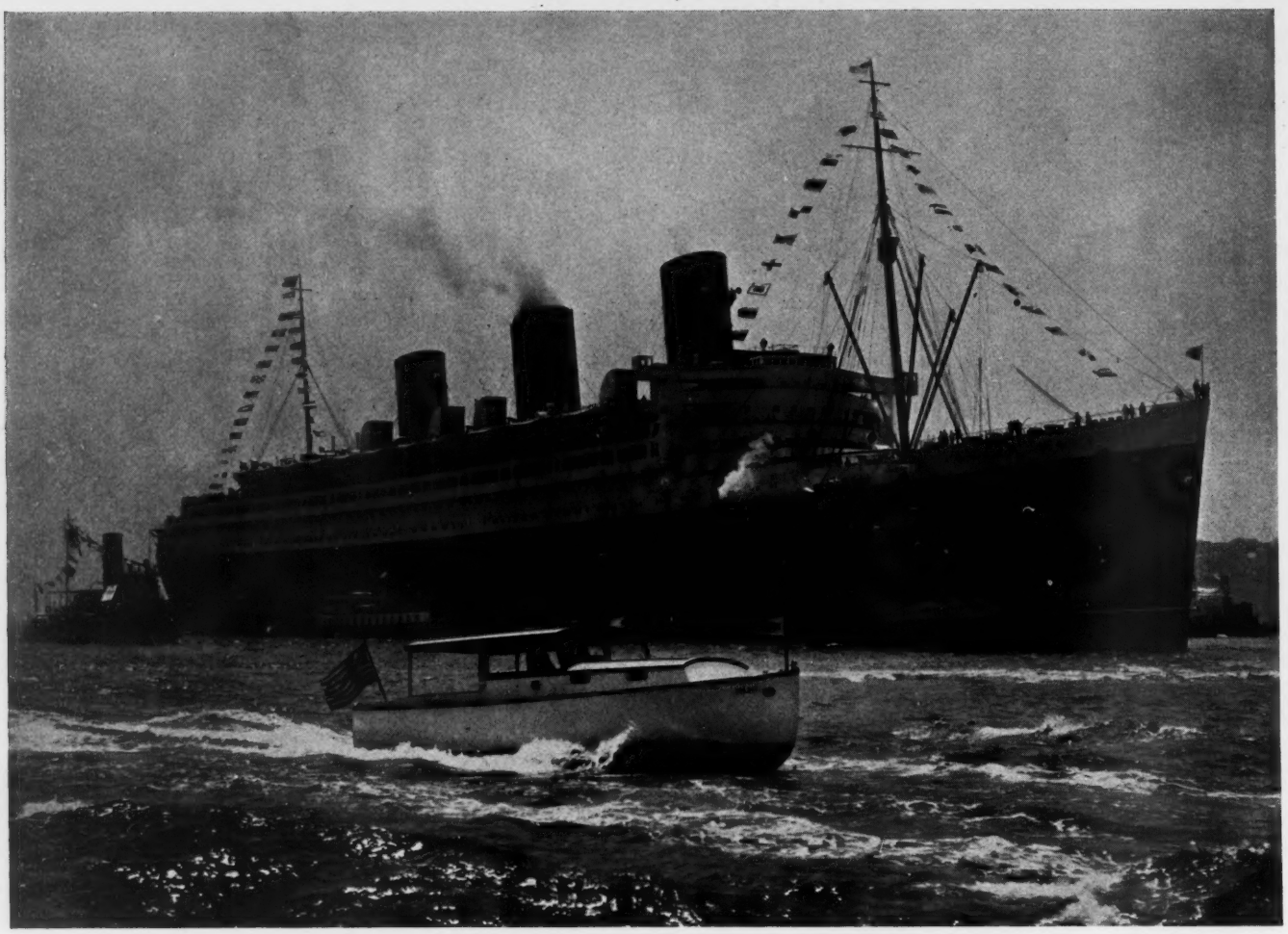
News of the Gulf Yachting Association

BEGINNING with this year, winning skippers in the interclub competition in the Fish Class for the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup, on the Gulf of Mexico, will be presented with cups or some other token of their victory. This was decided upon at a recent meeting of the Gulf Yachting Association, sponsor of the annual championship series on Labor Day week-end.

Two other motions concerning the Lipton races were passed. One states that no skipper may sail in more than one of the four races, either as skipper or crew. This move is designed to break up the practice of certain clubs in using their outstanding skipper in all races. The second makes the association responsible for damage to the boats of a host club, provided the race committee has ordered the race sailed. Heavy damage was suffered by Fish Class boats at St. Petersburg, in 1933, and in Mobile last year when terrific squalls hit the racing craft.

A new president, August Capdevielle, chairman of the race committee of the Southern Yacht Club, New Orleans,

Touch and go! A tense moment in the Seawanhaka Yacht Club race when the new 32-footers met for the first time. "Apache" crosses "Valencia"



The world's largest vessel, "Queen Mary," anchored at quarantine on her maiden voyage. By way of contrast, an Elco 32-footer which went down the bay to greet her

was elected. Capdevielle succeeds R. G. Patterson of Pensacola, who held the office for five years. Commodore H. Hilton Green, Pensacola Yacht Club, was chosen vice-president and Clarence G. Ferguson, New Orleans, was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

Capdevielle is well known to Gulf Coast yachtsmen. He is acquainted with both the sail and power divisions of the sport, being manager of region No. 9, the Gulf area, for the American Power Boat Association.

VAL J. FLANAGAN, JR.

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Flagship Has Remarkable Record

WHEN the composite auxiliary schooner *Queen Mab*, formerly *Vagrant*, goes into commission in Glen Cove some time this month, with Commodore William A. W. Stewart's blue pennant on the main, she will have started her eighteenth season, with a record unmatched by any racing craft in the history of American yachting.

Under the colors of her previous owners, Harold S. Vanderbilt, for whom she was built, Hendon Chubb of New York, Reginald C. Robbins, Nathaniel F. Ayer and Horace Binney of Boston, this remarkable creation of Nathanael Greene Herreshoff's started in 181 races in her first seventeen seasons. She won no less than 111, or 59 per cent, with 39 seconds and 19 thirds — over 90 per cent in what is called "the money." Besides the class prizes, she has captured nearly all the famous trophies offered for major yachts, the Bermuda, Puritan, Astor and Vanderbilt gold cups, as well as fifteen pieces of silver for squadron runs of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs. Her small size barred her from sailing for the King's Cup.

Singularly enough, *Vagrant* was not designed for racing. When Mr. Vanderbilt ordered a schooner early in the spring of 1910 he asked for a boat for leisurely cruising. When she was about half finished he suddenly decided to enter the Bermuda race.

After winning the Atlantic-Royal Bermuda Cup, *Vagrant* returned in time to capture seven prizes in the New York Yacht Club Cruise that year. She cleaned up properly in 1911, but had less success in 1912, and Mr. Vanderbilt, being desirous of sailing for the King's Cup, built a second and larger *Vagrant*. The first one was sold to Hendon Chubb, who changed her name to *Queen Mab*, and with her won the Astor Cup in 1915.

Under the ownership of Reginald C. Robbins, *Queen Mab* won ten of eleven squadron runs of the Eastern Yacht Club in 1919 and 1920. Not only did Nathaniel F. Ayer of the Eastern Yacht Club score heavily during his ownership of the yacht, but he gave her another place in history by fitting her with the first jib-headed mainsail on a Marconi rig ever carried by a major racing yacht. *Queen Mab* rewarded him by winning twelve big cups, including permanent possession, in 1924, of the Vanderbilt Gold Cup and the Puritan Cup, in 1925.

As a sporting gesture to other two-masters handicapped somewhat by motors, *Queen Mab's* next owner, Horace Binney, installed a Scripps-Booth engine in 1927. This curtailed her success somewhat although she won more than 40 per cent of her races under Mr. Binney's colors.

WILLIAM U. SWAN

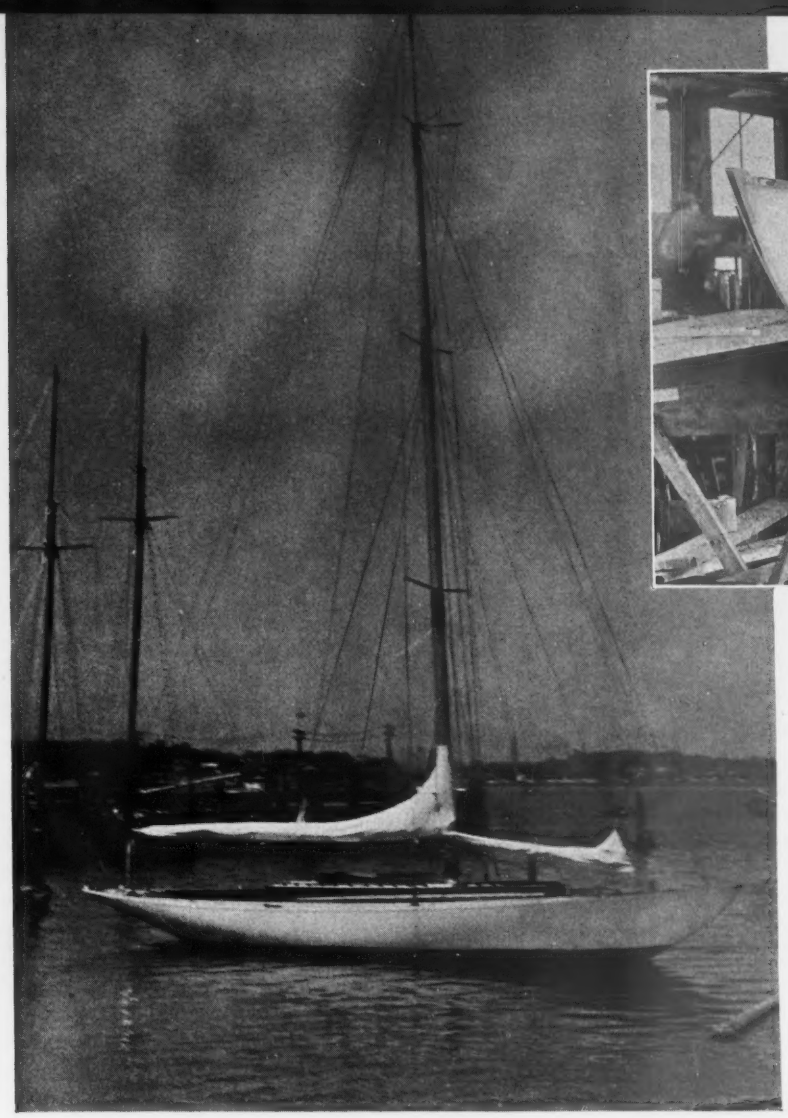
\+ + +

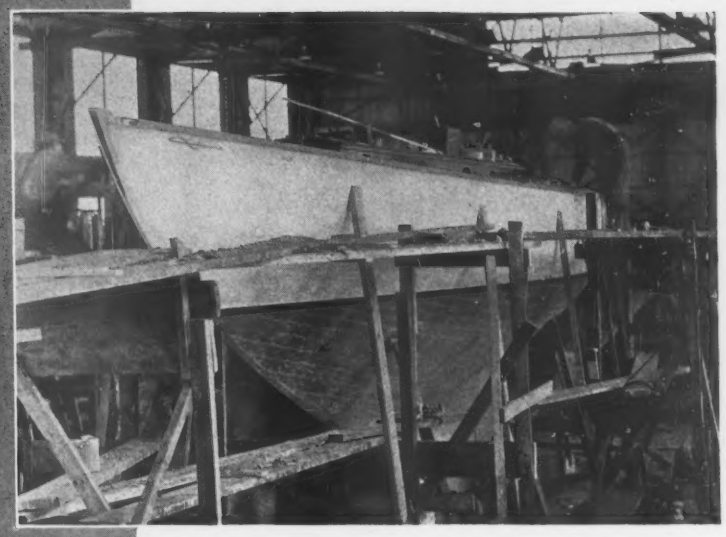
Sunset Races

A SUMMER or two ago, the Manchester Yacht Club of Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., carried out an experiment on which it had embarked with considerable trepidation. Its success is the excuse for this article which may be of help to other clubs similarly situated within commuting range of a large city.

The experiment was born of daylight saving and fathered by one who found the stretch between week-ends — and between races — too long. A series of five "sunset races," to begin in June and run through July, was scheduled to remedy the lack. At the conclusion of the series the committee was faced with an insistent demand that they be extended.

Racing at Manchester is principally in a class of one-design 15-footers. Manchester is 43 minutes by train from Boston. The sunset races were scheduled for the 15-footers to start at 6:15, 34 minutes after the arrival of the express leaving Boston at 4:58. This provided just enough time to get under way and





Frank C. Paine's "Gypsy," one of the Eastern Yacht Club's new one-design class, as she looked in the shop and after she was launched. Two of this class, which was designed by Belknap & Paine, are entered in the Bermuda race

make the run from the yacht club to the starting line.

Like Marblehead and, indeed all of Salem Bay, Manchester is notorious for light airs. When you add to this the fact that winds die out towards sundown, you have the principal reason why we were skeptical. An additional reason was that our yachting enthusiasts might not find the time to spend more hours afloat, but a mid-week evening race proved popular.

Any regatta committee following our example will have to make up its mind that even as high as fifty per cent of the races will never be finished, due to lack of wind.

In the light of our experience the rules for running sunset races may be summarized as follows:

1. They should be scheduled to start just as soon as possible after arrival of the earliest commuter's train from town, allowing the barest amount of time to reach the starting line under normal conditions. Advance the starting time if all boats are in close vicinity to the line and no more are visible coming from the harbor. Use three-minute intervals between guns.

2. Use the nearest practical starting point to the harbor.

3. Have a short course with a one-hour time limit. If the regular courses will not serve because of too great length, or because you cannot get a beat, make arrangements to have the launch run up or down wind after the start and anchor to serve as the mark.

4. The boats raced should be small, easy and quick to get under way and to put away after reaching moorings, and should be adapted to light airs.

5. Treat these as informal races, and encourage a varied program.

ROGER F. HOOPER

"Red Head," owned by Adrian Iselin II, designed this year by Sparkman & Stephens, also made her way to Bermuda with the racing fleet

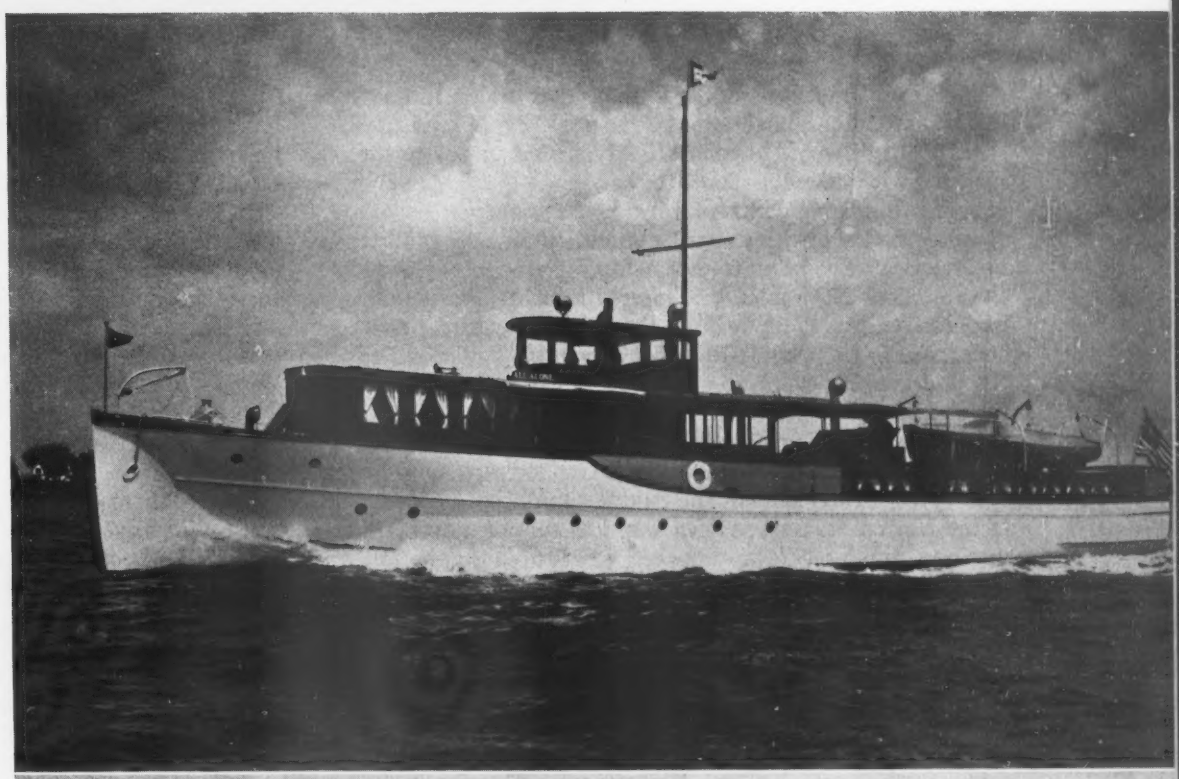
M. Rosenfeld

"Sea Bird II" is a twin-screw 38-footer owned by George E. Zepp, of Baltimore. She was built by the Matthews Company and is driven at a 20-mile pace by two Scripps engines of 118 hp. each

"Wel-Ing," a 1936 Marblehead "30," was built at Biddeford, Maine. Her owner, E. W. McBrian, Port Washington, L. I., will use her at Shelter Island. Two 8-cylinder Gray engines drive her

"The Senator" was especially built by Chris-Craft Corporation for W. D. Mansfield, of McKeesport, Pa. The boat is a 31-footer, planked with Philippine mahogany. Two 75 hp. Chris-Craft engines furnish the motive power

With her dark blue paint and mahogany joinerwork, "Zaidette," a 25-footer, presents an attractive appearance. She is owned by George Ratsey, of City Island, N. Y., and was built by Richardson Boat Co. An 85 hp. Kermath, rubber mounted and sound proofed, gives a speed of about 19 m.p.h.



"All Alone" is owned by George W. Codrington, of Cleveland. She is 95 feet long and was designed and built by Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation. Two Winton-Diesels drive her

"Calypso," a 42-footer owned by S. G. Cass of the Seattle Yacht Club, was designed by Edwin G. Monk and built by E. D. White. Her engine is a 150 hp. Kermath Sea King

Yachting

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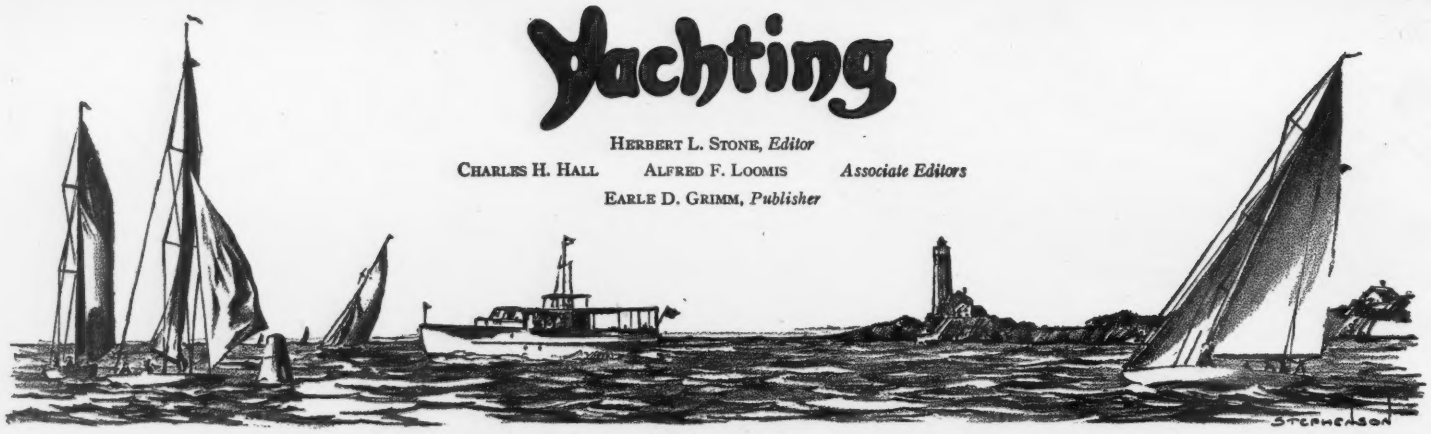


EDITORIAL

American Yachts in the Discard

THE announcement of the formation of a new one-design class for Long Island Sound racing, to be ready in 1937, with twenty-five yachtsmen already signed up for boats, is received with mixed feelings, the satisfaction that such news should bring being dampened by the fact that the boats are to be both designed and built abroad. In no sense will they be American except as to ownership. The product of one of the foremost Norwegian designers, the boats will be, so we understand, small replicas of the new Six-Metre *Saga*, so successful in the recent racing at Bermuda. The sponsors of the undertaking claim, in extenuation of their going abroad for the boats, that the class is to be international in scope, that foreign yachtsmen will build to it, and that racing with other countries can be and will be arranged.

In spite of these claims, the bald facts are that no designer in the United States was even asked to submit a design, nor was any builder here approached for figures on the job of construction. Plans were matured without any publicity and the whole matter concluded, apparently, without any consideration being given to the effect such a move would have on the sport in this country. Many of the owners of the new boats were recruited from the Sound Interclub Class, which probably means the disintegration of this fine class, which in itself is too bad.

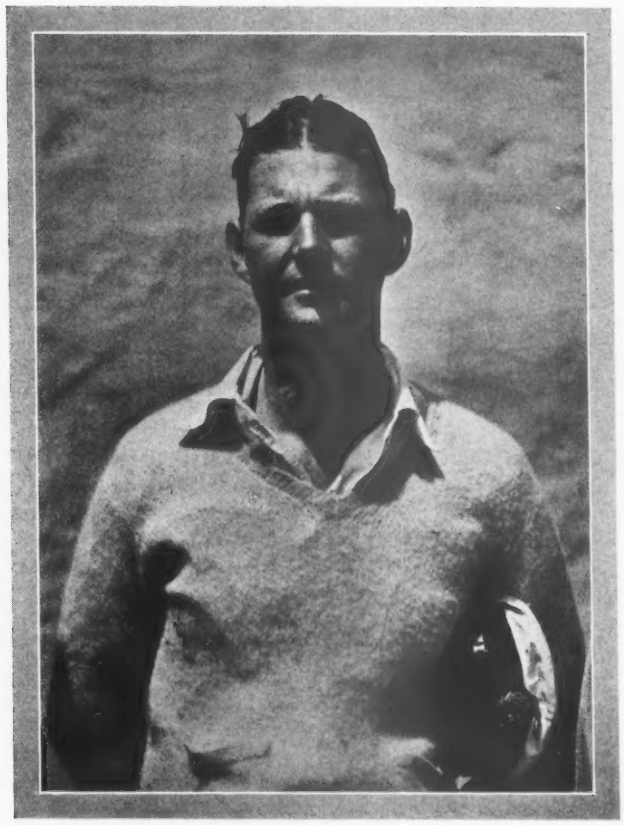
We have expressed our views before on the ethics of American yachtsmen who live here and sail their boats in American waters, yet who go abroad to have their yachts built. We do not question their right to do this, or to spend their money where and how they see fit. That is their privilege. But, after all, in such matters as this one has to weigh the larger aspects of the situation, and is under some obligation to consider what his action may mean to yachting at home and to the development of yacht designing and building in his own country.

We have naval architects who can turn out as good boats as any foreign designers. Certainly, yachts built in the United States have not suffered either in design or construction by comparison with those built abroad, if one may judge from the results of such international competition as we have taken part in, whether in match or in ocean racing. Also, we have several young designers of great promise who should be given a chance to develop their talent and to earn a living, but who have had woefully little opportunity to do either during the last ten years. Since our last one-design class of any size (the Sound Interclubs) came out in 1926, no important class has been built in this country until the N. Y. Y. C. 32-footers this year. Yet in those ten years we have been flooded with foreign built boats and classes that have contributed nothing to the development of yacht building here. When one considers the Twelve-Metres, the Ten-Metres, the Eight-Metre one-designs and other "Eights," the Atlantic Coast Class, and the several Scandinavian Square-Metre classes, one wonders what incentive there is for American designers and yacht builders to stay in business. In several instances these foreign yachts were inferior in construction to American standards, and only a few of the classes have been really successful, or have held together. It is true that some of the above were from the board of an American naval architect with a European connection, but, as far as giving American designers a chance to prove themselves, they might as well not have been built. Will anyone deny that this is an unhealthy state of affairs? We know of no other yachting country in which the development of design and the construction of yachts is left to another nation.

During the years mentioned above, when our yachting development was constricted by foreign ideas and methods, we went through a severe economic depression during which the workmen in our yacht building plants suffered great privation and unemployment, while the yards themselves were hard put to it to keep going. Yet yachting here is dependent on these same men and yards for the successful carrying on of the sport. What must be their reaction to this wholesale importation of built-to-order yachts, and to this latest order for twenty-five boats that could have been built here at an increase in cost of only some 20 per cent?

It is, we believe, this matter of cost that is the crux of the whole situation. And if this is so, then every person is entitled to be the judge of what he should, and wants to spend. His decision need satisfy his own conscience and no one else's. In importing a foreign built yacht one pays the tariff duty and complies with all the requirements of the law. There can be no criticism on that score. But one should bear in mind that yachting is a sport, to be fostered and developed, and not, as far as the owner is concerned, a commercial enterprise. If a yacht owner had to fly the flag of the country in which his yacht was built, as do commercial vessels which are denied American registry if not built in this country, he might hesitate to build abroad the boat he sails at home for his own pleasure. Perhaps if this law regarding non-registration of foreign built vessels were extended to cover yachts it would have a salutary effect.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

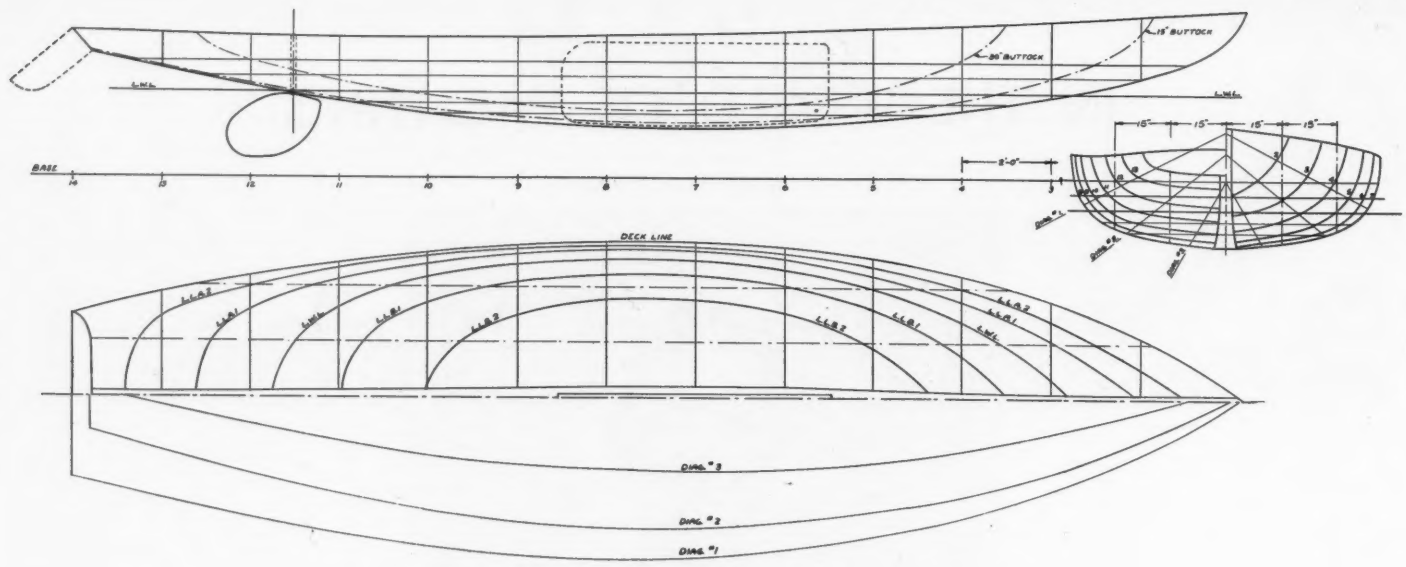


N. BAYARD DILL

IN HIS official capacity as Commodore of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Bayard Dill played host last month to the swarm of American and European yachtsmen who sailed the big fleet of nearly fifty yachts in the Bermuda Race. But Bayard Dill does not need any official rank to make him an ideal host. His friendly greeting, his engaging smile and his ready wit are enough in themselves to make everyone who knows him count him a friend.

Like most Bermudians, Bayard Dill learned to sail a boat before he could walk. He's tried his hand at everything under sail that is found in Bermuda waters. He's been racing with or against the "top notchers" in his home waters for many years, and that in itself is a liberal education, as everyone knows who has tried it. He took time off to attend Cambridge University and, if our memory serves, while in England he sailed with J. Seward Johnson, his brother-in-law, in one of the American boats of the Six-Metre team racing for the British-American Cup. He's at home in the "Sixes" at Bermuda and he owns and sails the Bermuda one-design "Cardinal." He's a member of a firm of attorneys in the Islands, most of the partners of which never let the legal profession stand in the way of their sailing. His qualifications and his amiable disposition should make him a great success at the bar.

Bayard Dill has long been a member of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club and had served it in many capacities before his election this year to the post of Commodore.



Sheer, half breadth, body plans and diagonals of the new knockabout

A 26-Foot Knockabout for Racing and Day Sailing

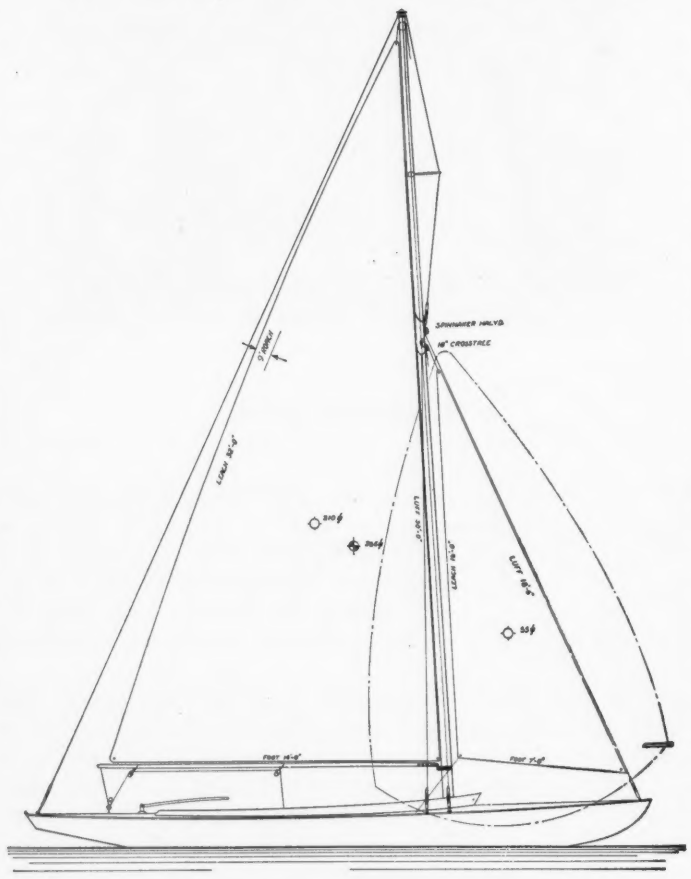
THE plans on this page illustrate a boat that is now under construction at the yard of Anderson & Combes, located at City Point, New Haven, Conn. She is from the board of R. M. Combes and was designed to meet the requirements of several yachtsmen living in New Haven and its vicinity. These men wanted a boat that could be built at reasonable first cost and that could be hauled out on the beach without difficulty and be taken care of by her owner. Maintenance charges should also be moderate.

The boat shown has an interesting model, with rather straight sheer, moderate freeboard, fairly long ends and light draft. The bottom has little deadrise, with an easy bilge and a moderate amount of flare to the topsides. She should be quite stiff and pick up stability rapidly as she heels. Her fore and aft lines are easy so that she should show a good turn of speed, in both light airs and when it breezes up.

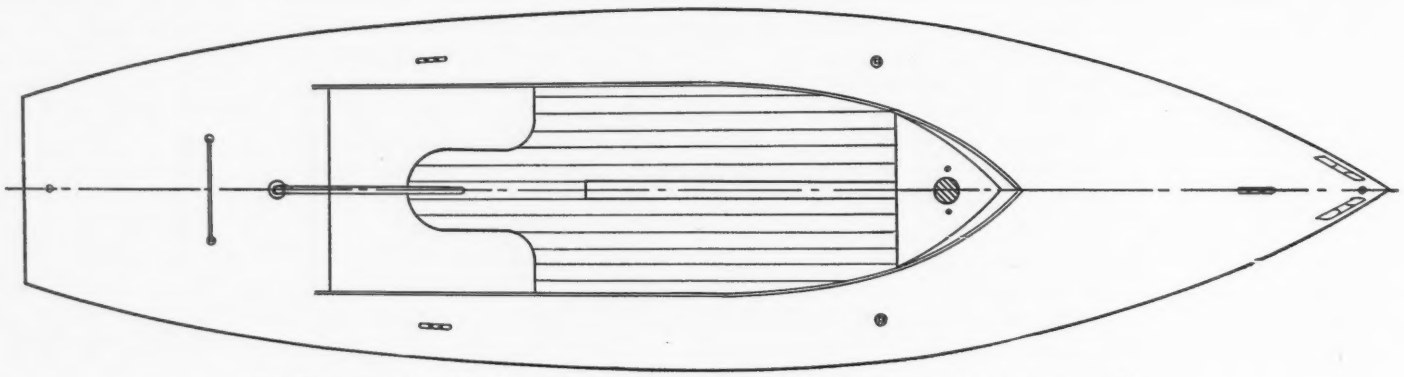
The principal dimensions of the new boat are as follows: Length over all, 26′ 4″; length on the load water line, 18′ 0″; beam, extreme, 7′ 0″; draft of hull, with centerboard up, 10″. With the board down to its limit, the draft will be nearly 5′ 6″. This light draft will be appreciated in the waters around New Haven and will allow the boat to penetrate into many small harbors from which a deeper boat will be excluded.

Construction is high grade, with white oak keel and framing and mahogany outside planking. All fastenings and hardware are of bronze. The rudder is fitted so that it may be dropped without difficulty when it is desired to haul the boat up on the beach.

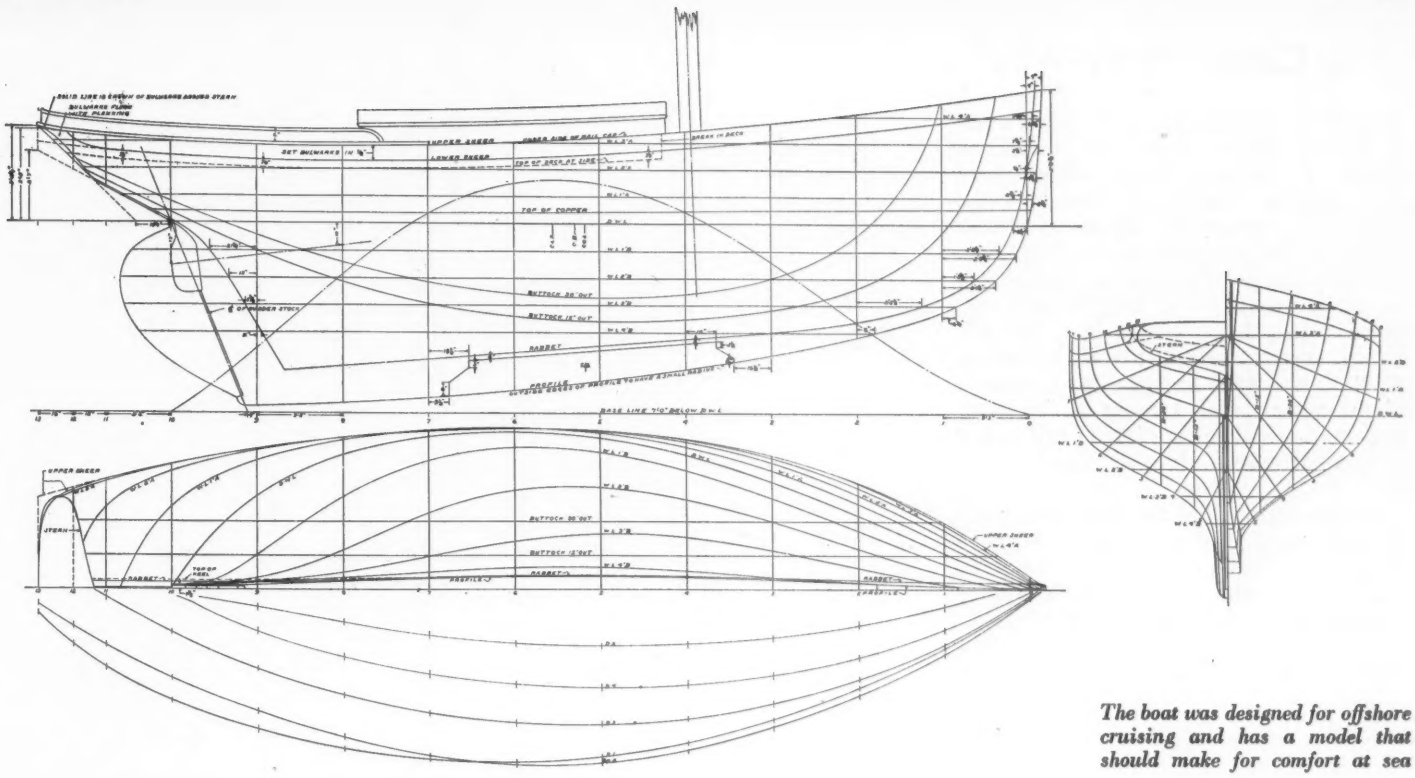
The new boat is the first of several which it is planned to build this year for the summer's racing season. The rig is modern, with the mast of hollow rectangular section and standing rigging of Korodless stainless steel wire rope. The total sail area is 265 square feet. Of this the mainsail is 210 square feet in area and the jib 55.



The modern sail plan and, below, the deck plan



The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.

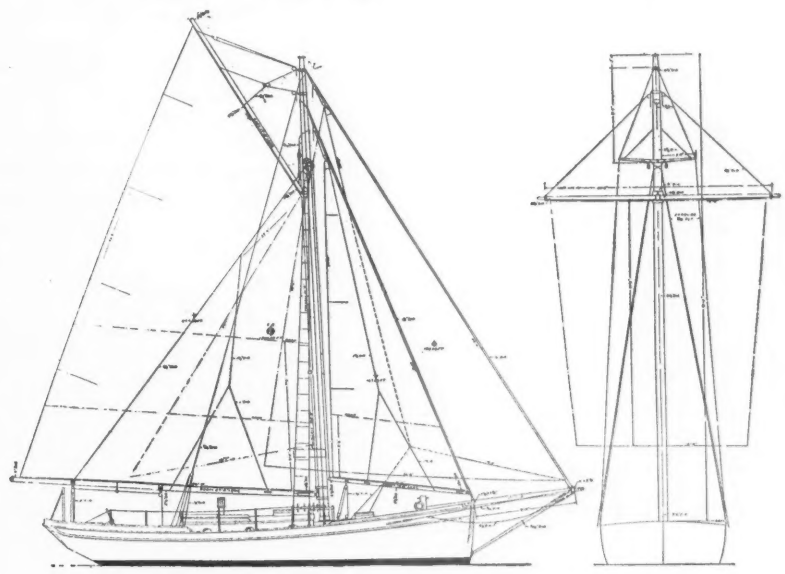


The boat was designed for offshore cruising and has a model that should make for comfort at sea

Here's a Seagoing Cutter by Winslow

THIS design was prepared by Ralph E. Winslow for Paul Goodridge of Fairfield, Conn. The boat is of a type distinctly different from the conventional small cruiser, her plumb stem and short after overhang giving her a seagoing look. She is 38′ 2″ in length over all, 32′ 6″ on the water line, 11′ 10″ beam, and 6′ 9″ draft. She carries 7500 pounds of lead on her keel and another 7500 inside.

The deck is flush with the top of the rail from the stem to abaft the mast, then dropped 12″ and carried at that level to the stern. A 6″ monkey rail is fitted aft.

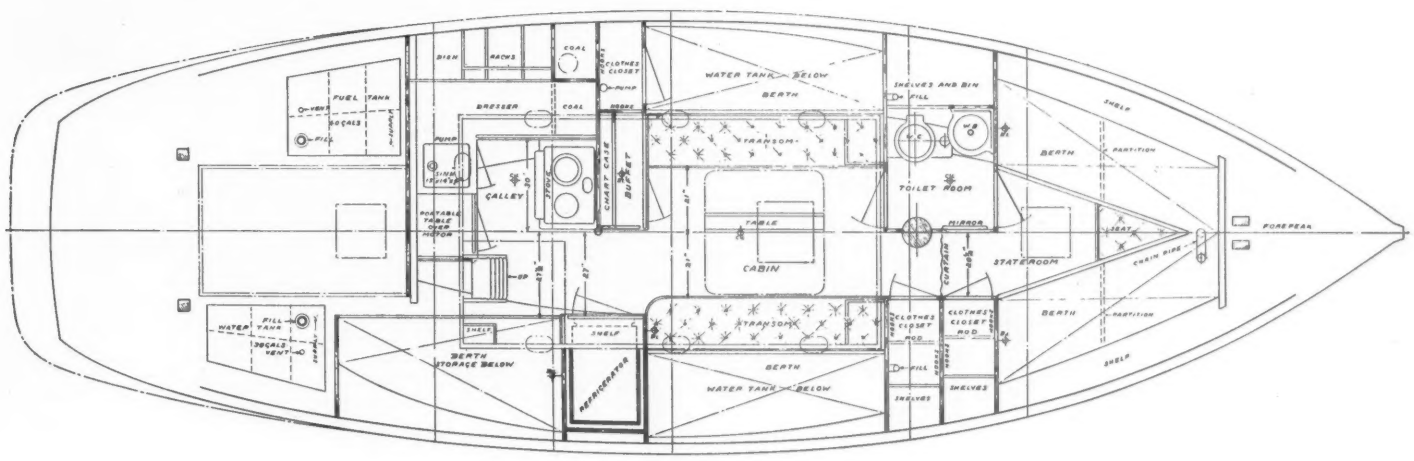


She will carry a squaresail for long runs down wind. Below, the accommodation plan displays a practical layout

The sail area is 1006 square feet. The owner wished a gaff-headed cutter as this rig has good weatherly qualities and can be hove to readily. A large squaresail will be carried for long runs in favoring winds.

The engine, a Gray 4–40, is aft and should give a speed of about 6 m.p.h. in smooth water. Modest power was specified as the boat will be used mainly for long cruises under sail.

Below, the headroom is 6′ 5″ and the cabin arrangement is a practical one, with a stateroom forward, two berths in the cabin and a quarter berth aft.



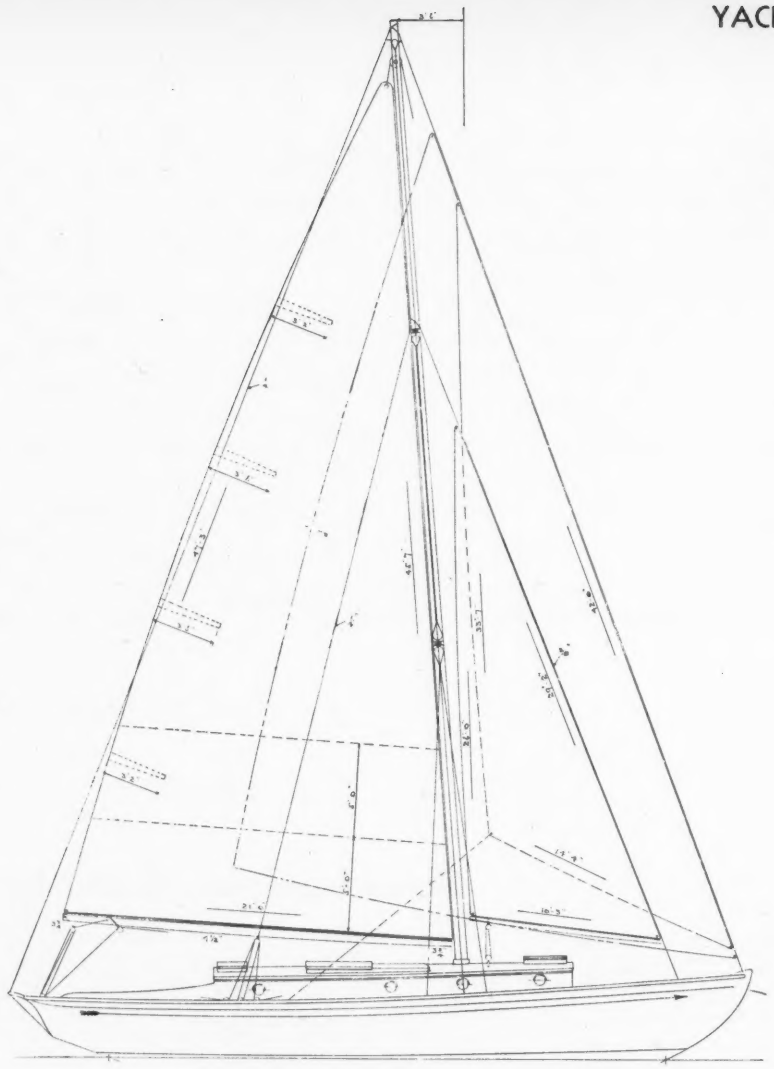
The Cutter "Willy-Wha"

HERE are the plans of an interesting cutter from the board of Edson B. Schock, naval architect of Los Angeles, California. She was designed for Stuart K. Babcock, former owner of the schooner yacht *Lady Jo*.

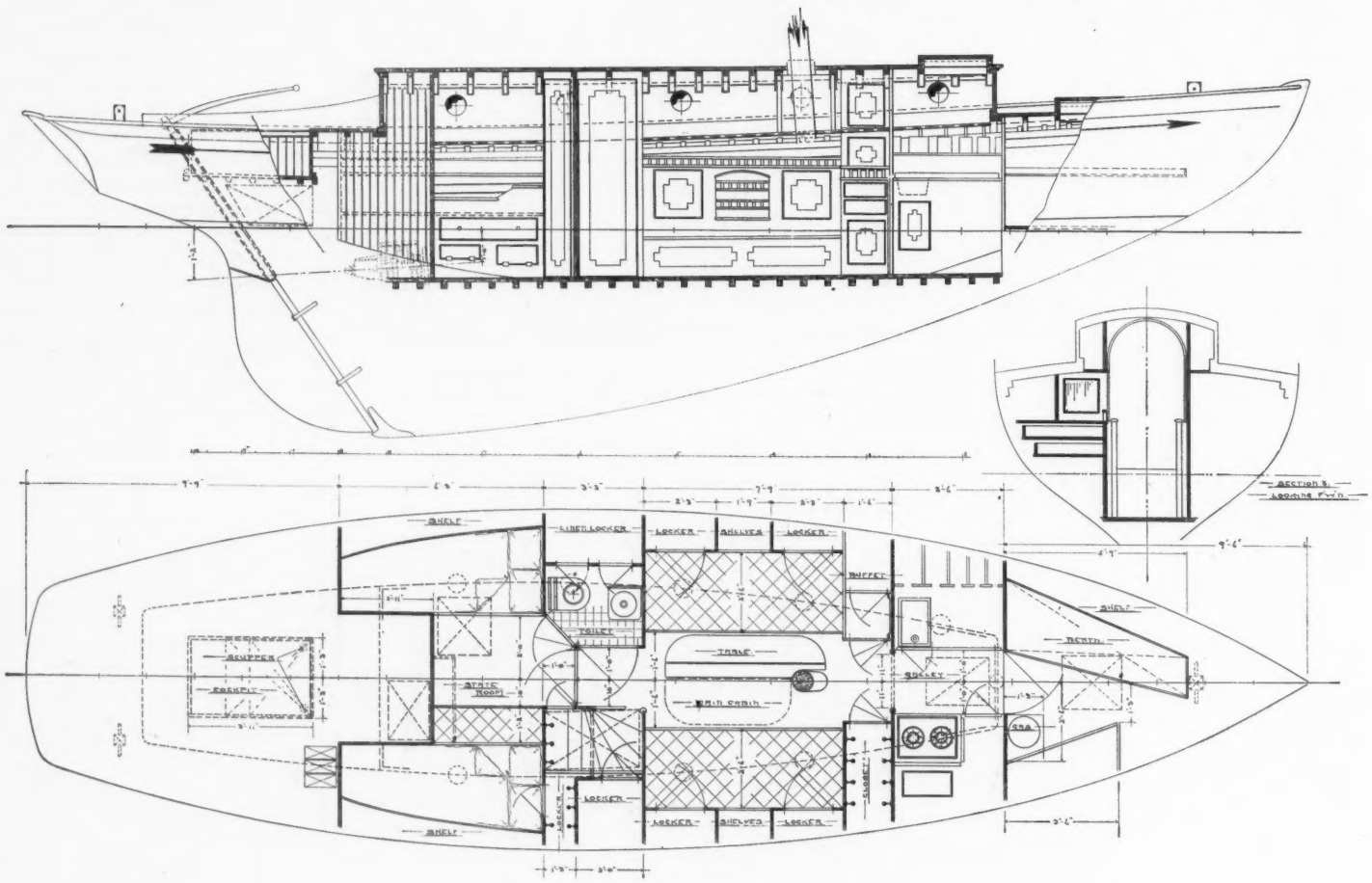
The principal dimensions of the new yacht are as follows: Length over all, 40′ 0″; length on water line, 30′ 0″; beam, extreme, 10′ 6″; draft of water, 6′ 6″. The yacht is rigged as a knockabout cutter, with the rig all inboard, and carries 800 square feet of sail in her working canvas and a good sized Genoa jib.

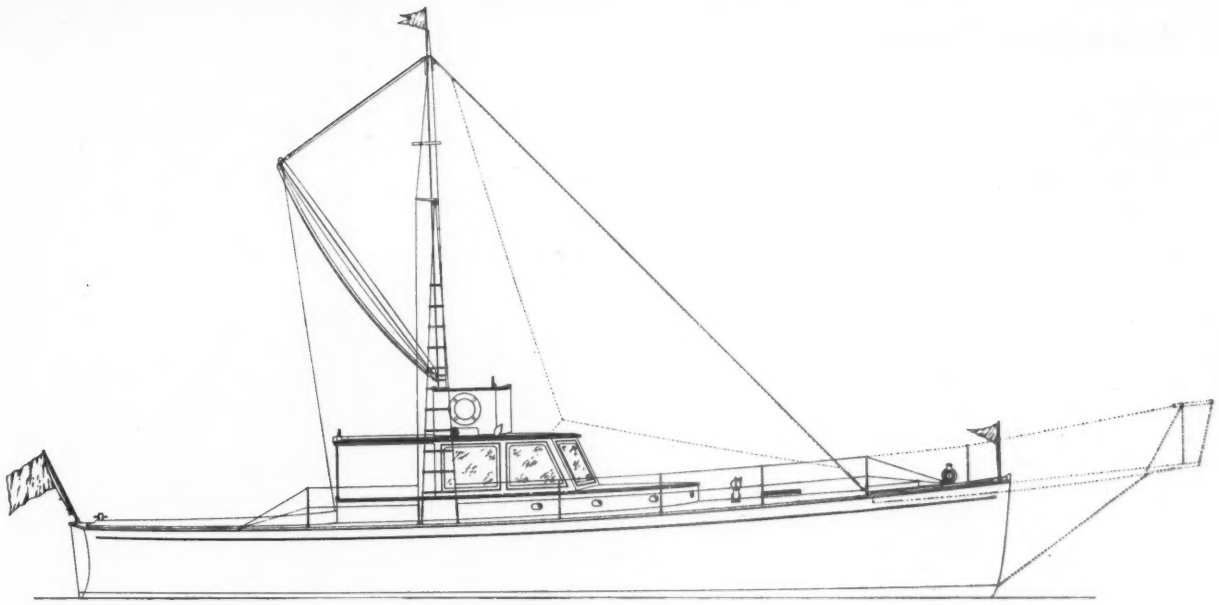
Construction is of the best, the specifications calling for oak frames, Douglas fir planking, and teak deck and house. Spars are hollow and the standing rigging is of stainless steel wire rope. Her engine, located aft and bulkheaded off from the cabin, is a Gray Sea Scout.

The cabin layout shows a forecastle forward, with a single berth. Next aft is the galley, with gas stove fitted with an oven, ice box, sink, dish racks, etc. The main cabin has a wide transom each side and the folding table is set off center so that the leaf on the port side may be left up if desired, there still being good passageway to starboard. Aft is the owner's cabin, with two berths, seat and locker. The toilet room may be entered from cabin or stateroom. Altogether, there is a considerable amount of useful room in the boat, considering her size.



The rig is short on the base line and fairly tall. Below, inboard profile and accommodation plan





The outboard profile shows all the gadgets of the modern fisherman

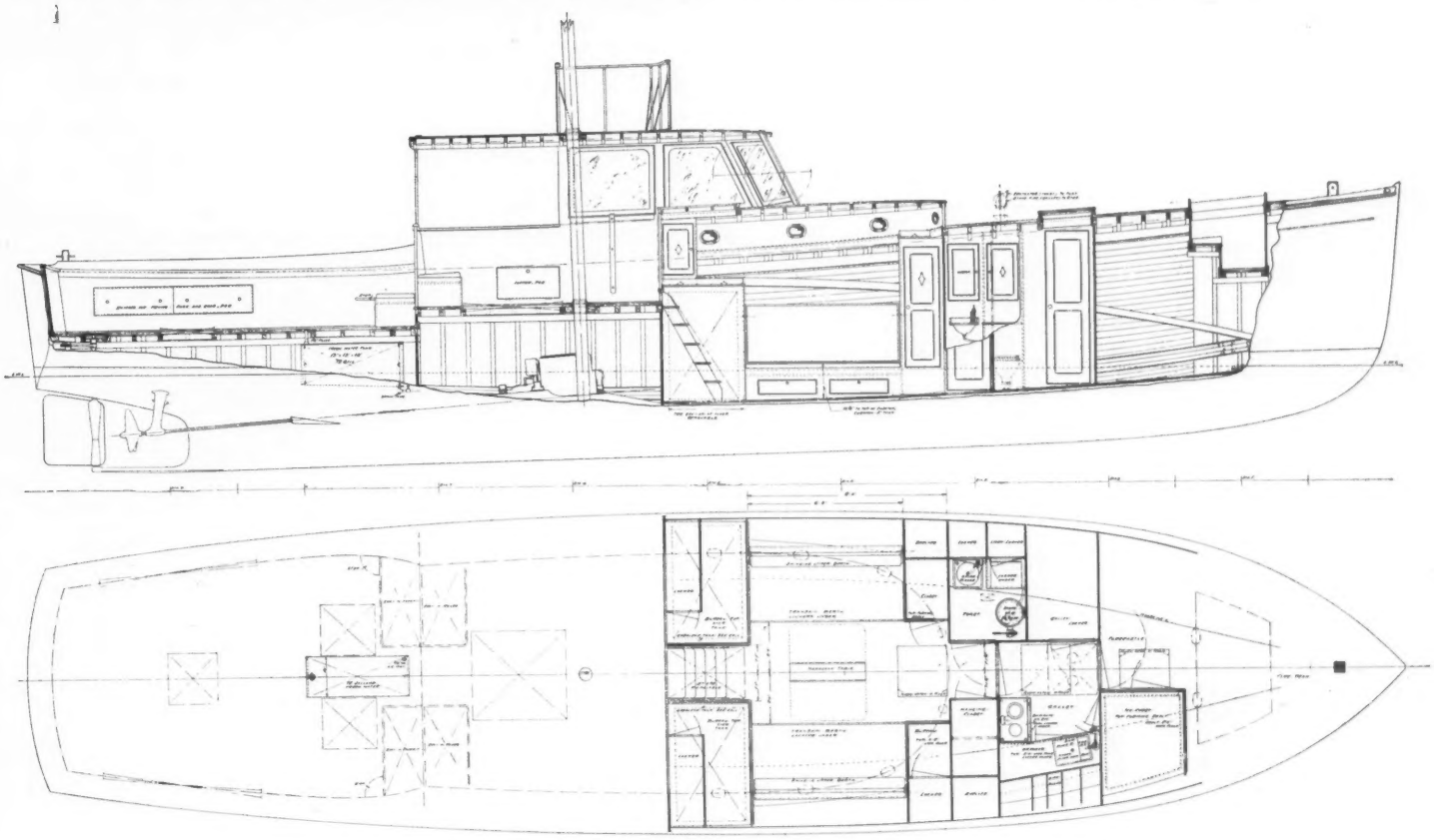
Designed for Offshore Fishing

PLANNED primarily as a comfortable boat for offshore fishing, the motor yacht whose plans are shown on this page was recently completed at the yard of Franklin G. Post & Son, Inc., Mystic, Conn. She was built for C. A. Moses, of Providence, R. I., and is from designs by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., of New York.

The principal dimensions of the new yacht are as follows: Length over all, 55′ 4¾″; length on the water line, 53′ 9″; beam, extreme, 12′ 8½″; draft of water, 3′ 10″. Her construction is substantial throughout but not fancy. Frames, keel and beams are of oak, outside planking and deck are of Philippine mahogany and the boat is galvanized fastened.

The power plant is a pair of Chrysler Crown engines driving through reduction gears and giving a cruising speed of about 12 m.p.h. There is ample headroom in the engine compartment so that more powerful engines, either gasoline or Diesel, may be installed if more speed is desired. Large fuel and water tank capacity is provided. The engines may be controlled from either the forward end of the cockpit or from the top of the shelter over it, Wilcox Crittenden vacuum control system being used.

The cockpit is capacious, with tackle lockers each side, fish well, bait well, etc. The mast is stout and is fitted with a derrick boom for lifting the big fellows aboard and a platform aloft for the lookout. A pulpit is provided forward. Below, there is a roomy cabin with four berths, galley, toilet room, forecastle for one man and plenty of lockers. There is a small cockpit forward.



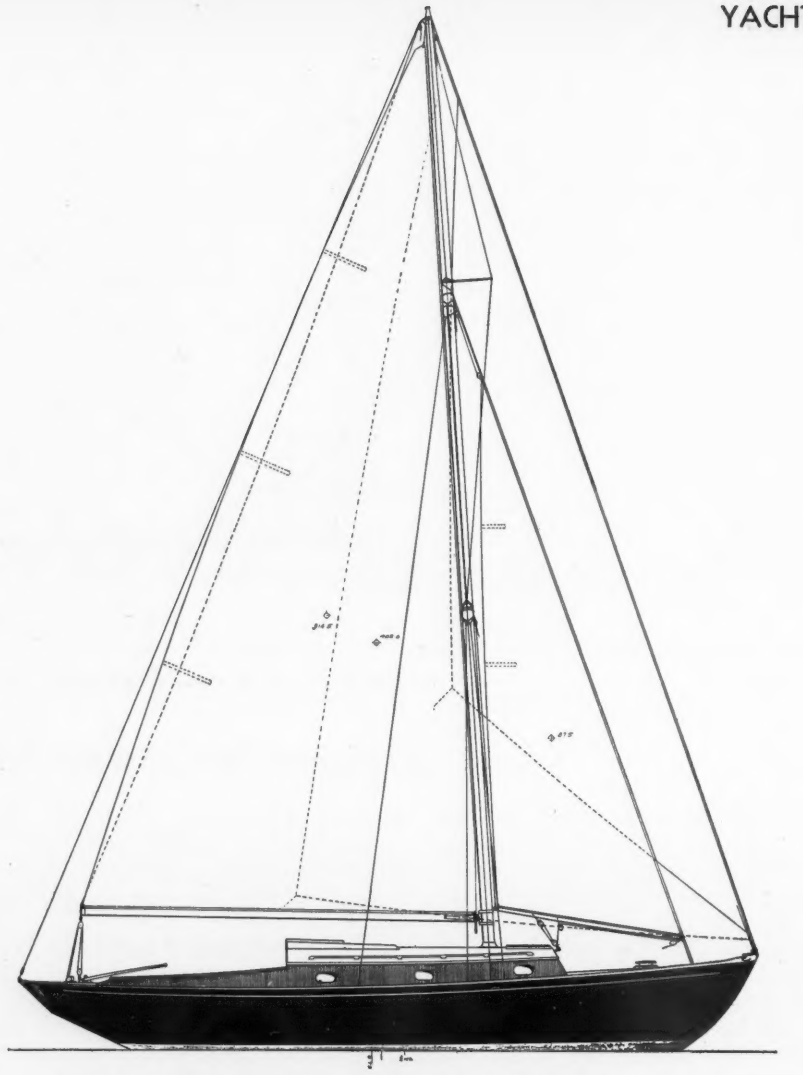
Inboard profile and accommodation plan of the boat for C. A. Moses, of Providence

A Trim Knockabout Cutter

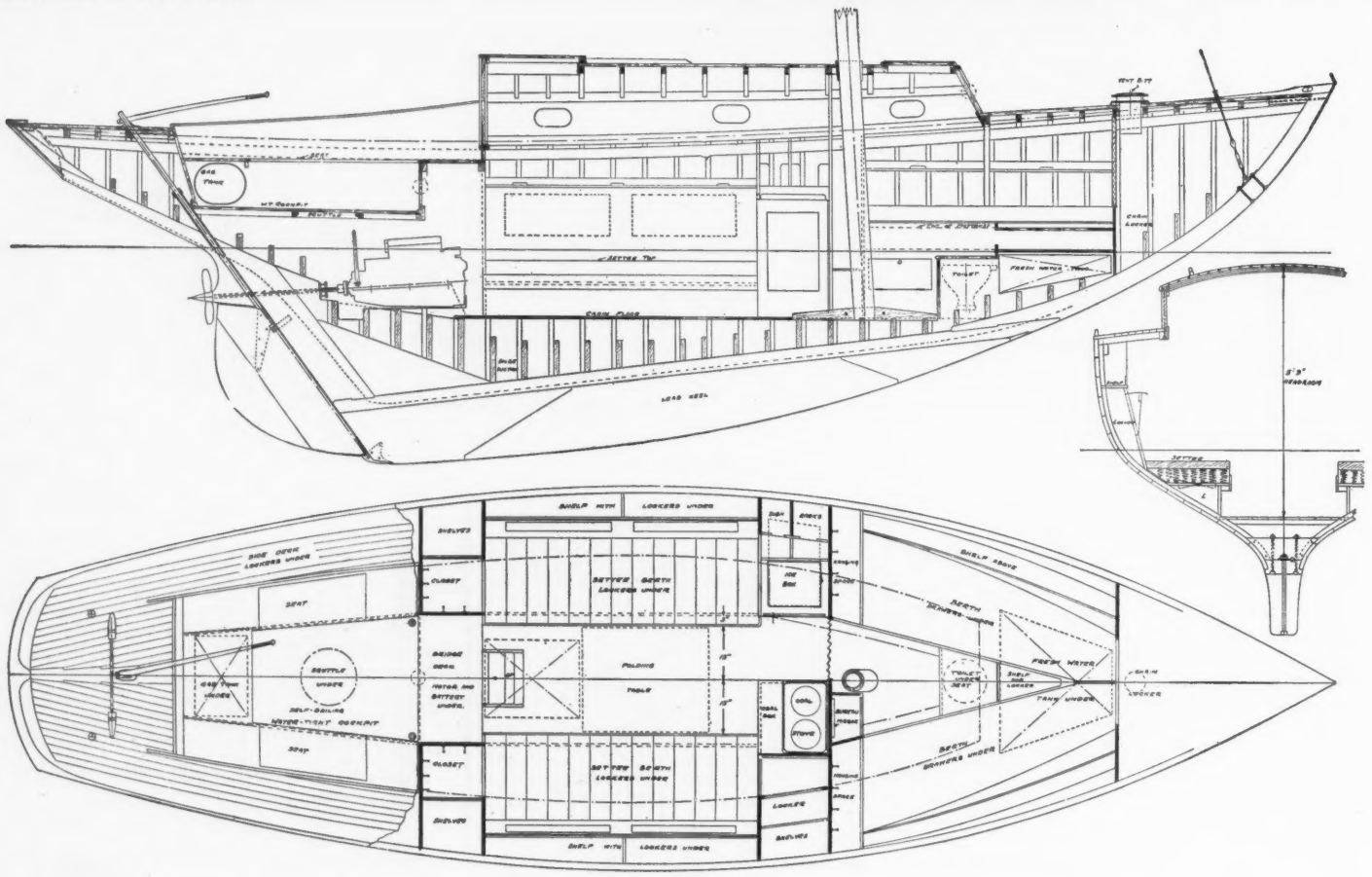
THE boat shown herewith is from designs by Charles G. MacGregor, associated with Belknap & Paine, naval architects of Boston. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 31′ 6″; length on the water line, 23′ 6″; beam, extreme, 9′ 0″; draft of water, 5′ 0″. The boat carries 4800 pounds of lead on her keel with a small amount of trimming ballast inside.

Construction is of high quality, with teak keel, stem and deadwood. The planking is double, the outer layer being mahogany and the inner cedar. The deck is of pine and the house and trim are of teak. All fastenings are of bronze. The spars are hollow and the rigging is of stainless steel. The turnbuckles are inside of the hull, the chain plates being well down on the bilge. The spreaders are narrow, to allow the use of Genoa and double-clewed jibs. The mast is placed well amidships and a roller reefing gear is fitted to the mainsail. The boat should be easy to handle with a small crew. In fact, she was designed for use by two couples.

The cabin plan shows a double stateroom forward with a standing berth on each side and a toilet, covered by a seat, between them. The main cabin has a wide transom berth each side, lockers aft, and a compact galley forward. Shelves and lockers outboard provide additional stowage space. The cockpit is watertight and self-bailing and the engine and batteries are located under it. The fuel tank is under a seat in the after end of the cockpit.



The sail area is 402 square feet. Below, midship section, profile and cabin arrangement



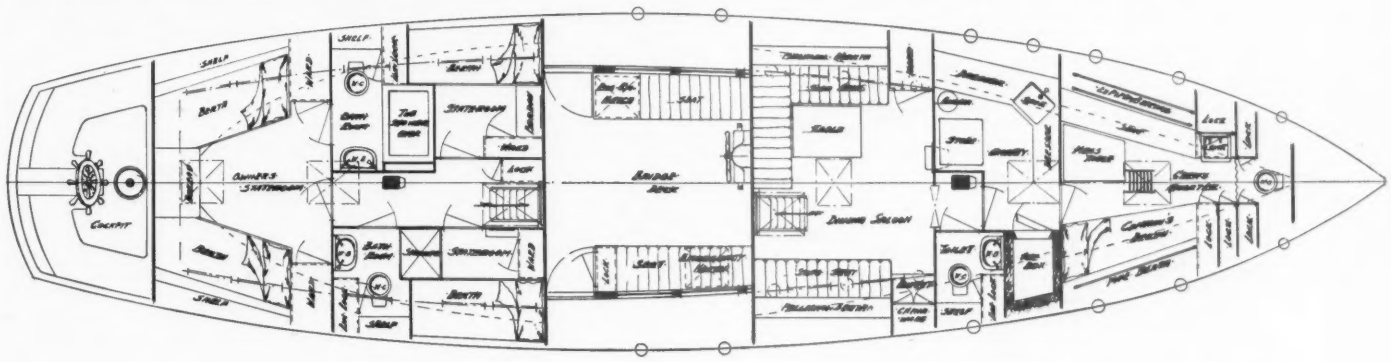
The new boat has an attractive profile and carries a good sail spread

A Seagoing Motor Sailer from Stamford

THE yacht shown on this page is now nearing completion at the yard of her builders, the Luders Marine Construction Company of Stamford, Conn., and is scheduled for launching this month. She is from designs of her builders and is owned by Arthur E. Pew, of Philadelphia. The boat is of the sturdy, offshore type and her principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 66′ 9″; length on water line, 56′ 0″; beam, extreme, 16′ 0″ and draft, 5′ 0″. In her general appearance she resembles *Bonnie Dundee*, by the same designers and builders, which was used extensively last winter in Florida and the West Indies, meeting all kinds of weather.

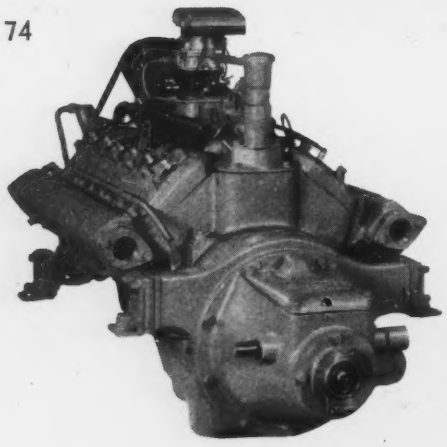
The new yacht is framed with oak and planked with mahogany. Decks and deck trim are of teak. Her motive power is a pair of 80 hp. Buda Diesels, with reduction gears. She carries a generous amount of canvas. Spars are hollow and rigging is of Hazard Korodless steel wire. She is fitted with Bendix-Holmes automatic steering gear, Lux fire extinguishing system and an electric refrigerator. Her electric system is complete, the generator being driven off either main engine, and the auxiliaries include electric bilge pump, electric toilets and electric windlass with stainless steel cable.

Under power, the yacht is steered from the wheel in the shelter house while the wheel in the cockpit is used when under sail. The arrangement plan is well worked out, with wide berths and ample stowage space.



The accommodation plan shows a double and two single staterooms, dining saloon and bridge deck in the owner's quarters

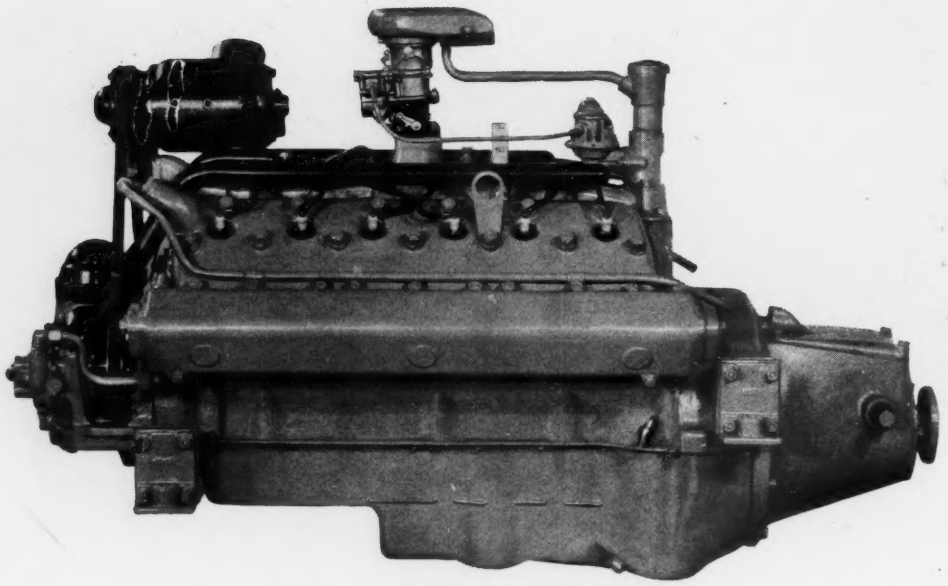
Of Interest to the Skipper



The Scripps Zephyr V-12

THE Scripps Motor Company, of Detroit, announces the new Zephyr V-12 marine engine, a modern engine of compact dimensions delivering its power with 12-cylinder smoothness and having only the length of a six. It develops 120 hp. at 3500 r.p.m. The bore is 2¾", the stroke 3¾" and the piston displacement 267 cubic inches. The over all length is 49⅝", the height 22⅞" and the width between bolt centers 22½". It should furnish an attractive power plant for runabouts and tenders with direct drive and, with reduction gear, for cabin boats and auxiliaries, even of fairly large size.

The Zephyr V-12 is rigid in construction, simple in design, powerful and economical. There are a number of up-to-the-minute features. For example, the four-point supports are all rubber mounted as standard equipment and are attached to the engine instead of to the oil pan, taking the weight and propeller thrust. Exhaust manifolds are fully water-jacketed and the exhaust pipe may be attached to either end. Both banks of cylinders, including exhaust passages and flywheel casing, are cast in one piece. The carburetor is duplex down draft, mounted to compensate for angle installation and to provide economy without altering the standard float level. The carburetor air intake is protected by a Scripps-designed Equa-flow cap which is a combination of flame arrester and intake silencer. Through the brass fins of the arrester, the fumes emitted through the crankcase breather tube are inhaled.



The Scripps Zephyr V-12 develops 120 hp. at 3500 r.p.m.

Two "reservoir" bronze gear type water pumps provide for uniform cylinder cooling. These pumps, fan belt driven at slow speed, are mounted low to reduce lift and assure instant starting of water circulation when the engine starts. Lubrication is by high pressure force feed to all main, camshaft and connecting rod bearings and an automatic oil gauge with visible level indicator shows the quantity of oil in the crankcase. Special hardened tool steel exhaust valve inserts are fitted, maintaining power output and practically eliminating valve grinding.

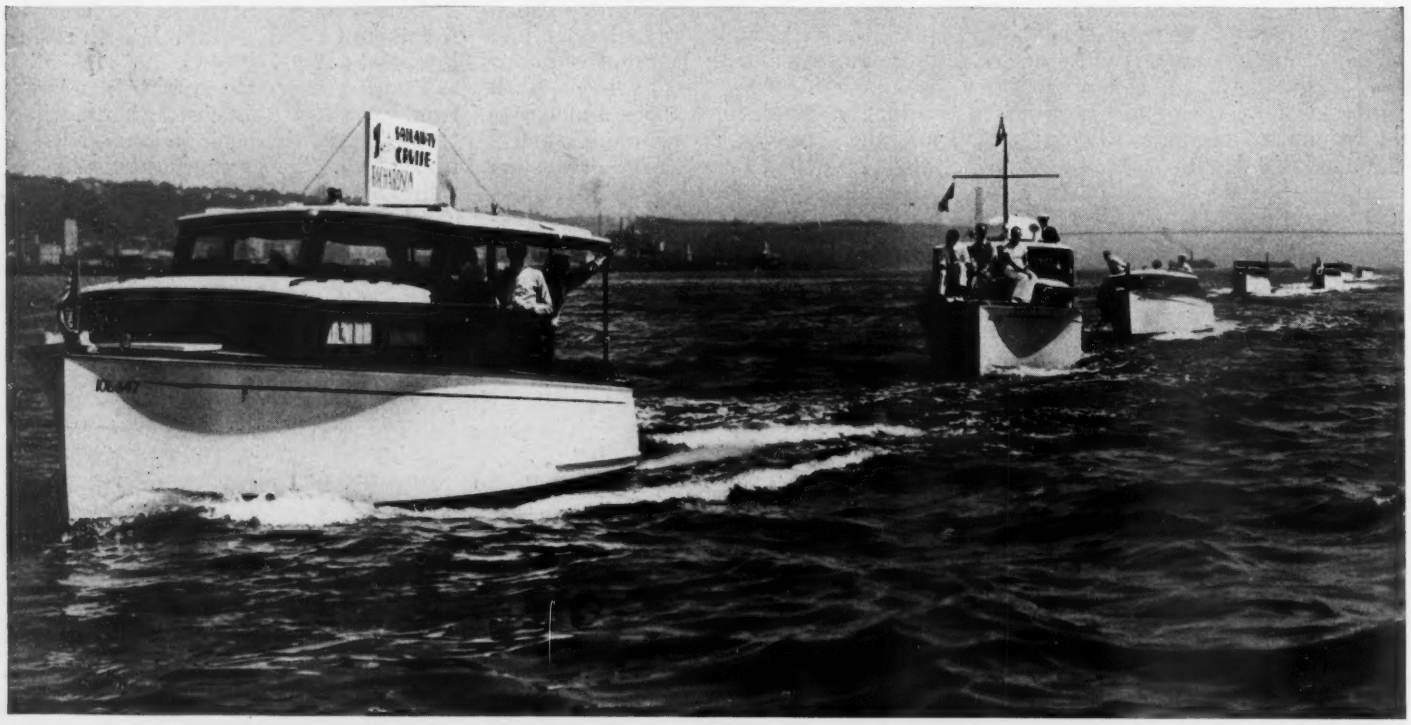
Every working part of the new Zephyr V-12, as well as every accessory, is up to the rigid standard of quality of Scripps engines. Each engine is completely brake tested and adjusted to be ready for full throttle operation when installed.

Richardson Fleet Reaches New York

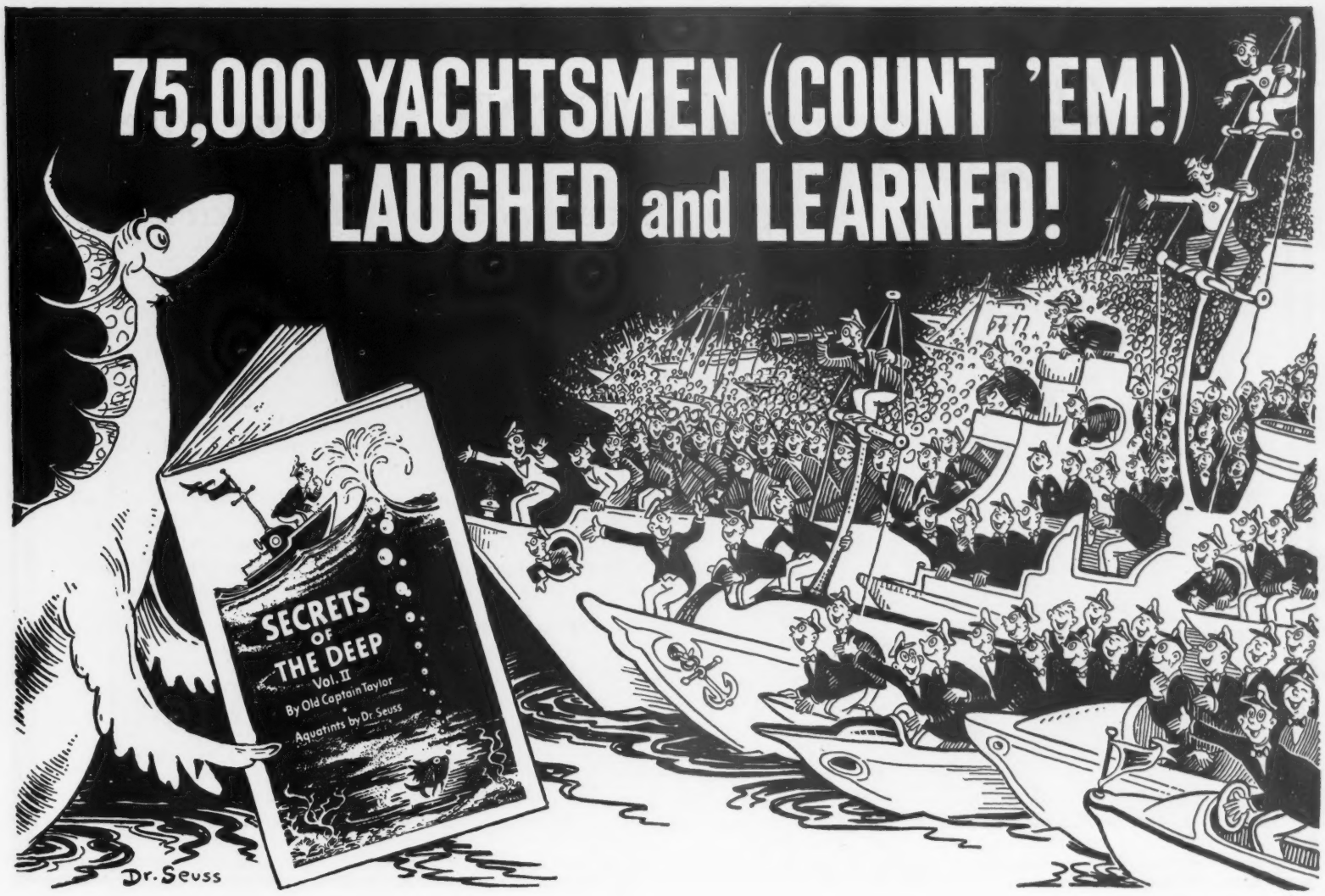
For the past seven years, the Richardson Boat Company, of North Tonawanda, N. Y., has held a "Sailaway Cruise" for owners of new boats, the owners gathering at the plant and cruising to New York in company. This year there were some forty boats scheduled to make the cruise but early warm weather caused a number of owners to telegraph the factory for immediate delivery so that, when sailing day came, nine cruisers made the trip. A few days before the start of the New York cruise, five boats sailed in company to the Finger Lakes district and more than twenty-five were delivered by truck during the last two weeks of May.

The cruise began at North Tonawanda on May 31st, in charge of James E. Gillespie, sales manager of the company. Overnight

(*Continued on page 113*)



Following the flagship in "line ahead," the Richardson "Sailaway Fleet" arrives at New York

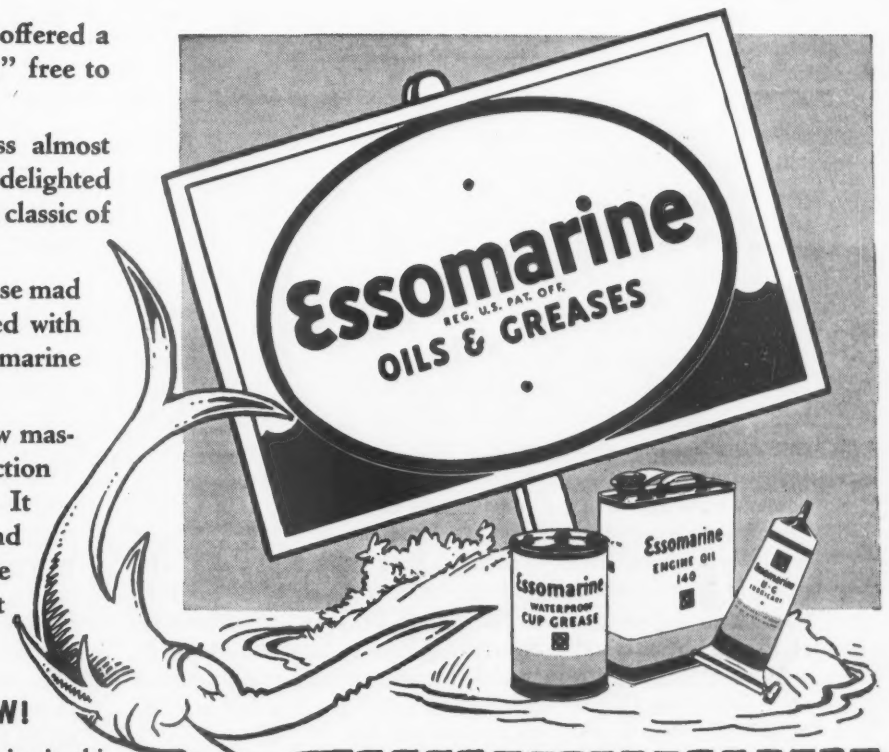


EIGHTEEN months ago, in playful mood, we offered a little volume christened "Secrets of the Deep" free to any yachtsman who would write in for one.

In the resulting tidal wave, our printing press almost slipped its moorings. To date, no less than 75,000 delighted skippers have acclaimed "Secrets of the Deep" as a classic of nautical numskullery and sea-horse sense!

Flattered no end by this hurricane of hurrahs, those mad mariners, Old Captain Taylor and Dr. Seuss, acted with characteristic modesty. They retired to their submarine studio and brought forth Volume II!

Like its sponsor, Essomarine Engine Oil, the new masterpiece is potent enough to insure complete protection against friction (between members of the crew). It prevents blow-by and scoring (the human kind). And it never thins—(despite frequent re-readings!) Be sure to get a free first edition of the new opus—just clip the coupon now!



WHAT EVERY YACHTSMAN OUGHT TO KNOW!

You'll probably go aground if you try to follow the advice in this latest cargo of hilarity. But even so, you'll be cast ashore breathless and happy after the biggest gale of guffaws that ever rattled a ratline! Here are some of the chapters: "How to Untie Knots" . . "Regatta Day" . . "Anchors and What to Do With Them."

• • •

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PENOLA INC., 26 Broadway, New York City

Please dispatch at once that Monsoon of Mirth—"Secrets of the Deep—Vol. II."

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Don't let an ACCIDENT *to your yacht keep you on the beach*

Prompt action by Atlantic salvaged this yacht owner's season

On Saturday, June 30, 1934 a large, expensively furnished yacht about to sail on a trip to Maine with her owner was in collision in New York Harbor. She sank, her side stove in. The same night Atlantic arranged the salvage contract, and the yacht was raised by noon the next day. She was expeditiously rebuilt, refinished and refurnished, and delivered to her owner early in the same season.

This prompt action is typical of the way Atlantic cooperates with all yacht owners. Atlantic surveyors are conveniently located along the Atlantic Coast and on the Great Lakes. Notified of accident or loss, they make immediate appraisals so that prompt repairs or indemnity payments may be made.

Ask your Broker about Atlantic Insurance

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Arranging a Novel Racing Schedule

THE Shinnecock Yacht Club, a small but lively member of the Great South Bay Y. R. A., is the oldest yacht club on Long Island.

The sixteen active skippers at Shinnecock race continually in boats of the SS Class, two or three times a week. As one of these skippers, let me speak for the others. We begin the summer when schools and colleges close and stop only when cold weather comes or school takes us away.

Every Saturday we have regular races. Our dads, uncles and guests are down for the week-end, flags are flying, and everyone with something that floats, from a cruiser to a duck boat, turns out for the fun. But the other races — those during the week — are what I want to tell you about.

Several years ago some newer boats of the class joined our fleet. These boats were lighter and faster and, as a consequence, won most of the races. The old skippers resented having the newcomers, with less experience, beat them. The original boats had become heavy and sluggish while the new boats were superior because of their lightness and not because of their skippers' skill. Something had to be done about it.

With this problem in mind, the committee ran a special race on Labor Day in which each skipper drew for a boat. This promised to be a great success, but the plan did not work as well as we expected. A few of the new skippers drew old boats; as they, too, had trouble in making them go, they did not have an opportunity to show their skill. A better idea had to be evolved.

The following summer the Race Committee proposed a series of championship races in which the same skipper and crew sailed each boat in the fleet once in the course of the summer. Thus, the Crew Championship races were started. The results were amazing. A skipper in one of the older boats, getting favorable wind and weather conditions, might sail through the fleet and finish in a remarkably good position. This showed who was the best skipper with the best crew and made close competition which became very interesting near the end of the season. Moreover, it covered the point long sought. The best man won, and the old-timers had their chance. The races were a success, and they have been held ever since in addition to the regular Saturday races. Undoubtedly, the Race Committee derived this plan from the junior, women's and other championships in which several yacht clubs compete, and it works just as well, if not better, in the way Shinnecock has adapted it.

Another plan which we have tried is racing at night. The Friday before the full moon each month is selected so that week-end guests and everyone who is down to see the Saturday race may be present. In case of rain, the race may be postponed to the Sunday night following. The channel markers on Shinnecock Bay bear flashing lights and we use them for buoys. These blinking lights are easily distinguished and there is no difficulty in following the course, which is a short one, so that we do not spend more than an hour and a half or two hours on the bay. After the race the Yacht Club usually gives a party, for which nearly everyone is on deck.

Early last summer the Race Committee suggested that the SS skippers try team racing. Two teams were chosen, each of three boats, using only the best skippers of the club. Since we knew nothing about team racing except what we had read, each team sought data on the subject. In this connection we found the article on team racing in the June, 1935, issue of YACHTING exceedingly helpful.

The first intramural race produced many points for discussion. In spite of our inexperience, we had several battles,

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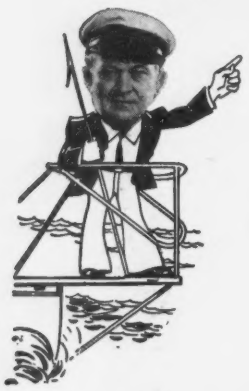
INTERNATIONAL PAINTS ARE SOLD IN EVERY PORT OF THE WORLD

Matthews Sport Fishing Cruiser, "Bonito," owned by Mr. Howard Bonbright of Detroit and Miami Beach. Powered for a speed of 27 m. p. h. by two 200 H. P. Sterling engines driving through Monel Metal propeller shafts of 1½" diameter. Note the pulpit mounted for'ard of her bow.



And quote chapter and verse on their choice of Monel Metal for propeller shafts. **MORT CALKINS**

WHEN a customer wants a bigger, more powerful engine than his boat was originally designed for, the builder is up against it...unless he happens to remember what Monel Metal propeller shafts will do:

Take, for instance, the Bonito, built for Mr. Howard Bonbright of Detroit. Mr. Bonbright wanted a fast stepping craft to use out of Miami Beach towards Bimini for swordfishing. So he got the Matthews Company to equip her with a pair of 200 H.P. Sterlings. And then, to take the added kick of those powerful engines without increasing size of shaft or bearings, Matthews installed two propeller shafts of Monel Metal.

Monel Metal is completely rust-proof, resistant to sea-water corrosion, and as strong and stiff as steel. So a pair of 1½" Monel Metal shafts carry the power to the Bonito's wheels when she's reeling off her 27 m.p.h.—without any whip or vibration. And with less danger of being bent or sprung, even if she hits half-submerged driftwood that would play hob with ordinary shafting of that diameter.

If this seems like a sermon on the virtues of Monel Metal, what better place could a seafaring man preach than the pulpit of a swordfisher? And what better text could he have?

Mort Calkins

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO., INC., 67 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

MONEL METAL

Monel Metal is a registered trade-mark applied to an alloy containing approximately two-thirds Nickel and one-third copper. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

one boat driving another on the wrong side of a buoy, luffing matches, forcing the man who was taking another's wind ashore, and so on, all of which contributed to the interest of the race. Several weeks later Shinnecock met a team from the Quantuck Yacht Club in the neighboring bay. We had the drawback of unknown waters, but we started with a bang and each one of us had an opponent covered. However, we went down to defeat, 16 to 20. A three-cornered team race, held in Shinnecock Bay, followed, the Yacht Squadron of the Westhampton Country Club forming the third team. This made a beautiful race with twelve boats, four on a side, but as a team race it was not successful. One fellow would pick on an opponent, then another from the third team would join in, with the result that the race developed into a free-for-all. Experience has brought the Race Committee to the conclusion that the fair way would be to have two races with only two teams competing, with one race held in the home bay of one team, and the second in the home bay of the other, the score being the total points made by each team in both races.

Another race required contestants to pick up small buoys anchored all over the bay in unknown positions. The boat bringing in the largest number was the winner but in case of a tie in numbers, the first boat home won. We also have had obstacle races which were interesting. In these, the boats anchored on the starting line with sails furled, in positions chosen by lot. They sailed around a couple of marks, beat up to a dock, landed, registered and ran down to a mark to leeward. There a lifebuoy was dropped, the mark rounded, and the buoy picked up. At the finish each boat was tied up, sails were furled and each skipper reported to the committee after his crew had stepped ashore. The first boat home was not necessarily the winner for points were deducted for crash landings, sloppy furls and so on. This race was a great success.

GEORGE W. SCHROEDER

News From Lake St. Louis

THE Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club's Annual School Boy Regatta, sailed this year on May 30th, was without doubt the most interesting of the four events of this kind held since the Bluenose Trophy was donated in 1933 for competition between the school boys of Montreal. Representatives from four schools took part with the final point standings as follows: Montreal High School, 17; Lower Canada College, 12; Westmount High School, 9; Loyola College, 7. In previous years these races have been sailed in sloops of the "E" Class; this year the 14-foot cat-rigged dinghies were used.

\+ + +

With eight new sloop rigged dinghies and three new cats, The R. St. L. Y. C. dinghy class is the largest racing class since 1896. Upwards of 25 boats are sailing the club's dinghy races. The new sloop-rigged boats have made a favorable impression, although the cat-rigged boats are still in the majority.

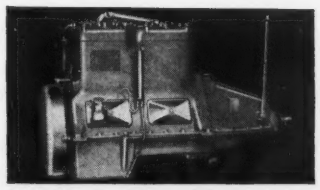
\+ + +

The principal events on the Royal St. Lawrence schedule this year are the Currie Cup races, an annual series between the Royal St. Lawrence, the Royal Canadian and the Kingston yacht clubs, which will be sailed in Toronto this year, and the regatta of the Kingston Yacht Club, in August. This event will bring together two boats from the Royal St. Lawrence, The Kingston, and probably the Crescent and Rochester clubs. Both series will be sailed in dinghies.

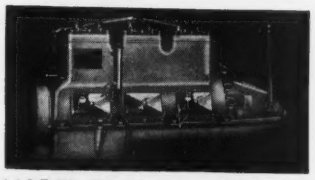
\+ + +

In the Pointe Claire Yacht Club's first races Commodore E. C. Janes' veteran racer *Gudrun* took the measure of the "D" Class, while in the "E's" *Fadd*, J. A. Dakin, had a sail-over. The syndicate-owned *Winona*, sailed by R. W. Bastable, led the fleet of 19-foot one-design sloops of the PC Class. A big season looms for the club. "BEAVER"

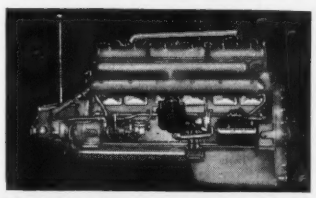
More boats every day are being powered by SCRIPPS . . .



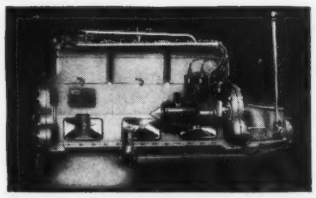
MODEL F4—This small, compact 4 cyl. engine, has become the standard of power for auxiliaries and all types of boats requiring from 25 to 81 horsepower. Built in high and medium speed models. Piston displacement 220 cubic inches.



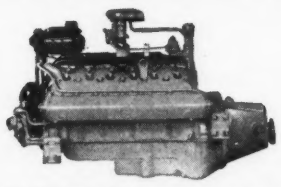
MODEL F6—A very highly perfected and efficient 6 cyl. motor. Has world wide reputation for excellent, economical service. May be had in high or medium speed models of 120 h. p. and 80 h. p. respectively. Piston displacement 331 cubic inches.



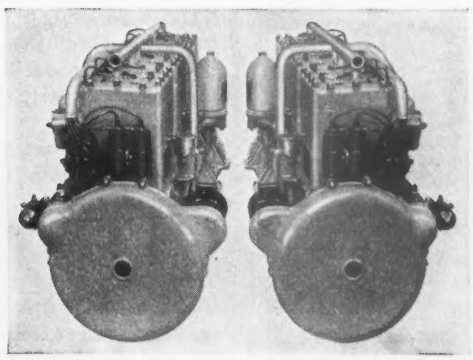
MODEL 154—A greatly praised 6 cyl. engine becoming increasingly popular for cruisers of 30 feet and over used for deep sea sport fishing. Available in high speed, 155 h. p. and medium speed 118 h. p. true left and right hand models. Piston displacement 447 cubic inches.



MODEL 152—Singly or in pairs this smooth, clean running, sturdy 6 cyl. engine of advanced design gives the finest kind of performance in fast custom runabouts, commuters and small cruisers of modern lines. 169 h. p. piston displacement 447 cubic inches.



SCRIPPS ZEPHYR — V12 cyls. 110 h. p. at 3500 r. p. m. Piston displacement 267 cu. in. The newest addition to the 1936 line and the greatest engine sensation of the year.



SCRIPPS engines of true symmetrical opposite construction and rotation for twin installations are available in the required sizes. In every case firing order of each motor is identical. They bring security, and greater ease in maneuvering that will make your boating pleasure truly enjoyable.

Scripps Cruisers, runabouts, auxiliaries, craft of every size and type are every day joining the great fleet of boats operated throughout the world by satisfied SCRIPPS owners. And for very sound reasons. . . . SCRIPPS marine engines provide, to a superlative degree, singly or in pair, every possible speed and power demand of today's hull designs. . . . Not only are these high quality, built to precision motors the finest that money can buy, but they have scores of exclusive and outstanding features which assure the kind of performance and economy, the greater reliability and longer life that buyers of fine boats know to be essential for the full enjoyment of their craft. . . . You, too, will want a SCRIPPS power plant that will give you those extra miles per hour you need; that added safety and security so necessary to your peace of mind; that ample power reserve that is so vital in an emergency. These are the considerations worth thinking about. They are the extra qualities that put SCRIPPS way above the class of engines offered as standard equipment merely to produce price leaders. . . . Insist that your boat be powered by SCRIPPS.

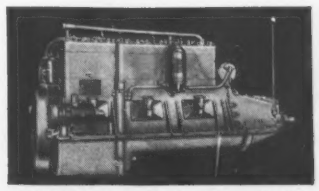
There's a SCRIPPS *for every type of boat*

There are more than 50 models in our 1936 line of fine engines which includes high and medium speed motors for direct drive; 4, 6, V8 and V12 cylinders; 25 to 300 horsepower; true right and left engines for single or twin installations; also reduction gears and angle drive.

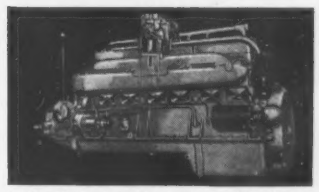
WRITE TODAY *for facts and figures before you decide; learn how moderate is the cost of a SCRIPPS power plant for your boat. Give essential details—length, type of craft, speed desired, or horsepower needed.*

SCRIPPS

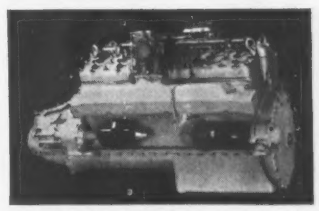
THE MOTOR THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC



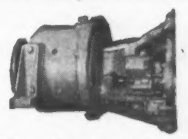
MODELS 204, 174, 164—Cruiser type, 6 cyl. 153, 140, 122 horsepower each and respective piston displacement of 677, 611.4, 548.4 cubic inches. In both single and twin installations have earned a reputation for great dependability and reserved stamina.



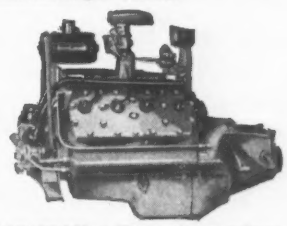
MODELS 202, 172, 162—Moderate speed 6 cyl. engines world famous for flawless, spectacular performance in finest of hulls. Develop 210, 185, 166 h. p. respectively, and have piston displacement of 677, 611.4, 548.4 cu. in. each. True left and right hand engines available.



MODEL 302—Without exception the finest, smoothest V12 cyl. 300 h. p. marine engine built. Deservedly praised for its magnificent performance in notable installations. Model 304 medium speed, develops 240 h.p. Piston displacement 894 cu. in. Available in true opposite rotation.



SCRIPPS medium speed motors with quiet reduction gears are replacing at a great saving in cost of installation, cost of operation, and space the bulky, noisy heavy-duty engines required to turn the larger wheels.



SCRIPPS V8—The only complete 95 h. p. engine of this type with INDIVIDUAL PORTING, and TOOL STEEL VALVE INSERTS priced as low as $400.

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Commodore Fred Walsh's new auxiliary schooner "Escape" begins her first full season in green water this year. Especially designed for offshore cruising, this staunch 49-foot craft carries 1280 square feet of sail aloft, and an F-M Diesel below.

"Escape" is but one of the many new yachts and motor sailers to choose Fairbanks-Morse Diesels, known wherever yachtsmen sail for their low cost, dependability, and ease of handling at sea.

For your copy of our new bulletins on Marine Diesels, simply indicate the type and power of your present or proposed craft and address Department J-911, Fairbanks, Morse & Co., General Offices: Chicago. New York — Boston — Baltimore — New Orleans — Jacksonville — Dallas — Los Angeles — San Francisco — Portland, Oregon — Seattle. Branches with service stations in principal ports.

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By Howard I. Chapelle

(*Kennedy Brothers, Inc., New York, $4.00*)

HERE is another excellent book by the author of *The Baltimore Clippers* and *The History of American Sailing Ships*. In *American Sailing Craft* he describes and illustrates a number of the various types of windjammers indigenous to the waters of this side of the Western Ocean. Every seafaring nation has developed its own vessels for its own uses. Those built along the Atlantic shores of the United States and Canada and in the islands off the coast have always been distinguished by their ability to go to windward. With the prevailing westerlies along our coast, a boat had to be weatherly or stay offshore until a shift of wind gave her a chance to get home.

Many of the most successful of the earlier vessels were designed and built in the South, and the "Virginia Model" was famous when other American craft were little known abroad. The chapters on American pilot boats follow the development of the "Virginia Model" and the growth of the able schooners that later served the pilots of New York and Boston. The Gloucester fishermen, too, are traced from their early beginnings up to the days of the great racing schooners that flourished just before power rang the knell of sail in the fishing fleet. The old time pinkies have a chapter, and a most interesting one, and then there are the Cape Cod cat boat, the Gloucester "Sloop Boat," the Bahama Sharpshooter, the New Haven sharpie, the fine tern schooners of Nova Scotia, the skipjack, the Friendship sloop and the Bermuda sloops and dinghies.

Mr. Chapelle deserves the gratitude of all sea lovers for his work in writing such a book. He has done an enormous amount of research in finding the data concerning types that have long since vanished. Old papers are notoriously perishable; in at least one case the author has searched until he has found, in some marine graveyard, a survivor of the type. In another case he finally unearthed drawings of several fishermen, used as padding under the carpet in the parlor of a retired shipbuilder. In other cases he has found plans and models of a number of examples of obsolete craft.

The book is well written, with not only descriptions of the vessels but something of their history and the sailing records they have hung up. There are many plans and sketches, so that the reader may see for himself what the old boats were like. For the model maker, the book will be a perfect mine of information for, besides lines and sail plans, there are deck plans of some of the older vessels — information that is usually hard to find.

Altogether, *American Sailing Craft* is a most interesting and valuable book and one that should be in every sea lover's library.

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Ocean Racing

By Alfred F. Loomis

(*William Morrow & Co., New York, $4.00*)

EVER since men have been going to sea, each proper sailorman has had the conviction that his own ship was the best that floated. Whenever two sailing craft have met, no matter where, each skipper has set a little more sail, trimmed sheets or shifted weights a trifle and tried his best to give the other a view of his vessel's stern. Man's competitive instinct is as old as the race and, particularly when afloat, he seems to have yielded to its urge at every opportunity. As far back as we can trace maritime records, we find merchantmen and men of war indulging in trials of speed.

Yacht racing, now a century old in this country, was confined to coastal waters until 1866, when three schooners raced across the Atlantic in a sweepstakes event that focussed the attention of the sporting world. Since the "Great Ocean Race of '66," the yachtsmen of America and Great Britain have been, slowly at first and of late years enthusiastically, taking to the open ocean for their racing. The Bermuda Race, the Fastnet, the various Transatlantic and Transpacific Races, have been arousing greater and greater interest among sea lovers. Beginning as more or less informal contests between boats of the cruising type, nowadays few cruisers are designed without at least one eye on the rules of the various seagoing contests.

Mr. Loomis describes graphically the different races that have been sailed in open water, including that of '66. He has gone back to the original records wherever these are available and has written exciting stories of the

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ONE of the most interesting classes built for many years, the New York Yacht Club's One-Design Class is destined to make racing history. Designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. and built by Henry B. Nevins, Inc. The class is limited to twenty boats, the largest numerically that the Club has ever had, all of which are scheduled for delivery during the summer.

Auxiliary equipped, it is expected they will be used for "hot" competitive racing on Long Island Sound over triangular courses, as well as coastwise races, for seasons to come. Four of the boats were entered in the recent race from Newport to Bermuda.

All are equipped with 12-volt heavy duty Exide Marine Batteries for lighting, and all have 6-volt Exide Batteries for engine-starting and ignition. Five are equipped with a stall-proof engine starting device and an electric blower to evacuate gas fumes from the bilge or engine compartment prior to cranking the engine.

The choice of the batteries for this outstanding class is further proof of the confidence that yachtsmen and boat owners generally have learned to place in Exide. For greater pleasure, as well as safety at sea, equip your boat with a genuine Marine-Quality Exide—6- and 12-volt for smaller boats; 32- and 115-volt for the larger vessels. See your marine dealer, or write to:

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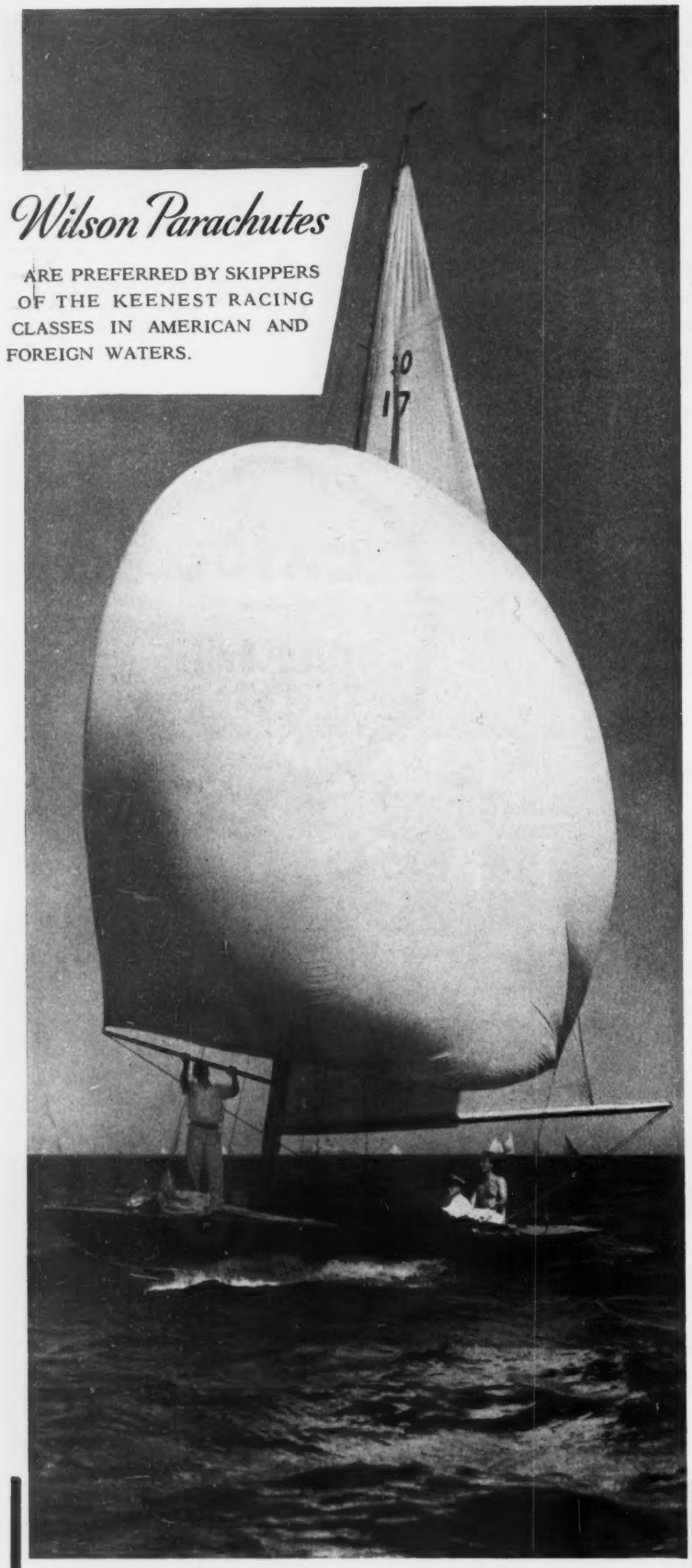

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different contests. He himself has taken part in several of the later races and has also made Transatlantic passages under sail so that he knows whereof he speaks. And, a sailorman himself, he speaks the language. Also a navigator, he has an uncomfortable habit of checking positions and distances, not being satisfied with published daily runs or total distances. In addition, he debunks some old traditions and points out what really happened in some of the earlier races.

Appendices contain a list of yachts that have taken part in the races and a roster of their crews. These represent an enormous amount of research; for some of the items letters were written to India and other distant places.

Ocean Racing is a swell book, a book that will appeal to everyone who has ever seen the land sink astern and watched the sun rise out of a sea horizon.

Comet Class News

THE attention of Comet owners in the Metropolitan area is called to Larchmont Race Week which begins July 18th. Comets will appear on each day's schedule. Owners who wish to race in the Larchmont event can get particulars from John H. Frye, 195 Broadway, New York City.

\+ + +

The fleet at Washington, D. C., has had some interesting racing. Verner Smythe again seems to be leading the Spring series but he has had some keen competition in the last two or three races. A regatta is planned during the President's Cup races, in September.

\+ + +

Since the Stone Harbor fleet is composed largely of summer residents, the race schedule really does not get under way until about the first of July. The big event will be the open regatta on August 22nd and 23rd. Last year 26 boats raced in this event, several coming from other fleets. Another open race will be held at Ocean City, August 29th and 30th.

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The Raritan Yacht Club fleet has fourteen of its eighteen boats taking part in informal racing each week. A fine schedule has been arranged, with six elimination races to pick candidates for the national championship.

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The Keyport Yacht Club fleet will be host for the annual regatta, in August, of the Raritan Bay Boat Racing Association. This regatta should bring together 45 or 50 Comets.

\+ + +

From the Richmond County Yacht Club comes news that Roger Wilcox is building a new boat. Wilcox will have the advantage of sailing for the championship in home waters this year. Flash and Tyler have sold their boat, number 99, which was runner up in last year's series for the Lady Alice Trophy, to Bob Kyte.

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Several new fleets have been announced. At Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, a fleet has been organized as the result of the enthusiasm of John W. Meyers, of Bloomfield, N. J., and five new boats have been purchased. Seven new boats will make up a fleet at Mecox Bay, Long Island, for which some twenty races have been scheduled. E. L. Voorhees was largely instrumental in getting the organization started. In Missouri, on the Lake of the Ozarks, the Schawmee Bend fleet begins its first season with eleven boats.

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Elwood J. Nickel, Point Pleasant, N. Y., has been elected fleet captain of the Irondequoit unit.

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Instructions for competition for the new High Point Trophy have been issued to all fleet captains. It is hoped that every fleet schedule includes arrangements to compete for this trophy.

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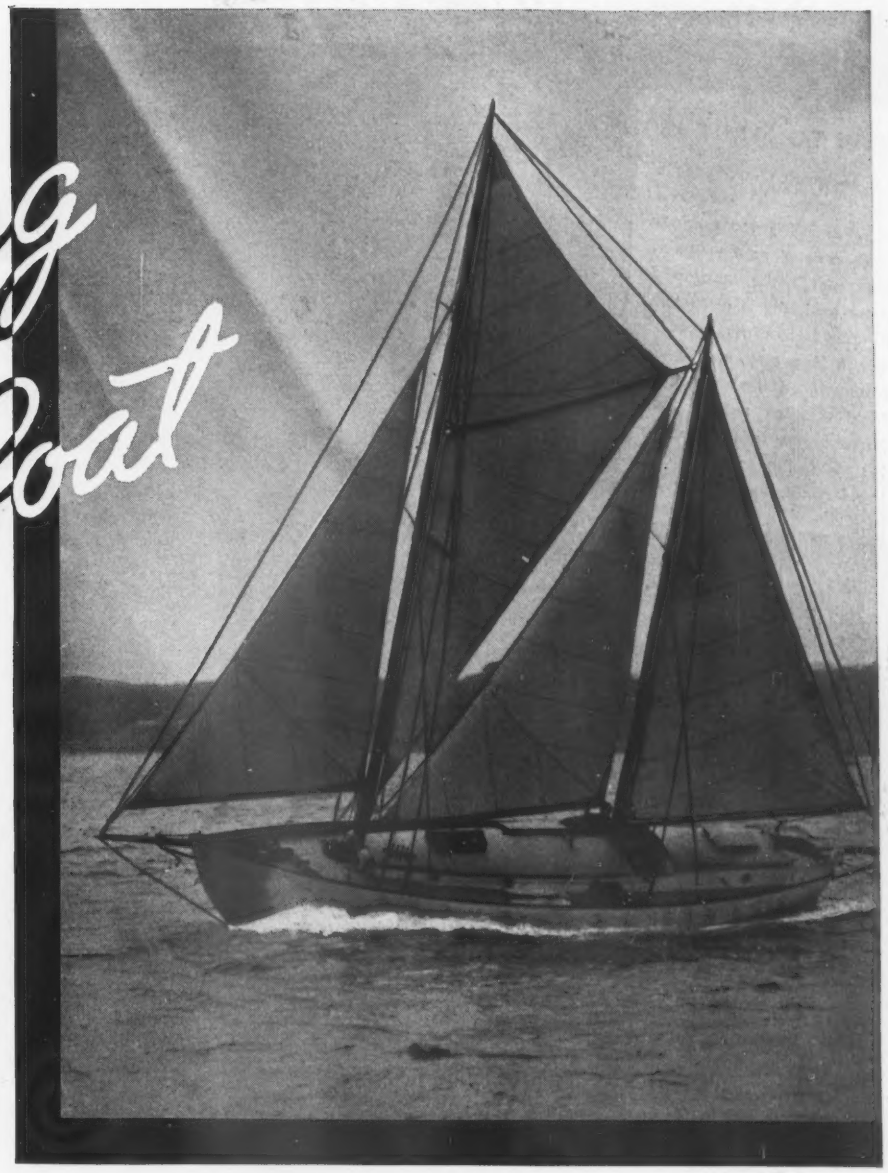
The attention of all fleet captains is called to the ruling that in picking candidates for the national championship each fleet must have a series of at least five elimination races. The first two boats in each fleet are eligible for the championships, which will be sailed September 12th and 13th at the Richmond County Yacht Club, Great Kills, Staten Island.

GEORGE D. EMMONS, JR.

The Passing of a Great Boat



In Bruce and Sheridan Fahnestock's article "'Director's' Doldrum Passage" (December, 1935 "YACHTING") appeared this comment: "We sat around cooling our heels most of the day, at times regarding the much changed 'Svaap' (recently towed to Guayaquil) and agreeing that what was left, with the exception of the stainless steel rigging, would make a fine bonfire." . . . This conclusion was confirmed by W. A. Robinson's letter published in March "RUDDER" in which he said: ". . . it looks as though she had reached the end. She was a grand little ship."

THE famous "Svaap" is now a memory. Its thousands of miles of travel, chiefly through tropical heat and storms, at last put her out of commission.

But even when lying forlornly at anchor in Tagus Cove her Hazard "KORōDLESS" rigging was still as good as the day it went into place. . . . Incontrovertible proof that "KORōDLESS" rigging is immune to salt or fresh water attack.

"KORōDLESS" is stronger, size for size, than other types of rigging. This greater strength makes it possible to use a lighter rope or strand; thereby affording less wind resistance.

"KORōDLESS" is preformed in manufacture. This process removes crankiness, makes it easier to handle, gives it longer fatigue resistance. Write for a copy of our "KORōDLESS" Marine Rope Handbook.

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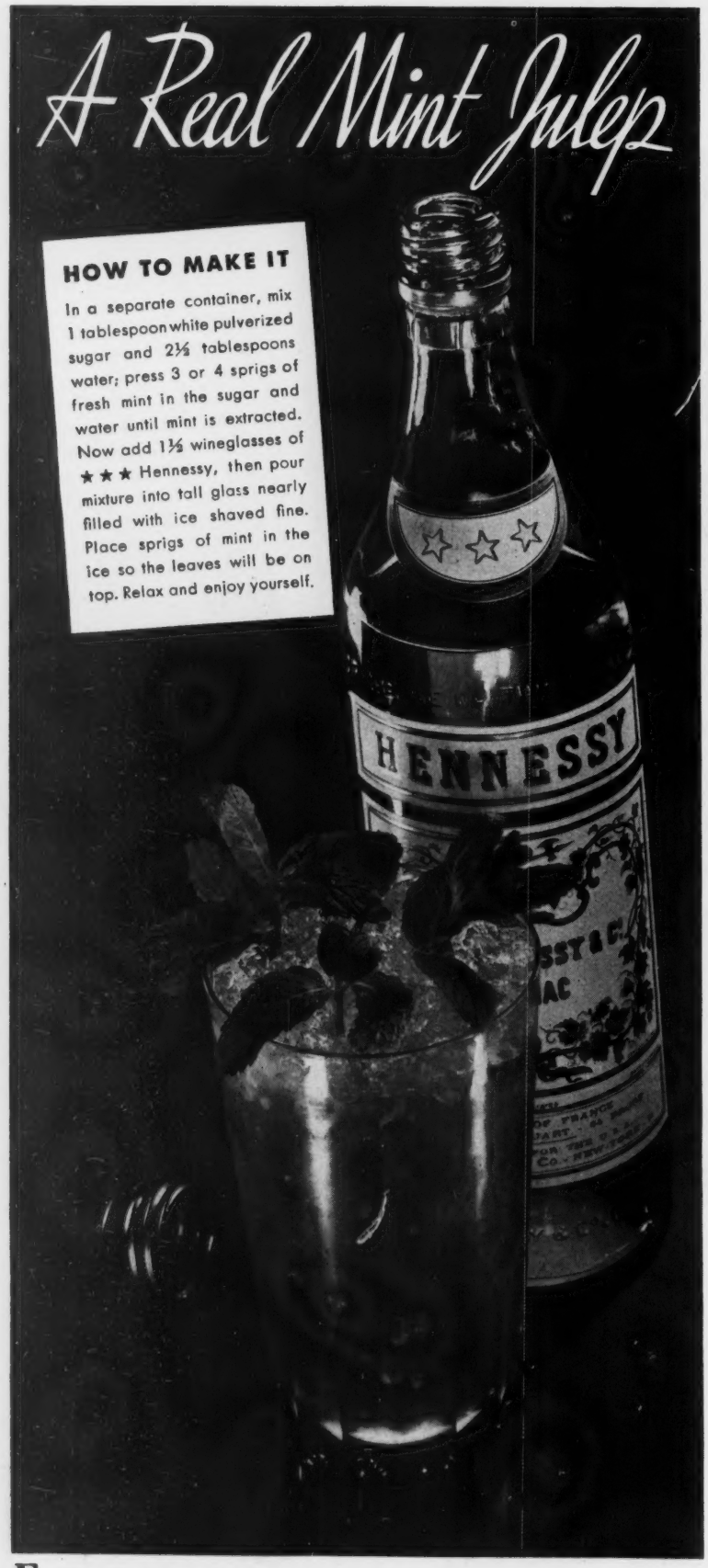
A Real Mint Julep
HOW TO MAKE IT
In a separate container, mix 1 tablespoon white pulverized sugar and 2½ tablespoons water; press 3 or 4 sprigs of fresh mint in the sugar and water until mint is extracted. Now add 1½ wineglasses of ★★★ Hennessy, then pour mixture into tall glass nearly filled with ice shaved fine. Place sprigs of mint in the ice so the leaves will be on top. Relax and enjoy yourself.
HENNESSY

For a long cool drink to take the temper out of temperature, try a Mint Julep made with Three-Star Hennessy.

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News from Yachting Centers

West Coast Bubbles

By WALDO DRAKE

NO LESS than twenty-two yachts were signed in mid-June to start from Santa Monica July 4th in the biennial 2300-mile race to Honolulu and prospects were good that thirty windjammers would be at the starting line. The largest previous entry list was twelve.

The scratch boat, in June, was Commodore H. W. Rohl's 109-foot schooner *Ramona*, flagship of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, and the smallest was Richard K. Smith's 34-foot yawl *Naitamba*, Los Angeles.

Following is the list of entries. Schooners: *Bali* (63), L. G. Monroe, San Francisco; *Zoe H* (60), R. K. Persons, Long Beach; *Adoree* (61), Lee Tracy, Los Angeles; *Gloria* (68), Wm. Blackford, Seattle; *Ramona* (109), H. W. Rohl, Los Angeles; *Sartartia* (84), Buck Jones, Los Angeles; *Navigator* (78), G. Harton Singer; *Manuiwa* (61), Harold G. Dillingham, Honolulu; *Santana* (55), W. L. Stewart, Jr., Los Angeles; *Paisano* (60), Tom Reed, Los Angeles; *California* (63), John Polkinghorn, Vallejo; *Minerva* (55), F. N. Blagen, San Francisco. Yawls: *Flying Cloud* (45), John and James McNabb, Los Angeles; *White Cloud* (40), Radford Pratsch, Seattle; *Naitamba* (34), Richard K. Smith, Los Angeles; *Brilliant* (50), Walter Franz, Los Angeles; *Dorade* (52), James Flood, San Francisco; *Altair* (48), John P. Blinn, San Francisco; *Dolphin* (48), Fred Hundhammer, Honolulu. Ketch: *Kairoa* (47), Pershing Yeene, Vallejo. Cutter: *Circe* (59), Ray Cooke, Seattle. Brig: *Destiny* (60), Preston Sturges, Los Angeles.

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Racing along the South Coast burst into full bloom under fresh westerly breezes and smiling skies on the Memorial Day week-end. Major results were as follows:

Annual challenge race for the 32-year-old San Diego Lipton Cup, sailed over a 12-mile windward-leeward course off Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, May 31st. Winner, Six-Metre *Mystery*, William A. Bartholomae, Jr., Newport Harbor Y. C.; second, "R" sloop *Friendship* (challenger), San Diego Y. C.; third, Six-Metre *Lanai*, William Slater, Los Angeles Y. C.; followed by *Synnove, Ay-Ay-Ay, Pirate, Gallant* and *Naiad* (defender). Wind, very light and variable at start, fresh westerly at finish.

Annual 60-mile Schayer Trophy auxiliary race for cruising class, from San Pedro around Catalina Island to Avalon, May 30th. Won by ketch *Trade Wind*, Burton Baldwin, Los Angeles Y. C., corrected time, 9 hours, 31 minutes, 45 seconds; second, schooner *Tamalmar*, C. E. Vesy, California Y. C.; then, *Valiant, Kelem, Marin, Lady Jo, Noemar, Tehani, Jubilo, Charmar, Flying Cloud* and *Blue Jacket*.

Power performance handicap race from Long Beach to Avalon, 28 miles, May 30th. Winner, *Corsair*, Dr. William Rambo, California Y. C., variation from predicted time, 1 minute, 24 seconds; then, *Content, El Perrito, Sea Dog, White Heron, Nightingale, Arrow, Mary-Irene, Pasatiempo, Junalaska* and *Omard*.

Annual 153-mile race for cruising classes from San Pedro and return around Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara and San Clemente Island, for California Flag Officers' Trophy (for Universal Rule classes), and William Candy Cup (for 45-foot Sailing Association Fleet), June 6th–8th. Winner, Flag Officers' Trophy, 54-foot cutter *Malabar VII*, Dr. D. W. Cady, California Y. C., corrected time, 38 hours, 6 minutes, 30 seconds; second, 74-foot cutter *Endymion*, Donald W. Douglas, Los Angeles Y. C. (scratch), elapsed time, 39 hours, 26 minutes, 15 seconds; then *Santana, Trade Wind, Flying Cloud*.

Winner, Candy Cup, 36-foot 22-Square-Metre *Ortie*, Werner Callies and Merle Davis, Los Angeles Y. C., elapsed time, 45 hours, flat; second, *Malabar VII;* then, *Trade Wind, Santana, Tamalmar, Flying Cloud*. Wind, fresh westerly at start, then light and shifting breezes throughout remainder of course.

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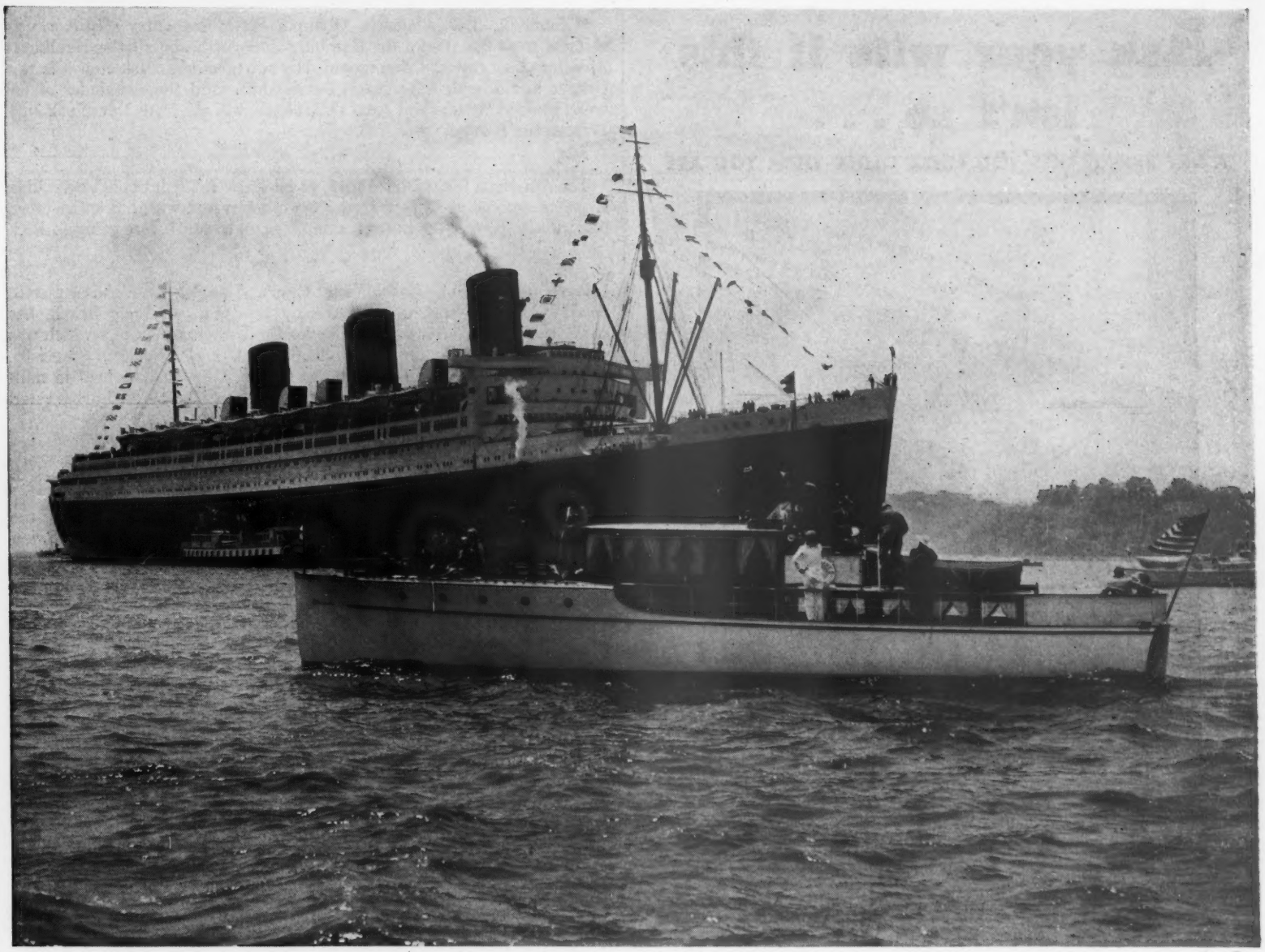
Glenn Waterhouse, the St. Francis Yacht Club's ace Star skipper, and his *Three Star Too*, with which he won the International Gold Star at Long Beach in 1933, left San Francisco in June to participate, as Pacific Coast candidate, in the Olympic trials on Great South Bay, July 11th–13th.



EACH AT THE TOP OF ITS CLASS!

One of the outstanding yachts in the great fleet that greeted the *Queen Mary* on her arrival at New York was the *Radiant,* owned by Mr. Walter Lagemann of that city ★ The *Radiant* is powered with a pair of Hall-Scott direct drive INVADER engines of 250 horse power each, an excellent power plant for the requirements of commuter service ★ The Hall-Scott INVADER engine is rapidly proving the most widely accepted engine in its class. Singly, or in multiple, it is giving most satisfactory service in boats of from forty to one hundred feet in length...fast runabouts, water taxis, cruisers, houseboats, coast guard picket boats, sport fishing boats...in short, wherever an engine of proved reliability, power, and long life is needed.

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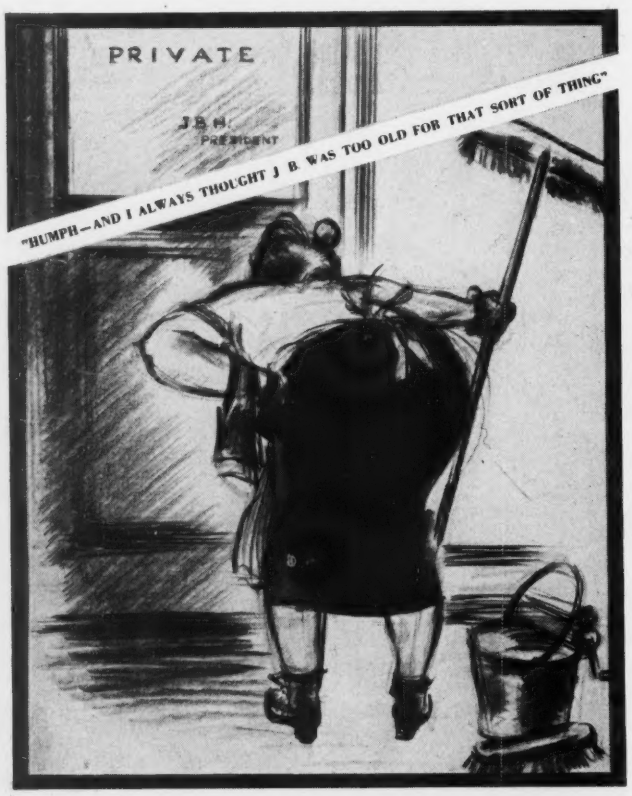
Ask your wife if this isn't so . . .

A DRY SKIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE



NO MAN in his sane moments really wants to look older than his age. In this competitive world of ours youth gets the breaks. Old age is a handicap at every turn.

Women all know that a dry skin wrinkles easily—and that cold winds dry out the skin, leaving it chapped and brittle. So they protect the natural oils in their skin by using creams to keep complexions youthful.

Do not let shaving rob your skin of natural oils and invite old age to come right into the bathroom.

Start shaving with Barbasol if you want to keep your skin in the pink of condition.

Barbasol is a latherless cream that gives you the fastest, smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had. It is so soothing and refreshing that many people use it for sunburn, windburn and chapping.

No more ingrown hairs. Barbasol holds the whisker steady to the razor, insuring a clean cut at the base.

And the natural oils in Barbasol keep your face looking young.

That's why Barbasol is America's most popular shaving cream.

BARBASOL BLADES
now 5 for 15¢

For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

They're going like hot cakes, men. Step up and get yours today.

Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

William A. Bartholomae's Olympic Six-Metre entry *Mystery* was shipped from San Pedro for Hamburg June 20th aboard the Hamburg-American liner *Oakland*, accompanied by two members of her crew, Charles Garner and Joseph Levengood. Bartholomae and the remainder of his crew, Morgan Adams and John D. Wallace, will sail from New York July 17th on the *Europa*.

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The American Eight-Metre entry at Kiel, Owen P. Churchill's defending *Angelita*, arrived at Copenhagen June 6th together with her entire crew. She will compete in the Scandinavian regatta circuit before going to Kiel.

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Revival of the Long Beach Yacht Club's 378-mile power cruiser race to San Francisco is now assured. Wesley D. Smith, of Long Beach, has challenged with his 55-foot *Sea Dog* for the Hall-Scott Trophy which was won in the 1932 thrash by J. J. Hollenbeck's *Miahelo II*, of San Francisco.

The three-day uphill battle to the Golden Gate will be held in mid-September, with the usual control stops en route at Santa Barbara and Monterey.

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Santa Barbara will hold its fourth annual *Semana Nautica*, or week of sailing races, on Crescent Bay, July 1st to 5th.

The program will be built around two feature Star Class events, the team races for the Sardonyx Bowl and the annual series for the Santa Barbara Lipton Trophy. The Mussolini Trophy, now held by Matt Walsh's Class P sloop *Thorobred*, has again been posted for the 150-mile ocean race from San Pedro to and around Richardson Rock and return to Santa Barbara. The cruising fleet will also double Anacapa Island in the annual Spalding Bowl event, the defender being Edward Carpentier's schooner *Emmeline*.

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The yard of Fellows & Stewart, San Pedro, completed, in late June, the 43-foot cutter *Anacapa*, designed for Robert S. Cooper by Alden.

The Baum-Mitchell yards also delivered three Schock-designed boats last month, Stephen and Warren Newmark's 43-foot schooner *Lucky Star*, Ernest Palmer's 34-foot cutter *Vagabond Lady*, and Harold Judson's 50-foot schooner *Jorie*. The same yards are also completing a 32-foot Schock-designed cutter for Erwin Jones, of the Los Angeles Y. C. She will be named *Juniata*, after the old Navy schoolship in which the owner's father, Charles R. Jones, served on the China station in 1888.

Sound Waves

By LEE SCUPPERS

THE New York Athletic Club's yachting department is hopeful of obtaining a worth while entry list for its annual Block Island cruiser race on July 11th. The success of last year's predicted log handicap was undoubted and the new interest kindled by this form of competition is expected to result in the largest fleet of starters the Sound's oldest power cruiser fixture has had in years. Already three boats entirely new to the race have entered. They are B. Harrison Milberg's *Rita* from the Englewood Y. C., L. A. Kissling's *Rita II* from the N. Y. A. C., and John B. Dawson's *Melba* from the Bayside Y. C. The Winged Foot club is expected to contribute at least four additional starters, and Fred Horenberger, chairman of the race committee, has been assured of entries from the Colonial Yacht Club on the Hudson and from the numerous South Shore clubs where cruisers abound. Dan Hickey's 45-foot Dawn cruiser *Danell* is expected to defend the trophy she won last year.

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If it were not for those Fishers Island one-design cruising auxiliaries, Bob Moore's Ten-Metre *Lilu* would have an even brighter record than she has in overnight races. Two years ago the Green One, driven hard by a crew of young men and old men nourished on rum and onions, had the New Rochelle-to-Prices Bend-by-way-of-Middle Ground race all won until Lee Stanton's Fishers Island sloop took it away by the margin of a few minutes. Now, just the other week, in the Norwalk-Duck Island and return auxiliary contest, a nasty thrash to windward in a thick, wet easterly and a dismal run back, *Lilu* led four other survivors home only to fall to third place on corrected time astern of two Fishers Island boats, W. F. Gillespie's *Lady Babby* and Bill Young's *Venturon*.

\+ + +

The Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, which never quite recovered from the failure of a too elaborate attempt to found a junior organization seven

"I love old friends.." Oliver Goldsmith 1728

You glow in the warmth of a trusted old friend—when you drink "Black & White". Appreciated for its genial quality and loyal character—connoisseurs all over the world proclaim *"It's the Scotch!"*

Also, "Black & White Liqueur Ovals"... the masterpiece of Scotch whiskey. Every drop over 12 years old.

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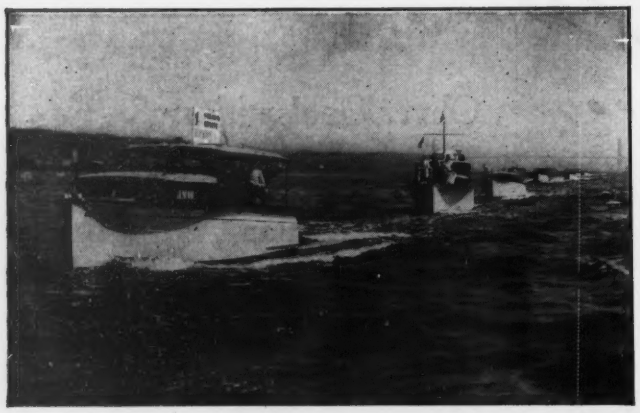

Part of the Richardson Sailaway fleet of Richardson Little Giants, Richardson Juniors, and Richardson Cruisabouts arriving at New York City

Some of the participants. All are pleased because they know from actual performance that a Richardson does more than has ever been claimed for it

EVERY participant in the 7th Annual Richardson Sailaway Cruise was more than pleased with his Richardson.

And so it is the world over. Hundreds and hundreds of Richardson owners know from actual experience that a Richardson is by far the world's greatest, low-priced cruiser value.

Be sure to get all the information on the Richardsons before you order any cruiser.

Richardson literature "F-36" free on request. Richardsons are on display at Bruns-Kimball & Co., 5th Ave. & 15th St., New York City; Walter H. Moreton Corp., 1043 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.; National Motor Boat Sales, 800 Water St., S. W., Washington, D. C.; C. P. Amory, C. & M. Bank Bldg., Newport News, Va.; Boats, Inc., 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Boardman & Flower, 1740 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Calif.; Robert V. Staats, Inc., West Basin, Wilmington, Calif.; F. J. Norrington, 140 Gr. Portland St., London, England.

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LITTLE GIANTS JUNIORS

CRUISABOUTS

J. Seward Johnson's new Six-Metre "Mood" designed by Sparkman & Stephens and built by Henry B. Nevins, Inc.

years ago, has washed all that off the record and decided to start all over again. A junior activities committee comprising Charles F. Chapman, William Kirk, Victor Romagna, Wright Chapman and Everett Morris, has hired an instructor and made arrangements for the club's youngsters to get a thorough grounding in the fundamentals of boat handling, seamanship and competitive sailing this summer. Manhasset will have crews in the Junior Y. R. A. fixtures and expects later in the season to tie up in team matches with some of its neighbors.

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The results of fifteen months of painstaking shipbuilding by a pair of rank novices slid overboard June 14th at New Rochelle when *Safari*, a 22-foot Alden-designed knockabout built in a garage by two young New Rochelle Yacht Club members, was launched. Edward C. Simons, who is in the publishing business, and Robert E. Farlow, an advertising man, did all the work on *Safari* themselves and very good work at that. The boat is 22 feet over all, a round-bilged craft with an iron keel, and was by no means easy for novice shipwrights to put together. *Safari's* twin sister is sailing around Siam.

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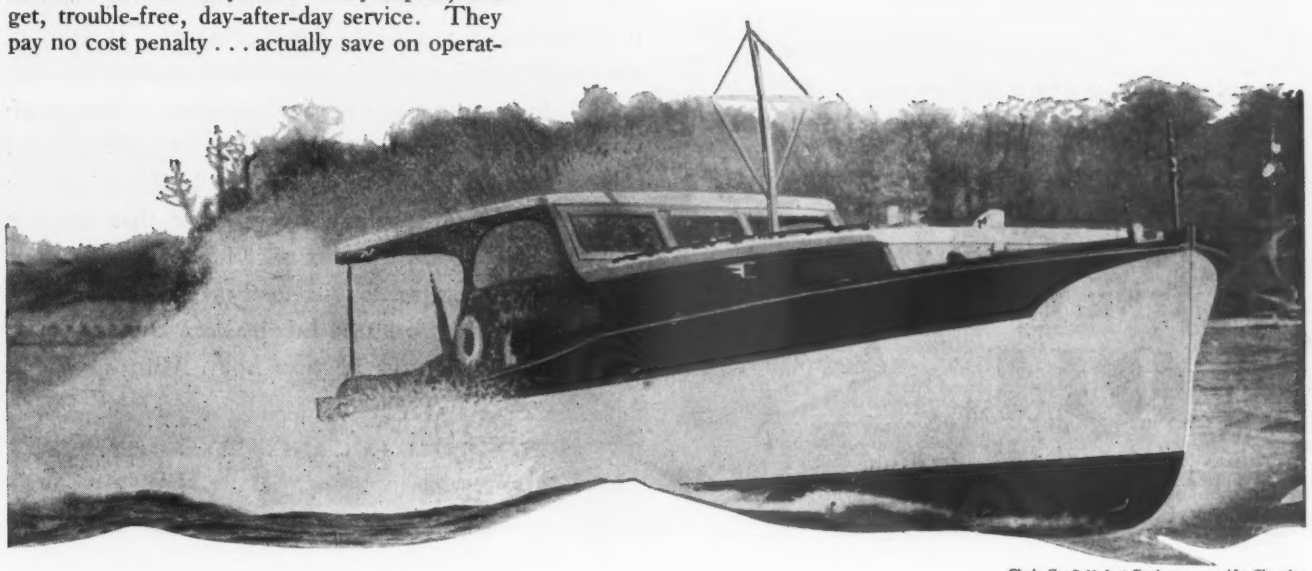
Rope yarns: What with Gordon Raymond sounding the muezzin's call to a sailor's prayer atop Saks Fifth Avenue and Miss Allegra Knapp telling Bloomingdale's customers what the well-dressed yachtswoman will, or should, wear, it would seem that the growth of yachting has definitely impressed itself upon the marts of commerce. . . . Romance continues to flourish in the Interclub Class. Two of the crew of Norton Conway's *Cirrus*, Miss Virginia Vanderlip and Dudley Schoales, have announced their intentions of following in the footsteps of Fred and Lorna Whittelsey Hibberd. . . . The ketch *Spindrift*, an entry in the Bermuda race, has just about stripped Manhasset Bay of experienced Victory Class crew members. Don Browning and Bob van Name, out of Ted Clark's *Reveille*, and Vic Romagna, Jr. and Francis Malito, out of Vic, Sr.'s *Carry On*, have signed *Spindrift's* articles. . . . *Fan Kwai*, the electric boat on which the late Colonel H. H. Rogers used to play a piano, fry flapjacks and open windows by pushing buttons, is going to leave her cradle in the Greenport basin and resume activity under a new owner. . . . Slim Baker and *Ranger* are back on Long Island Sound after a winter of cruising in Florida and the Bahamas. They are thinking some of a cruise Down East and may-hap to Nova Scotia later in the summer. . . . No sooner did Franklin Remington and Bobby Salto get their new Alden knockabout *Negus* into commission than they had to bid the boat farewell. Business will take Remington to the Far West all summer and Salto is going to burrow into a couple of Peruvian gold mines.

Its "HEART" is the power plant!

SOME well-meaning but unknowing people judge a boat by the amount of shiny brass railing exposed. But for those who like motor boating for recreation . . . for the thrill of going places . . . there is nothing more satisfying than the boat with a dependable power plant. These are the people who *know* that the "heart" of the boat is the engine.

That is why so many real motor boating enthusiasts turn to Chryslers. They expect, and get, trouble-free, day-after-day service. They pay no cost penalty . . . actually save on operating expenses. And, their time is spent having fun instead of wasting precious hours tinkering with a balky engine.



Chris-Craft 38-foot Cruiser powered by Chrysler

That is why so many well-known standardized boat builders use Chryslers. They know Chrysler marine engines are designed by recognized marine experts. They know Chrysler is the only marine engine manufacturer who builds a complete marine engine . . . that every part is built to give the extra service that means dependability under all conditions.

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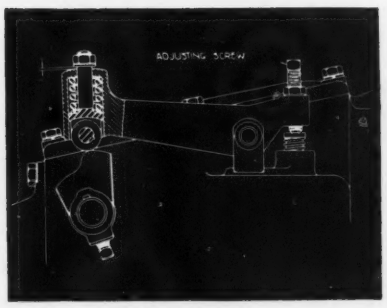
Chrysler
MARINE ENGINES



The Chrysler Marine Engine Reverse Gear has an automatic take-up. Through the use of a spring-loaded plunger on the cam end of the reverse arm it is possible to compensate for slight wear or expansion due to heat on the reverse band. This assures positive reverse at all times and avoids the necessity of extremely fine and frequent adjustment.

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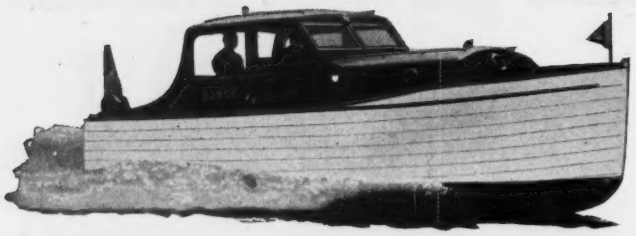

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Your boat—any boat—needs something more than an automobile oil promoted for marine use. It needs a true marine oil, made to stand the tough going that it's put to in a marine engine operating under maximum load most of the time. That's why Dodge and the vast majority of other leading builders specify and recommend Duplex. They know that Duplex never fails—that the Duplex user is sure of freedom from those breakdowns and costly repairs which are directly traceable to faulty lubrication. Duplex is the one oil which belongs in your boat. Always ask for it by name.

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Narragansett Bay Gossip

By SPINNAKER LIZ

BRISTOL is a scene of great activity with two German boats in and three more due in time for the Bermuda race the 22nd of June. The two boats already in are the *Aschanti* and the *Roland von Bremen*, with a crew of about ten each. They are moored off Herreshoff's where they will be hauled out to make ready for the race, after which they will sail for Germany from Bermuda.

\+ + +

Thursday, June fourth, Spencer Berger's new yawl, designed by John Alden, was launched at Herreshoff's about four o'clock in the morning. She is named *Mandoo II*. The next two weeks will find her schedule very busy, with her owner and designer trying her out, fitting new sails and, in between times, workmen finishing the interior, all in time for the Bermuda race. She is a lovely looking craft and ought to do well in the race.

\+ + +

Herreshoff's have sold a new Fishers Island boat, built this year, to Edward Mallinckrodt. She has a tall short-footed rig permitting a permanent backstay. A Kermath motor has been installed. The *Skidoo*, owned by the Haffenreffers, also has had the same rerigging.

T. A. Potter's Ten-Metre *Revenge* is being fitted out, and William Strawbridge's "Twelve" *Mitena* is being overhauled. Her interior is being changed and a new mast fitted.

Herreshoff's have just sent a fleet of 12½-footers, which occupied four freight cars, to the Dark Harbor Yacht Club, at Islesboro, Maine.

The *Rainbow* left early in June and was towed by Harold S. Vanderbilt's *Vara* to Lawley's to have her new steel mast stepped.

Chandler Hovey's *Weetamoe* is being painted and overhauled in preparation for the Class J races, and will be launched shortly.

The "R" *Gamecock* and the Northeast Harbor "30" *Betsy* are both having new wishboom rigs.

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The Star Class races start June 20th and will continue through July 25th to count as elimination races for the competition in the Atlantic Coast championships.

Sparkman & Stephens report the sales of the 34-foot sloop *Dagomar* to Edward P. Jastram, Jr., of Providence; the 55-foot motor sailer *Holly* to Francis Gilbane of Providence; the 38-foot Matthews cruiser *Domur* to John R. White of Providence; the 41-foot ketch *Diastole* to Edmund S. Parsons of Warwick Neck; the 30-foot sloop *Actaea* to A. Livingston Kelly of Providence.

The new 50-foot motor sailer, designed by Sparkman & Stephens which is building at Albert Lemos' for James Sinclair of Providence, is almost completed and will be launched the seventeenth of June. She will be named *Domur II*.

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William Rooks of Providence has just purchased the 65-foot express cruiser *Sunshine*, and is having her overhauled at Albert Alder's in Warren. Extensive changes are being made in her cabin and the cockpit is being enlarged.

Newman's yard, in Warren, has been incorporated into the firm of Newman & Fitz. They expect to build new sheds this autumn and will be able to build boats up to 75 feet. The new 35-foot commuting power cruiser for Drayton Cochran is expected to be launched the middle of June. This yard is also building six 15-foot flat bottom sailing skiffs of which two have been sold.

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Bents, in East Greenwich, have just laid the keel for another sport fisherman, designed by Eldredge & McInnis, and similar to the *Cero*. Henry W. Anderson's new 44-foot sport fisherman, *Day Dream II*, and a boat built for Frank Walker, were launched the early part of June.

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Two boats that have changed hands in the last month are Roger Dunham's 32-foot auxiliary cat boat *Sowenir*, to James C. Powers, and Zenas W. Bliss's auxiliary ketch *Lyda V*, to R. F. Benziger of Ohio. She will go under power up the Hudson and through the canal to Buffalo, where she will be rigged.

Buzzards Bay

Furnans Yacht Agency report the sales of Perley Barbour's cruiser *Carabar* to Matthew P. Whittall of Worcester. Her name has been changed

Prices F. O. B. Milwaukee

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to *Fontinalis;* H. A. Grimwood, Jr's., *Mainstay* to Richard H. Anthony of Providence; Kenneth L. Taylor's cruiser *Molly III* to George A. Sawyer of Providence and Caleb Loring's sloop *Skipper* to Ralph Bradley of Boston.

The new 28-foot cutter designed by Furnans and built at Palmer's yard, in New Bedford, was launched the first of June.

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Casey's shed is still fairly well filled, completing three new boats, with another, a 37-foot auxiliary cutter designed by John Alden for Philip Woodward, to be started soon. She will be 27′ on the water, 10′ 5″ beam and 5′ 3″ draft.

The 20-foot sloop *Cherub* was sold to Philip E. Campbell of Providence, and the new 40-foot yawl *Ventura*, belonging to M. W. Dixon, Jr., of Savannah, Georgia, left on Memorial day with a crew from New Bedford for her home port.

A new Casey 30-foot sloop was sold to P. T. Phillips of Pawtucket.

Thoresby P. Slack of Swansea, Mass., has just purchased a 38-foot double cabin cruiser, built by Casey, from G. Hartley Boone of Rochester, N. H. She has been renamed *Lady Lea.*

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Practically all the sheds are empty and the yards clear at Peirce & Kilburn.

The Grenfell hospital ship *Maraval* has sailed from the basin after a thorough overhauling. She is used in connection with the Grenfell Mission, in Labrador.

The motor sailer *Halaia*, recently purchased by Kenneth Taylor, has been overhauled and is in commission.

The *Gosling II*, belonging to Mr. Geoffrey G. Whitney, has completed her fitting out and has sailed for Little Woods Hole Harbor.

The yacht *Kalmia*, recently purchased by Mr. John Duff, Jr., has undergone an extensive overhauling, and Andrew G. Pierce's schooner *Palestine*, and the *Jageo III*, belonging to Mr. Lowell A. Mayberry, have been fitted out.

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The yacht *Innisfail*, owned by Joseph M. Cudahy of Palm Beach, Florida, which was built last year by the Mathis Yacht Building Company, was fitted out at the Atlas Basin.

Lake Ontario News

By CHARLES F. COLE

SAILING activities at Rochester will take on a new international flavor this summer. Sailors of the Rochester Yacht Club will journey to far waters in search of new conquests and new nautical experiences.

The most immediate project is the jaunt of three dinghy crews to Europe, which sailed June 17th, taking with them three of the new Rochester International dinghies, officially sanctioned as a class by the North American Dinghy Racing Association. They will compete with small boat sailors in Denmark, Norway, Scotland and England. The high point of the expedition will be participation in the Prince of Wales race — at Clyde, July 23rd. This will be the first time Americans take part in this event. Before that, the Rochester tars will engage in contests with Danish boats, especially built for the American invasion, at Aalborg, and in team races with picked English crews at Newcastle. Other events are scheduled at Cowes during regatta week.

As a result of the trip, George Ford, whose brain conceived the ambitious program after invitations from clubs in England and Denmark, hopes to develop a new international dinghy racing association akin to that which has made the Star Class world wide in scope. Boats would be built to Y.R.A. specifications of standard rigs. Chris Ratsey, of the famous English sailmaking family, and Stewart Morris, who won the Prince of Wales Cup in three of the last four races, are reported to be enthusiastic over the program.

Ford is captain of the American dinghy teams, which include William Tarr and Ed Pillsbury, skippers; Sherman Farnham, Kim Flint, Charles Tarr and Norman Cole, crew.

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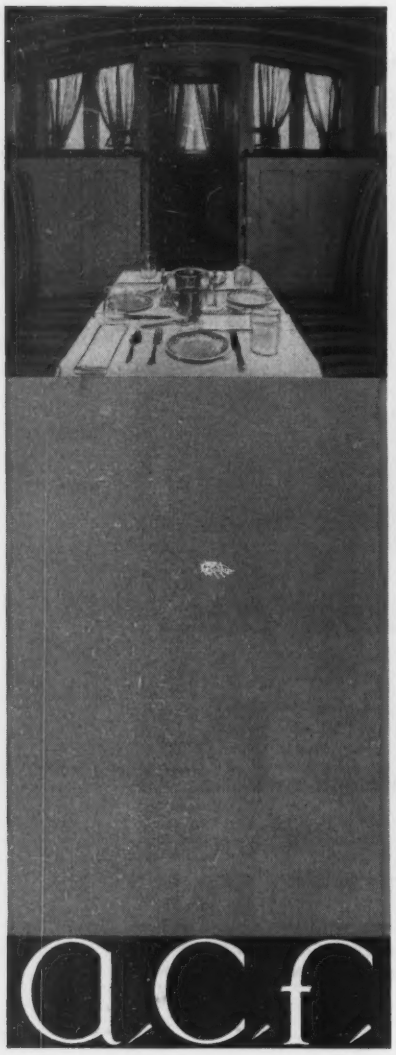
The eight dinghies which remain in home waters will have plenty to do, with half a dozen races with Canadian clubs scheduled, including a couple of new events. New competitors include the Royal St. Lawrence Club, which has a fleet of new, sloop-rigged "dinks," and will engage in a triangular contest with the Kingston Yacht Club and the Rochester Yacht Club. Then there will be the Emerson Cup races at Toronto and team races at Cooperstown, in August.



This A.C.F. 38-foot express cruiser, commuter, or play-boat *de luxe* can hold its full speed of 31 m. p. h. under all ordinary conditions. If heavy weather makes it advisable to slow down a bit, the hull form is such that she still gives efficient performance. Leaflet E71.

AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY
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Hopes for a Canada's Cup race this year have been abandoned. The Canadians failed to challenge, on the reported grounds that they had no boat to compete with the Rochester Eight-Metres. The Canadians sent over their best in the three previous engagements, in 1930, 1932 and 1934, with no luck whatsoever, and evidently no one at the Royal Canadian, largest of Canadian yacht clubs, was disposed to buy or build a new "Eight." It is considered likely that the next contest for it will be in a different type of boat.

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Expectations for a record showing at the International Star races off the Port of Rochester, in September, grow brighter steadily, according to committee members, headed locally by Philip Hoffman. Acceptances have already been received from a dozen or more countries and it looks now as though the entry list will number at least 35.

Among new fleets organized for the occasion is one at Toronto. Rochester has three Stars and expects to have two or three more in time to take part in the elimination contests to be held in various localities this month and next.

Word has been received from Paris that the French Star fleet will be represented by *Izzard*, sailed by R. Bernheim and J. Block. The Manila fleet is due this month for a round of tuning up races in preparation for the September competition. The defending champion, *By-C*, of the Newport Harbor (Cal.) Fleet, will come East to defend the title.

+ + +

The *Hostess II*, a 35-foot Alden yawl, has been purchased by Charlie Case. She comes from Salem, Mass. Another newcomer is the newly built Dawn boat bought in New York by Harold L. Field, and two new 48-foot Elco cruisers owned by Cliff Baker and Fred Gordon.

+ + +

Twice sailed to magnificent victories in the Canada's Cup races, the *Conewago*, splendid Eight-Metre from the board of Sparkman & Stephens, has permanently departed from Lake Ontario. Sold to A. J. Grymes, Jr., New York shipping magnate, the *Conewago* will become a member of the Chesapeake Bay fleet of Eight-Metres, with Oxford, Maryland, as her home port. Her former owners are Wilmot V. (Rooney) Castle, who skippered her in both Canada's Cup contests, and Albert B. Eastwood, both of the Rochester Yacht Club.

Massachusetts Bay Flashes

By ED EARLE

BOSTON welcomed the arrival of the invading German yachts and yachtsmen who came over for the Bermuda Race and the Transatlantic trek to Cuxhaven. The crews of the first two arrivals, the 30-tonners *Aschanti II* and the *Roland von Bremen*, were entertained at a dinner given by Commodore Adrian Sawyer of the Boston Yacht Club. If the Germans can match their accordion playing and stein songs with their sailing there should be a Teutonic tinge to the Bermuda Race.

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The season's début of the big-sticker duels between the *Yankee* and the *Rainbow* was postponed from June 12th. Work on the pair of duplicate 165-foot, welded steel masts for the two Class J rivals was carried along at forced draft at Lawley's Neponset yard despite the narrow margin of time. *Rainbow's* mast was stepped on June 12th, the day slated for the start of the four-race series. *Yankee's* finished spar was expected to go in the following week. *Rainbow* was towed up from Bristol by Harold S. Vanderbilt's *Vara* with the America's Cup sailor aboard. *Yankee* was on the railway at Lawley's being polished when the *Rainbow* was rigged. The short wooden mast had to come out before the lofty steel stick went in.

Yankee will not be changed inside. Below deck she looks like a palatial yacht with mahogany paneling, and everything shining and shipshape. The crew of eighteen men will be increased to twenty-two when she goes into commission. The crew were eating and sleeping aboard the *Yankee* while she was on the railway.

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There was a fine turnout for the informal spring race and Block Island rendezvous of the Boston Chapter of the Cruising Club of America. The fleet, headed by Rear-Commodore Albert T. Gould's schooner *Segechet*, left Scituate Harbor, June 14th, raced to the eastern entrance of the Cape Cod Canal, through the Canal to Pocasset and thence to join Commodore George Roosevelt and the New York fleet.

This twin-screw a.c.f. 54-foot motor yacht compares favorably with the best of custom built craft. While suited for luxurious living and formal entertaining, yet it can be operated at minimum cost. Twin Hall-Scott engines give a speed of about 18 m. p. h. Leaflet E72.

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a.c.f.

Technology's new sailing pavilion was fittingly dedicated by President Karl T. Compton of M. I. T. as a feature of Class Day exercises. Dr. Compton presented the Robert W. Vose Cup to Herman Hanson '39, Newton, winner of the spring racing competition. Miss Jean Corrin Compton, daughter of the president, christened the fleet of 36 dinghies by breaking a bottle of ale across the forefoot of a dinghy in the great court of the Institute. A new device for starting future races by the fleet of Tech dinghies was revealed for the first time. This was designed by Prof. Richard D. Fay of M. I. T., navigator of the *Yankee*.

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The big boom continues in the affairs of the Boston Yacht Club, the senior organization of New England, with Commodore Adrian Sawyer at the helm. A record fleet will shove off to the eastward from Marblehead, July 11th. The handicap overnight run will get under way at noon, with the larger boats starting three or four hours after the smaller craft. The handicaps were so well figured last year that the fleet finished almost *en masse* at Boothbay. The itinerary touches at Dark Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Buck Harbor, and the cruise officially disbands July 17th, at Camden. The cruise committee includes Chairman Albert Gould, Donald Starr, Donald Gardner, Allen Bennett, Robert W. Moore, Jr., William Swan, John Fairfield and C. B. Porter.

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New starting fleet records are chasing each other in bigger and bigger waves. The official opener at the South Boston Yacht Club brought out 101 boats and the following Sunday, the second interclub regatta at Savin Hill saw a turnout of 135 racing craft.

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In the space of a few hours the most unfortunate news of the past month was crammed. A $100,000 fire swept through Britt Brothers yard, West Lynn. Among the boats destroyed was the new 60-foot cabin cruiser built for E. C. Dickinson of Essex, Conn., from the designs of Sparkman and Stephens. The fire occurred on the eve of launching.

An order for a 38-foot twin screw fisherman from the designs of Belknap and Paine, Inc., and E. Arthur Shuman, Jr., which was signed with Britt Brothers previous to the fire, will be transferred to Gulliford's Yard, on the Saugus River.

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Thoroughbred, the Anker-built 1933 open Ten-Metre Class boat, has been sold by Alex Hagner of Washington, D. C., and Nantucket to Harrison Reynolds of Manchester-by-the-Sea. She was raced principally in Vineyard Sound three seasons ago and will be renamed *Sirius*. Her moorings will be at Manchester. The sale was made through the office of "Art" Shuman.

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Three of the new Marblehead 36-foot water line, auxiliary cutters, Designer Frank C. Paine's *Gypsy*, Rear-Commodore Malcolm W. Greenough's *White Lady* and Henry Sears' *Actaea*, were tuning up early in the month. The fourth cutter, building at Lawley's Neponset yard for W. Deering Howe and Gerard Winston of New York, will be launched around the first of July. She is all planked and will be christened *White Heather*.

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The 40-foot cutter *Narwhal* has been sold from Sherman Finch to Donald Starr of the Boston Yacht Club through the office of Shuman. *Narwhal*, which was designed by Philip L. Rhodes, has a canoe stern. She will be used in short ocean races.

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The 30-foot water line cutter *Sirocco*, designed by John G. Alden, built at the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard for Roger S. Robinson of New Haven, was successfully launched and performed beautifully in her trial shakedown. With George Hougue of Boston as navigator and James Baldwin, formerly of Boston, as first mate, she will be a dangerous contender in Class B. *Sirocco* will receive a liberal time allowance from the New York Yacht Club 32-footers in the Bermuda Race.

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PEIRCE & KILBURN, INC.

The "Midway Yard" between New York and Boston

New Bedford Massachusetts

The 73-foot ketch *Valkyrie* (ex-*Arbela*) owned by Cummins Catherwood of Philadelphia, was rerigged at Lawley's Neponset yard for the Bermuda Race under the supervision of John G. Alden, her designer.

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The Boston office of Sparkman and Stephens has moved down one deck to larger quarters at 148 State St.

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The 43-foot deluxe sport fisherman *Day Dream II*, designed by Eldredge-McInnis, has been completed at F. S. Nock's Yard, East Greenwich, R. I., and was delivered recently to Henry W. Anderson, her owner. Among the sales through this office this past month were the 36-foot auxiliary sloop *Doughboy* from Blake Cooley to William H. Wincapaw, Jr., noted flyer and yachtsman; the 41-foot auxiliary sloop *Taja II*, from Harry N. Bloomfield to L. E. Henwood of Boston; and the 53-foot auxiliary sloop *Atricilla* to a local yachtsman.

News From Lake Erie

By WALTER X. BRENNAN

PRACTICALLY all of the clubs opened their seasons on May 30th. The Detroit Yacht Club staged its annual sail yacht regatta, the Toledo and the Buckeye Lake clubs held races for both power and sailing craft, Vermilion staged a squadron sail and review of the fleet, Cleveland Yachting Club opened its series of club championship sailing events, and the Grosse Pointe Club opened its main clubhouse, which was partially closed for the winter, with formal ceremonies.

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The Detroit Boat Club is the first club to order a new one-design cat boat. Each of the local clubs maintains a fleet of these craft and others are expected to follow with orders to strengthen their teams in interclub racing. Russell J. Pouliot, Inc., was given the order.

The Bayview Yacht Club's second annual regatta for all classes of sail yachts featured a race for cruising boats which started from anchor with sails furled and crews, with the exception of an anchor watch, below decks. The event was won by the Sloss-Petzold owned *Alsumar* after a duel with Russell Alger's *Baccarat*. The race was held June 13th.

Light airs and smooth water on Lake Erie favored the small craft in the Cleveland Yachting Club's annual Roberts Trophy auxiliary race held on the night of June 13th. Hugh White's *White King*, a 25-foot Sea Bird yawl, won the event on corrected time, although *Miss Decision*, a Matthews sailer, owned by William Shanks, was in the lead. A five-minute time allowance changed the positions. Two more Matthews boats followed while the larger boats came in three and four hours later or did not finish.

A "predicted log" race for power cruisers from Rocky River to Put-In Bay on June 13th was staged as a preliminary test of the method in preparation for the event planned for the opening of the Inter-Lake regatta August 16th. Fourteen boats started and finished, and prizes were awarded for the first nine places. Al Saxer's new Matthews "38" took first place after turning in an almost perfect score of one minute error on the two-leg course. Ted Steinhart's 46-foot Lyman, *Mary Jeane II*, was second with a ten-minute error, and Clarence Huber's *Water Wagon* was third with an 11-minute error. The last boat had an error of 90 minutes.

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Local boat yards are badly handicapped by a shortage of boat carpenters. Orders are being turned down or delivery delayed several weeks in both large and small shops. The shortage of boats will probably cause builders to run on a heavy schedule during the coming winter so they can meet the even larger demand that is expected next spring.

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The Port Huron-Mackinac race promises to set a new record for entrants this year. Practically every cruising boat at Detroit well-found enough to weather Lake Huron has been entered. Several have never been raced. The usual leaders are undergoing considerable work in preparation for the race. Several of the boats have had new engines installed with an eye to less weight, and their sail areas reduced to cut down rating. The Mills race, on June 27th, is expected to give the first real indication as to how the boats will perform on a long race. The Mills, sponsored by the Toledo Yacht Club, is expected to bring out a record entry list.

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Dimensions
Length 50'
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Power
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Accommodations for 2 in crew and from 5 to 8 in owner's party

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Built over standardized moulds, the new DAWN "Fifty" offers yachtsmen the advantages of "individualized" interiors for cruising, commuting or fishing, and almost the same versatility as a larger yacht, at but a fraction of the cost. Robert E. Tod's DAWN "Fifty" KARINA, pictured herewith, is the first of a number of these outstanding new craft to take the water.

Write for brochure on the new DAWN "Fifty" and plans of interior arrangements which will assist you in determining your requirements.

DAWN CRUISERS, INC., Clason Point, New York City, *Tel. Westchester 7-7000*

Activity on Chesapeake Bay

By TED HOSTER

ON MAY 24th the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron held its annual Poplar Island Race for both the racing and cruising divisions. A fleet of 25 was at the starting line, a record entry for that time of year. This year the race proved especially interesting because of the large number of new boats entered. For the first time the racing and cruising divisions started at different intervals, the racing division starting fifteen minutes after the cruising division. Lawrence Bailliere's cutter *Aweigh* won both the Poplar Island Trophy and also first prize for Class B in the cruising division. J. A. Saylor's *Tejeria* followed her considerably later, on elapsed time gaining second for both the Poplar Island Trophy and Class B. In Class A, *Torbatross*, J. Abner Sayler, won, and in Class C, J. L. Williamson's *Salabar* was first, with *Merry Ann* second. In the racing division *Ariel*, Donald H. Sherwood's new Eight-Metre, won handily, with *Sunny* second and *Loke* third.

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In the latter part of May the Eight-Metre *Amethyst* made what may be a record trip for sail from Marblehead to Gibson Island. She was purchased this spring by John R. Sherwood. The trip took three and a half days. The run from Ambrose Lightship to Gibson Island, by way of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, was made under sail except for a tow through the canal. Head winds and head tides were encountered much of the way.

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On Decoration Day the Maryland Yacht Club held its annual opening regatta with both motor boat and sailing races.

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A letter from Bill Dyer says that during the Gold Cup Regatta in Washington, in September, they are expecting to hold a series of races for Class D sailing dinghies. While dinghy racing has not been organized in this region there are many Dyer dinghies in use as tenders for larger boats and it is hoped that their owners will find time to participate.

At Gibson Island the following accessions to the fleet are reported: Richard Harte of Parkersburg, W. Va., has purchased the 76-foot auxiliary ketch *Vayu;* Louis R. Glavis, Washington, the 74-foot schooner *Mavis;* Mrs. Anne Archbold, the *Vixen III*, a New York "Forty"; Ben Howard, a new member, has brought his 42-foot auxiliary sloop *Benzark II*.

A. Johnson Grymes, Jr., of Oxford, has purchased the Eight-Metre *Conewago*, twice winner of the Canada's Cup during her racing career in Rochester.

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M. M. Davis and Son report the delivery of Langhorne Gibson's *Diana*, which is now in Long Island Sound waters. All the sailing craft from Gibson Island have left the yard. The *Reposa*, owned by Dr. Baruch of New York, *Annette*, owned by A. T. Baker, New York, and *Hallee*, D. W. King, of New York, have left for northern waters.

\+ + +

The week-ends of May 31st and June 7th marked the first races for the Eight-Metres on the Bay this season. Three races for the Rangoon Trophy, presented by Mrs. George Blakiston, were held May 30th and 31st, and June 7th. In this series six Eight-Metres raced on *elapsed* time and three other boats on corrected time. In view of the past records of the "Eights," it was something of a surprise that the winner turned out to be the *Dobie II*, one of the Burgess one-designs, owned by C. B. Mitchell, Jr. This series gave excellent racing. The first race was held in a very fresh wind, the second in very light and fluky airs, and the last in a light but steady breeze.

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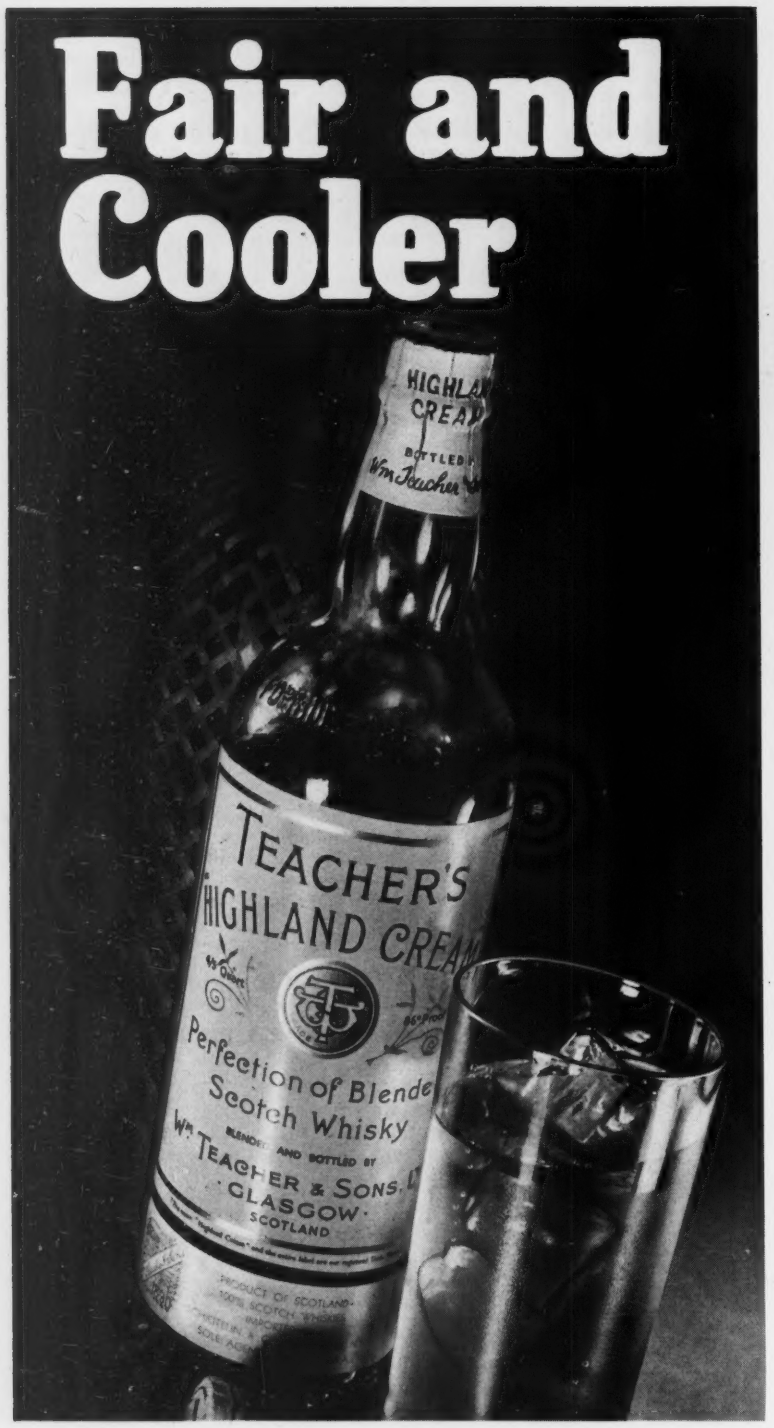
The circulars for the Forty-Fourth Annual Sailing Regatta of the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club, held in conjunction with the Tred Avon Yacht Club, on August 14th–16th, have recently been issued. Among the important events of this regatta are the Lipton Trophy Series, and the J. Graham Johnson Memorial Trophy Series for the Star Class, the Commodore's Trophy for the Log Canoes, and the Dr. James A. Stevens Memorial Trophy for the Eight-Metre Class.



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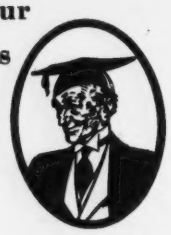

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Watchdogs of the Sea

(*Continued from page 33*)

the various duties entrusted to the service.

Since 1867, when Alaska was purchased from Russia, Coast Guard cutters have constantly been assigned to the waters of this region. Besides protecting the fur-bearing seal herds and enforcing the game and fish laws, the crews act as the "Northwest Mounted Police" of Alaska. They protect Uncle Sam's wards, the Eskimos, and they suppress illicit traffic with them in both liquor and firearms. They maintain law and order and engage in rescue work among the whaling fleet.

Previous to April, 1912, when the *Titanic* struck an iceberg and sank with the loss of 1,571 lives, no steps to guard against such disasters had been taken. The world-wide clamor that followed that tragedy resulted in an International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea. The principal maritime powers agreed upon a patrol of the Transatlantic steamship lanes during the season when ice from the Arctic, Labrador and Greenland is a menace. The duty of providing this lookout was turned over to our Coast Guard, each maritime nation reimbursing us for its share of the expense. So excellent a job has the Coast Guard done that no ship using the patrolled lanes has met with disaster from ice, though a yearly average of almost 400 icebergs is reported by the three vessels assigned to the lookout from January to June each year.

Smuggling liquor into this country from the sea changed considerably, of course, as the result of the repeal of the eighteenth amendment in 1933. Immediately thereafter there was a sharp decline in liquor smuggling on all coasts. Coast Guard appropriations were reduced, cutters were laid up almost at random, warrant officers and enlisted men were placed on indefinite furloughs, stations were abandoned and district headquarters consolidated. The result was a sudden renewal of smuggling. Today, with personnel and equipment back to normal, the Coast Guard is again engaged in relentless war on the attempts to flood the United States with contraband alcohol.

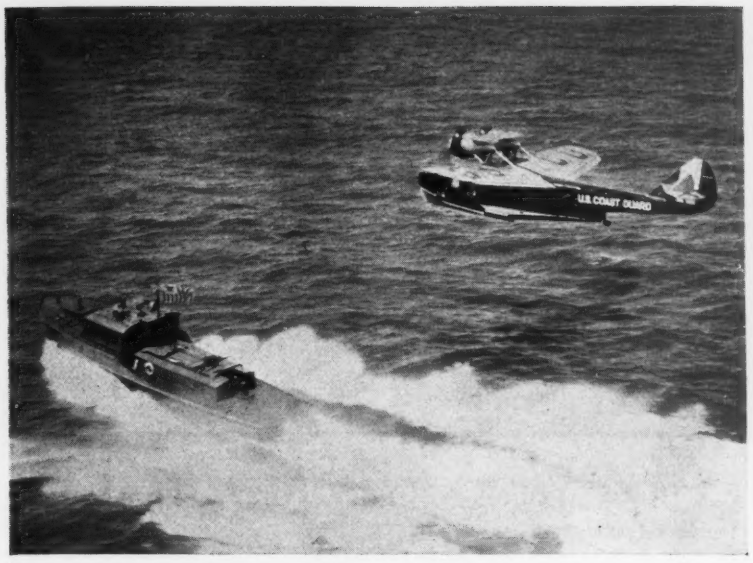
On the Pacific Coast, efforts to smuggle forbidden drugs from the Orient must be continuously frustrated. Coast Guard cutters are assigned to follow vessels and prevent putting contraband overboard attached to life preservers for later recovery by small boats. Recently, narcotic seizures by the Coast Guard in this section increased 60 per cent. Another problem turned over to the service is the control of smuggling in aircraft from the Bahamas, Mexico and Canada. Night flights and landings are known to be made and destinations far inland are said to be common. A fleet of fast aircraft is maintained by the Coast Guard, therefore, in the effort to put an end to this form of smuggling.

The aviation department of the service is small but outstandingly successful. Aeroplanes regularly fly out to sea on scouting and rescue work, and frequently Coast Guard amphibians bring to hospitals ashore persons who have been injured or taken critically ill on boats far from land. Within a 12-months' period, Coast Guard aircraft have cruised over 200,000 miles and rendered assistance in over 40 cases, many of which involved lost or overdue ships.

On inland rivers and streams, the Coast Guard also serves. Two cutters are permanently assigned to flood relief of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. In 1927, during the great flood of the latter river and its tributaries, the service dispatched 128 vessels, manned by 700 men, for relief work in the inundated district. The contingent transported 50,000 persons to safety, saved 12,000 head of live stock and distributed over 700 tons of Red Cross relief stores. During the September, 1935, Florida hurricane, the service threw more than 500 men into the fight to save lives and relieve suffering. Twelve cutters, six patrol boats and five amphibian planes were rushed to the scene.

During the winter, when practically every harbor along the northern Atlantic Coast and on the Great Lakes is choked with ice and coastwise traffic is paralyzed, the Coast Guard personnel in these waters usually hasn't ten idle minutes. From December to March, while the wind is whistling and snow is falling and landlubbers are gathered in front of warm, blazing hearths, the guard is putting out to sea. Ice-breaking, carrying mail, fuel and provisions to isolated communities, furnishing medical and dental service to far-flung islands, carrying school teachers and clergymen to their posts, and dispensing justice are some of the tasks that coast guardsmen are called upon to achieve. No job is too small, nor any emergency too great for the service to undertake.

But perhaps it is in the role of saving life and property at sea that the Coast Guard is best known to yachtsmen. Over a ten-year period the service has aided ships and cargoes of a total value of $450,000,000. More than 30,000 persons have been rescued and 20,000 passengers removed from endangered craft. During 1935, coast guardsmen saved 5,825 persons in peril and assisted 6,777 vessels, carrying



A Coast Guard amphibian and a patrol boat starting for a tour of duty in the air and on the water

32,000 persons. Figures are usually dull and uninteresting, but these tell a dramatic story.

Yachting, which formerly was considered only a summer sport, is becoming more and more a year round recreation. This means increased work for the Coast Guard in the task of protecting small craft that are steered too far from land by amateur crews unprepared for emergencies. Throughout the year, Coast Guard telephones are busy receiving calls from distressed parents whose children have failed to return on time from cruises and from relatives who are worried because a yacht is overdue. Again and again, motor and sail boats, lost in fog or thick weather, are given their positions or are towed to port by cruising patrols.

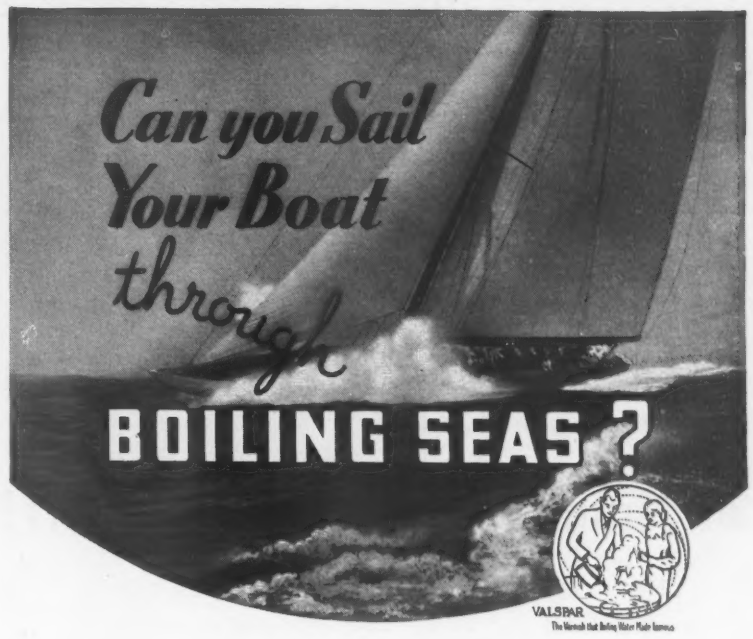
The Coast Guard system of communication is largely responsible for the speed with which most of the missing or overdue craft are found. With a private coastal telephone uniting all shore stations and the most modern radio apparatus connecting each land station with every Coast Guard boat at sea, a widespread, constant watch is possible for any craft reported missing or in distress. A description of the boat, her home port, number of persons on board, where bound, where last seen, and any other pertinent information is telephoned or radioed to every nearby shore and floating unit within an amazingly short time.

It is not surprising, then, that a glimpse at the log of almost any Coast Guard vessel proves a revelation to most yachtsmen. Over a recent 24-hour period, a single patrol boat rescued 14 persons from a burning cruiser whose owner neglected to carry an extinguisher; removed eight men from a craft that had run aground; transported a child dangerously ill from his island home to the mainland; towed a rudderless vessel into port, and took up the search for the owner of an abandoned sail boat. "A pretty busy tour of duty," we remarked to the officer in charge. "Not at all," he asserted. "Only an average day's work."

A few summers ago, a yacht, attempting to enter Barnegat Inlet, grounded on the treacherous shoals. Her owner sent up distress signals. At once a boat put out to his aid from the Barnegat Coast Guard Station, in command of Chief Boatswain's Mate Johnson Cranmer. On the way out, Cranmer suddenly complained of feeling cold. A moment later, he dropped dead at the wheel. At once his men put the boat about and landed their chief's body on the dock in charge of a member of the crew. Then, with the next ranking man in command, they returned to the assistance of the stranded yacht and towed her safely through the inlet.

One day last summer, John Taves, first-class motor machinist's mate at the Wood End Coast Guard Station at Provincetown, was off duty when informed that a three-year-old child had just been discovered in the nearby harbor, apparently drowned. Rushing to the scene, Taves found the youngster being taken home in a wheelbarrow by a grief-stricken parent. Ignoring the opinion of bystanders that the child was dead, Taves commenced artificial respiration on the victim. For thirty minutes there was no apparent sign of life. Then, suddenly, normal breathing returned. When a hastily summoned physician arrived at the scene, the youngster was out of danger — thanks to an experienced coast guardsman who wouldn't quit his job.

Unusual incidents? These particular experiences, yes. But the episodes are typical of the way these watchdogs of the sea go about their work, at all hours, in all weathers, under all conditions, with courage, determination and understanding dictating every movement.



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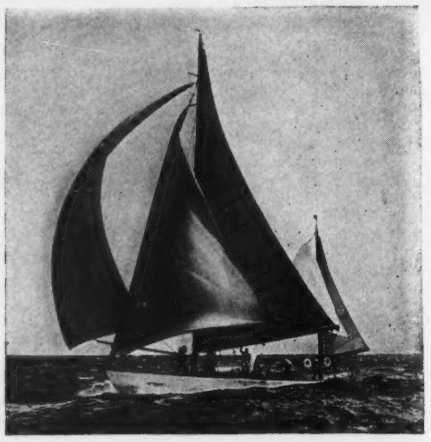
Stormy Weather



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A "Yot's" a "Yot" For A' That!

(*Continued from page 38*)

I am, by nature, of a peaceable turn of mind. Until recently I have been content to keep my conclusions to myself. But not long ago an incident occurred which convinced me that something ought to be done about all this nonsense. I called on a friend, one day, who had been reported to be in the market for a boat, and tried to sell him a sail boat. When I broached the subject of a sail boat, he blushed.

"We-ell," he admitted, "I'm really looking for a motor cruiser. Something about fifty feet, with a good turn of speed. You see —"

And then he went on, for ten minutes, to explain why he, who had sailed his own yacht all over the ocean, who had commanded a sub-chaser "for the duration" off the Irish coast, wanted a motor boat instead of a sail boat! I became, I confess, a trifle impatient.

"What you mean," I interrupted him, "is that you want a motor boat and not a sail boat."

"That's it exactly," he answered, with evident relief.

"Well then," I snorted, "why apologize?"

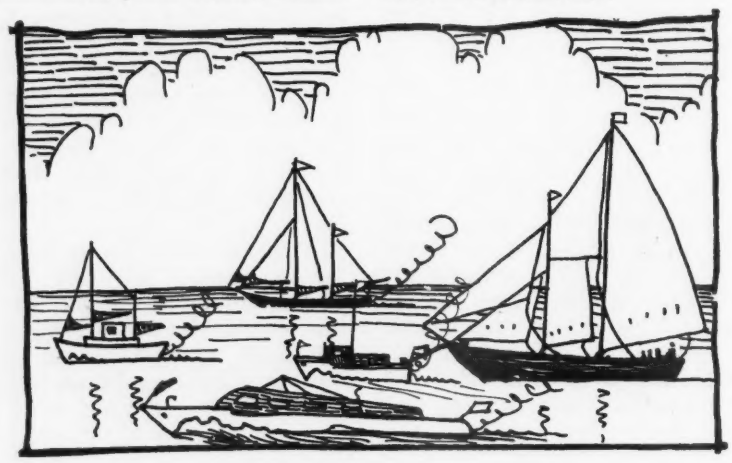
"Oh, I'm not — not at all. But you know how you hard-boiled sailormen are!"

That conversation opened my eyes to a condition of the seriousness of which I had been only vaguely aware. When a man of his record and acknowledged seamanship feels that he has to apologize because, for his own good and sufficient reasons, he has decided that it is better for him to buy a motor boat than a sail boat, it seems to me this petty persecution has gone far enough.

When I compare him, for example, with another acquaintance — let's call him Bill Jones — I am filled with silent, and contumacious, laughter. Bill Jones prides himself on being tough and salty. Bill owns a fine looking, graceful, tall-sparred yawl. She is everything the eye could demand, but below decks she is about fifty per cent engine room, with a big Diesel that drives her at ten knots. Bill has owned her about three years, and I have only seen her under sail twice!

There are, of course, other Bill Joneses. You know them as well as I do. And I am the last person in the world to criticize Bill for pushing his boat around under power, if he wants to. But if he does, I think you will agree, he shouldn't object to being called a motor boat sailor. He should be proud of it!

Those were the straws that broke the camel's back — that finally decided me that something must be said about good seamen who go cruising in motor boats; and about landlubbers who go sailing in sail boats; and about the glory hunter who sails a race seasick in his bunk, and then goes ashore all dolled up in a yachting cap to be hugged as a hero; that something must be said for the sake of yachtsmen who are also seamen, whether they choose to go to sea in a motor boat or in a three-masted schooner!



The Fourteen-Foot Racing Dinghies of Australia

(*Continued from page 36*)

introduced the "snub nose" or bow transom. It will be seen from the plans that a bow with considerable flare merges into an excellent midship section, and the stern sections are inclined to be of V-form, which produces relatively long, clean water lines combined with shorter, upturned buttocks. These features are all most commendable in a large yacht which is required to sail at various angles of heel, but they have not the same justification in a dinghy which is sailed on as even a keel as possible. The outstanding characteristic of the *John Nimmo* was her ability to windward, and on this point of sailing she always excelled. Off the wind, however, she was, at best, an indifferent performer, and the later boats have been markedly improved in this respect.

To produce an Australian champion dinghy, a designer had at least to equal *Nimmo's* performance on the wind, and definitely improve it off the wind, so development was naturally directed towards these objectives.

Since the days of *John Nimmo*, two notable dinghies have been produced, namely, *Scandal* and *Triad*. Both were designed and built by an amateur who is probably Australia's most versatile, enthusiastic and skilful dinghy sailer. It would be inappropriate to separate Billy Osborne from his boats, as a brief review of their principal performances will show.

He designed *Disturber* (runner up, Australian championship, 1922), *Miss Perth* and *Black Arrow* (W. A. state championships), *Co-Re* and *Tortoise* (W. A. state representatives), also *Trigo, Nyalla, White Wings, Wild North, Trojan, Southern Cross, Astrea, Mystery* and others. He designed and built *Scandal* and skippered her when she won the Victorian championship and was runner up in the Australian championship in 1925. *Scandal* was sold to Adelaide in 1926, and won both Australian and South Australian championships in 1927, defeating Osborne's *Triad* which he had also designed and built himself. For three following years, 1928–29–30, *Triad* could not improve on runner up position, but in 1931 Osborne recovered the Australian championship and successfully defended it in the years 1932–33–34, and again in 1935–36. He has also won the Victorian state championship every year since 1927, and was recently re-elected commodore of the St. Kilda Fourteen Foot Sailing Club for the sixth year in succession. Commodore Osborne has done more than any other man to develop dinghies in Australia and, because of his study and experiment, may possibly influence the trend of design overseas.

Commodore Osborne makes no secret of his ideas and not only designs and builds his own boats but makes gifts of new designs to his interstate competitors. This surely is the ultimate in sportsmanship.

It is interesting to consider the various factors which Commodore Osborne believes to contribute to the successful performance of a sailing dinghy. Throughout his series of designs, he has consistently advocated reduction of displacement and wetted surface. The Australian Dinghy Council is cognizant of this trend, and his most recent design, *Thorn*, has a beam of only 4 feet 6 inches, which he considers a reasonable minimum on a 14-foot water line. While no decisive trials have as yet been carried out, *Thorn* has been tried out against *Triad* (5 feet beam and greater proportionate displacement). Although *Thorn* had only 160 square feet of sail and a crew of three as against *Triad's* 265 square feet and five men, *Thorn* put up a splendid performance, although the type needs particularly skilful handling.

The advantages of the *Thorn* type are many. The hulls (without spars, sails, etc.) are being built for £21 ($105) each, which means that they can be put in the water under sail for about £45 ($225), compared with £100 ($500) to £125 ($625) for the *Triad* type. The small sail area needed to drive them requires only three men to handle it and act as live ballast, and their light construction (¼-inch ribband carvel planking) enables the small crew to launch and haul out the boats without difficulty. Although the boats are narrower than formerly, there is actually more room in which to move about because of the smaller crew. Even with dinghies, the crew question sometimes becomes a problem and two hands are easier to secure than four.

In many details the designs are decidedly unconventional. The "snub nosed" transom bow has been modified to a "bull nose," a broad, rounded bow post tapering from 6 to 9 inches at the gunwale to a knife edge at the water line. The topsides forward have practically no flare whatever, giving an almost wall sided appearance, but the designer's reason for this is to ensure an easier action in a head sea, as the relatively small reserve buoyancy of this bow enables it to be kept down to its work and pointing higher than the more buoyant bouncy type. Naturally, in a seaway, spray just pours over such a bow but for many years "standard equipment" in

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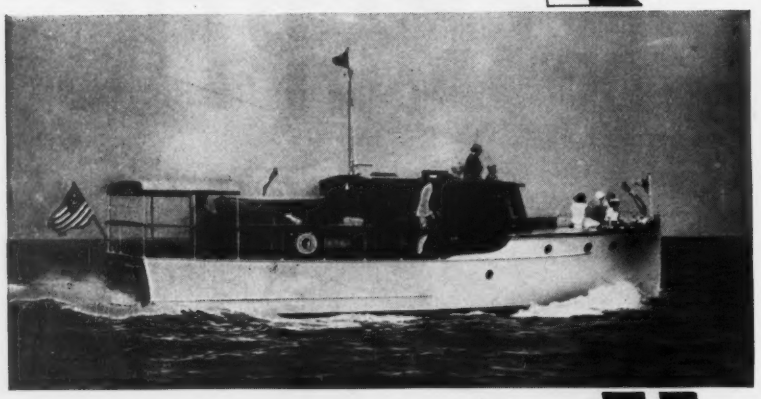

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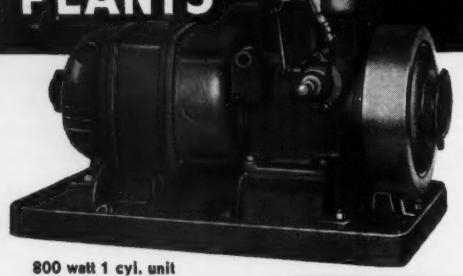

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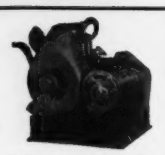

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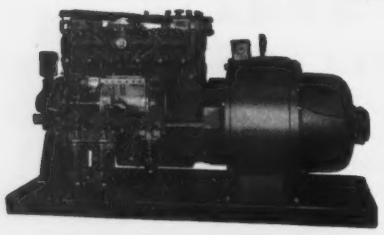

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Port Phillip dinghies have been adequate "bow cloths" — a sort of canvas turtleback forward which reduces the labors of the "bailer-boy." In latter years, this has been replaced by a permanent three-ply fore deck carried aft as far as the mast. This is indicated in the drawings of *John Nimmo*. In addition, all the boats are fitted with "lee cloths" (a sort of canvas waterway) on either side, hinged forward and aft and supported amidships by a short post which is stood up or knocked down, according to the tack.

In the *Thorn* type, the smaller crew has made added protection essential. This is provided by a "poop," or permanent 3-ply deck some 2 feet to 2 feet 6 inches wide across the stern. In short, the dinghies are now practically half-decked because of the boisterous and strenuous sailing conditions. It is nothing short of inspiring to see these little ships thrashing along or running madly in heavy weather, sometimes footing it with Star boats and Six-Metres. All boats are fitted with buoyancy tanks or floats and, as ability to swim is a primary qualification for crew membership, the sport has never been marred by a fatality.

The midship section of recent designs is more or less conventional, having regard to the particular characteristics of beam and displacement, but the run is relatively broad and flat. This is an adaptation of the surf board idea and, as squatting is entirely eliminated, the dinghies perform extraordinary feats of "skating" when running free. "Skates" of two and three hundred yards are frequent. On one occasion, after turning the weather mark in a hard breeze, *Triad* set her spinnaker and was immediately picked up on the face of a big sea and "skated" almost the whole distance to the leeward buoy — some three-quarters of a mile. Certainly this is no pastime for a timid helmsman!

As there are practically no restrictions on sail area, there is considerable variety in the size and type of sails used. The time-tried gunter lug is a favorite rig, and sometimes a huge spinnaker is carried, hoisted on a halliard rove through the *peak of the gaff*. The Marconi rig is steadily gaining acceptance. As the spectacle of a 30-foot mast in a 14-foot boat must be seen to be believed, look at the picture of *Triad*. (Yes, I know I said it was a "conservative" rig!)

The Australian dinghy sailers are not at all hidebound, and diminutive imitations of "Park Avenoo" and "rubber" booms have been tried out. Similarly, a tubular mast formed of 1⅞ by 1⅛-inch elliptical steel aeroplane struts, joined end to end, was built for *Thorn*. Although its length was 27 feet, it weighed, completely rigged, only 27 pounds. After giving every satisfaction during extensive trials, it suffered the same fate as *Yankee's* mast. The idea will be further developed.

Many boats have two and three suits of sails of entirely different size, each suit complete with special mast and spars which are used according to the weather, but this is one of the practices which has contributed towards increasing the cost of the sport and is, therefore, being discouraged.

Strong representations are being made to the Australian Dinghy Council with the object of having a restriction placed on sail area, limiting it to about 230 square feet maximum, which will make it unnecessary for an owner to have several outfits of canvas and will place the narrower *Thorn* type on a more equitable footing with the older *Triad* and *Nimmo* mode, reducing the cost of the sport and widening its popularity, particularly among the young blades.

Provision is made for the position of the centerboard to be adjusted fore and aft without interfering with the working of the lifting pennant and, after unreeving the tackle, the whole business may be lifted bodily out of the trunk in a moment. As I have never seen this particular arrangement described in any yachting books, I give full particulars, as the method has possibilities of wide application. The king pin is carried in a hanger suspended from a cross pin or lifting handle at its upper end. Deep notches are made along the upper edges of the trunk sides, according to the number of adjustment positions desired. Alteration of the fore and aft position of the plate is simply a matter of lifting and moving the hanger to its new notch, and this may be done under way, particularly when running. The other details of the plate, tackle, etc., are of orthodox pattern. The centerboards used in these dinghies are 4 feet to 4 feet 6 inches long, 2 feet to 2 feet 6 inches wide and made of 5/16-inch galvanized steel plate. Maximum dimensions and weights are restricted.

At Melbourne the launching of the dinghies prior to a race is an interesting and attractive sight. As the hulls are carried out of the shed, they pause at the door, and the long masts are stepped with the assistance of a hand stationed on a balcony overhead. The boats are then taken down to the shallows, turned head to wind, and the sails set, the whole bustling scene making a delightful picture of gleaming hulls and snowy white fluttering sails against a background of wind-crisped, sun-sparkled water. Owing to the shoalness of the beach, it is inadvisable when getting under way to lower the centerboard or ship the rudder immediately, as damage might occur in the scend of the sea. So the crews run the dinghies as far out as possible through the break-

ing waves and there scramble aboard and work the boats out into deeper water, using only the sails by which to steer, until sufficient depth of water is reached to allow the use of centerboard and rudder.

The last few moments before a race are colorful, as all the dinghies wing away from the shore like a flock of startled gulls, but this striking effect is not prearranged. Nearly all hands are busy up to the last minute and when signs of activity among the officials on the little jetty warn them that gunfire is imminent they must get under way, willy-nilly. How often in life does the picturesque conceal the prosaic!

To Sea With Red Spritsails

(*Continued from page 29*)

North Sea Coal Trade all over the cabin floor. "These barges *can* capsize," said he. "There was the *Victoria*, now, which drowned all hands in a race, and another one, whose name I disremember. It's hard to put them over so long as they have way on. But if a leeboard fouls the sand in a puff they may trip, or if they get a knock down when turning. . . . Better ease her up. Get that topsail in, and stow it."

The topsail was a grand broad crimson wing of canvas, with a head yard which lifted its peak a hundred feet above the deck. The three of us manned the downhaul and winched it to the masthead. Then we came up on the chain sheet, and clewed her in, and George ran up the ratlines in the dark and gasketed the ballooning sail snug. But still the *Will Everard* lay down on one ear.

The North Sea was blazing like Broadway in the black night, with its gas buoys, shore lights, lightships and steamers' headlights, carried high forward. One revolving flash revealed our trouble.

"It's those blighters of pea sacks!" yelled the Old Man, using his strongest objurgation. "Lee-O!"

"Lee-O! Lee-O!" we chorused back, scrambling to ease up the lee rolling-vang and draw away the bowline which held the fore sheet at one end of the horse. The mainsail flogged and boomed as if it were a bull's hide drum, the traveler clanged like a great triangle in the orchestra, the mizzen slatted and shrieked. The liver-hued foresail filled aback and twisted her head around as though it would break her neck. The 64-foot "spreet" lurched across. When we let the bowline draw, the foresail came across with a loud ringing, its low clew sweeping the wooden horse so swiftly that it smoked. The *Will* was around on the other tack. But she sat bolt upright.

We had piled the stack of pea bags in three tiers, covered them with tarpaulins and clamped them down with a network of toggled ropes and chains. But the whole thing had shifted *en masse*, and now part of it was in the alleyway between the steel bulwarks and the steel hatch. Knee deep in water, we all worked on the bulging mess. We extricated some of the sacks, flinging them down the fore scuttle and the cabin companion to save them. Then we shored up the remainder and hove our chains taut again.

"Lively with 'em!" cried the Old Man. "Much longer on this tack will put us on the sands."

"Let her come, Skipper," yelled George. "We're ready now!" and around she came with more banging gear and smoking horses.

The sea was wild on this tack, and she started to knock down again. The deckload was shifting. The hard dry peas from the burst bags were like mercury beads or little steel ball bearings. Worse than that, with their friction they were scoring the tense drawn tarpaulins below them, which protected the main hatch.

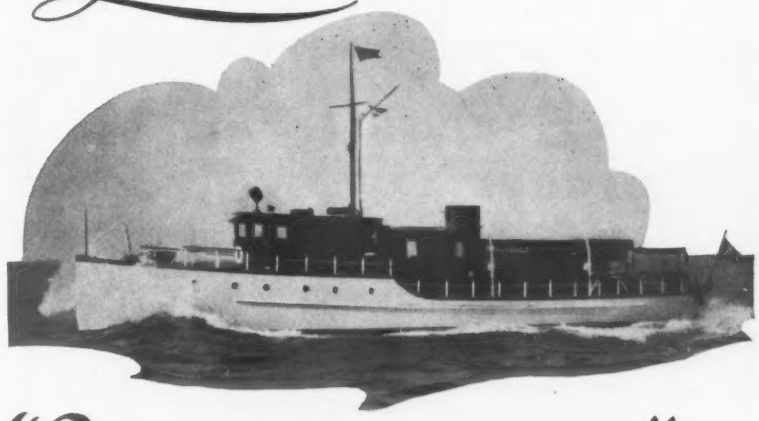
We tried to straighten up the stack, but it was no good. Then we hove in the brails that cross the mainsail and tried to furl it, losing much skin working the winches in the wet and the dark. In the drumming and thundering, the mainsail tore where the wire belly brails had worn it thin. We hove her to, with the mainsail brailed, the foresail aweather, and the mizzen sheeted home. She would come up till she shook the teeth out of the winch cogs, and pay off again till she had the wind abeam, and then she would lie down and wallow, and the tiers of bags would screech across to the lee side.

With a rip of rending canvas, the tons of deckload burst the retaining tarpaulins. Bags bounced over the lee rail like sheep taking hurdles. That eased her — and revealed a worse peril. The main hatch tarpaulin was badly torn and only bare boards defended the hold from tons of water. They had been stove and were splitting under the uneven stresses of the bouncing bags.

"Try your pumps, George," said the Skipper.

The *Will Everard* had several pumps, two for each of her three watertight compartments, but they were seldom used. She was normally bone dry below. Now we got water in each, which was not unnatural, for at times our decks were swimming. Each pump quickly sucked. Was it choked with a paste of peas and wheat and shell dust in the bottom sucker or was it dry? We could not tell. The water frothed

Luxurious



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clean in the lantern light. But the barge lay down as though she was badly waterlogged.

The Old Man looked at the boat, lashed in davits on the starboard quarter. It was a good boat. But not for this sea.

"I'm not going to give her up," he said. "Same time, I'm not going to drown you lads. Burn a flare. I'll get the lifeboat from Aldboro or some place to stand by while we try to work her into port. If she goes out from under us, they'll pick us up."

Six Board of Trade rockets were brought up from the cabin. We burned the first. Its glare baptized our torn tarpaulins and bulging sails and streaming decks with a deluge of blood. The crimson flood lighting seemed to last a long time. When it died, everything was intensely black. Then we saw the whip-like flashes of the lighthouses and lightships again, the cheery winks of the gas buoys, the bright masthead lights of passing steamers, even their red and green running lights, they came so close.

But nothing happened. The steamers went right on. The lighthouses and lightships kept on blinking. No answering rocket seared the dark with golden assurance of succor. No lifeboat was on the way.

"Burn another," said the Old Man.

We did. And another. And another. And another. Then there weren't any others. Nothing happened. The steamers went right past. The lighthouses and lightships kept on blinking. No answering rocket rent the dark. No lifeboat was on the way.

"Well," said he, "it looks as though lifeboats, like heaven, help them that help themselves. How're the pumps?"

We had been sounding them all the time, jogging them out, getting a suck all too soon for reassurance, because the *Will Everard*, as if she had water in her all the time, in the words of eighteenth century seafarers, continued to "lay along," down on one side. Indeed, she had as much windage aloft, in proportion, as an eighteenth century frigate. Our sprit lifted its ton weight ten fathoms high at an angle of sixty degrees. Despite all our brailing, twenty-five per cent of the mainsail caught the wind. The head was spread out like an iron plate with the weight of the main sprit. And our bowsprit, or bostard, as the Cornishmen call it, with flying jib and standing jib strapped to it in tight brine-soaked blobs of canvas, was cocked aloft like another mast, with all the windage of shrouds, footropes and chain bobstays. Besides, our half-ton anchor, the best bower, was on the lee side and, though we didn't know it, thirty fathoms of chain had washed aft under the shifting deckload and lay in the lee freeing ports. What we all dreaded was that the cargo below had shifted, and that the wheat was slithering up against the deck beams through the bags of oyster shell, or that they had burst in the wallowing and gone to leeward in a cement-like mass.

"Nothing but suds, Skipper," reported George for the tenth time from his round of the pumps.

"Well, Richard," answered the Skipper, irrelevantly, "what do you think of this life?"

He asked Dick that every week when he paid him. Dick, with the wisdom of his class, had never before done anything but grin. This time his spirit found utterance.

"I don't fink nothin' of it," said he between gulps of North Sea.

Whereat we all laughed.

The tide was on the turn and the wind was veering. The steep sea was running regularly again. We could about lay Great Yarmouth now, if she would only stand up to her canvas.

A bigger sea than usual almost took Dick overboard and swept most of the deckload to Davy Jones in one lick. That solved our problem. We waded about and tarpaulined the rest of the sacks down on the battered main hatch. In doing so, we found the wandering festoons of chain cable and hauled them inboard and piled them to windward. Each link weighed a pound and there were a thousand links. With the waterways clear of banging bags and links looped overboard, she straightened up. She answered her helm and paid off. We eased the mizzen sheet and let the fore bowline draw, cast off the peak brails and the lowers, girding the mainsail, and held it only by the wire main brails, which cut its area in two.

The Corton and St. Nicholas Lightships wheeled welcoming gleams as we climbed the surges. Great Yarmouth was all a-sparkle for us. The dawn began to come up green over the North Sea. Yarmouth is a narrow, tricky harbor to enter at all stages of the tide; but this was the best time of any.

"The tug won't come down the harbor till six," said the Old Man, "but we're going in. Give her the whole mainsail. If it goes out of the boltropes, give her the topsail. Get your stops off — in case."

Here was seen the beauty of the sprit rig. We set that mainsail — over 3000 square feet of heavy No. 0 canvas, soaked with salt water on top of its dressing of horse fat, fish oil, red ochre and Stockholm tar — simply by letting go the brails and hauling down on the sheet. A gaff sail of similar weight or area would have broken the hearts of half a dozen men.

The rips did not spread.

The added pressure was just right. The *Will Everard* caught her breath like a bather at the first plunge, then stemmed the tide twist at the harbor entrance as though she had twin screws, and

went surging up the river, past the *Girl Margery* and *Young Sam* and *Young Jacob* and *Our Kate* and a hundred similar trawlers whose white-painted names glowed faintly in the grape-green half light; past the blocks of houses cut by fathom-wide "rows" for defense against the Dutch, long ago; past the big warehouse with "Scotch Presbyterian Church" painted across it, used by the myriad migrants in the herring season; and so on up to Vauxhall Bridge.

"Well," said the Skipper, "we've saved a tug bill, and two pound seventeen and six is six and seventeen and two pound. And there's the *Acricity* or some other of the firm's tugs, lying near the bridge, so we'll have a free tow to Norwich. Our luck's not out. How's the pumps, George?"

"All sucking. She's dry as a bone below," said the mate, bending a heaving line to the after snub.

"That's something like," agreed the Skipper. "The Governor won't half like losing that deckload, but that's general average for him and the merchant and the insurance. I say, Richard, if I'm not drinking tea in ten minutes I'll die of thirst with the blood of youth on my hands!"

"You won't," said Dick, noncommittally, diving for the galley stove.

Shining Up the Gold Cup

(*Continued from page 40*)

amiable moods the day of the race. With all that power on such a short water line, *El Torbellino* promises to be a handful in bad water. Bobrick is sure, though, that his construction is sound. Two stringers, 1½ inches by 16 inches, run the entire length of the hull from stem to sternpost. The motor is bolted to these and so is the gear box. The hull is suspended on the stringers.

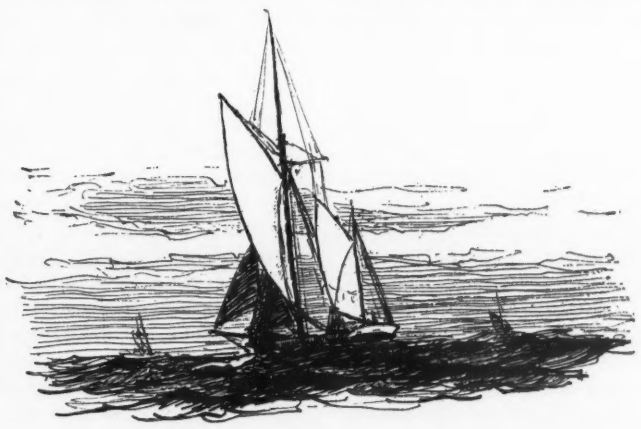
The engine is housed under a streamlined hatch abaft the cockpit. Twin drive shafts from the two banks of four cylinders lead forward to the gear box installed just forward of the single hydroplane step. The V-drive idea is carried out by leading the propeller shaft aft from the gear box through the step. The driver and mechanic ride on the step with their knees against the gear box. Hot stuff!

Jack Dunn's Miami Junior Chamber of Commerce entry, *Jay-Dee Too*, will be only three feet longer than *El Torbellino*. She is being built short and light especially to make the best of the power produced by the built-up Wright aeroplane conversion the young Floridian used but little last year in *Jay-Dee* (ex-*Nuisance*).

Dunn expects the combination of small hull and unsupercharged motor to give him a speed of 68 to 70 miles an hour. If things work out this way, he will be satisfied because he believes that any boat that can run the 90 miles this year at 63 to 64 miles an hour will win. If *Jay-Dee Too* does not measure up to the 70-mile standard, then Dunn and his mechanic, Jack Betts, will go into supercharging.

Jack Rutherfurd's appearance at Lake George depends upon what luck he has in the rehabilitation of *Duster*, which was a failure as a Sweepstakes boat last year because the hull would not put out the power it contained. *Duster* just would not handle. Rutherfurd has had her chines brought in, her after bearing surfaces enlarged and her rudder adjusted. He hopes that these changes will enable her to run without momentarily threatening to imitate a submarine or aeroplane. Rutherfurd has an old Packard engine and a Curtiss job. He can use either and will if *Duster* gives him any promise of behaving at all like a real Gold Cup contender.

The new boats, new engines, new improvements all around, would seem to indicate a wholesale shattering of Gold Cup records on July 25th. If any progress has been made at all, *El Lagarto's* heat record of 60.866 m.p.h., *Californian's* lap mark of 63.644 (made on Red Bank's rubber course), and *Delphine IV's* 90-mile race average of 60.28 m.p.h. should go by the board. The race will be the thirty-third for America's oldest speed boat trophy and it should be by all odds one of the most interesting.



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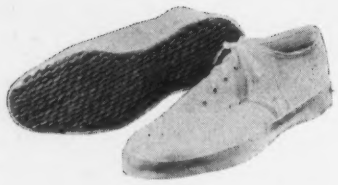

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The Barometer—What It Tells and Doesn't Tell

(*Continued from page 58*)

travel characteristically from west to east. Since the force of the wind is directly connected with the magnitude of the horizontal differences of pressure, changes in wind force are closely related to the development and movement of the traveling disturbances of pressure, or pressure systems.

By making use of the direct relationship between pressure distribution and wind direction and velocity it is possible to construct charts showing the prevailing winds over any area for a given period, if the average distribution of pressure is known, and also to construct charts showing the average arrangement of the isobars, if the prevailing winds are known. Thus, a chart that shows the average distribution of pressure also shows indirectly the average distribution of winds. In this connection I feel obliged to digress in order to comment upon a statement made by Alfred Loomis in the July (1935) issue of YACHTING. Mr. Loomis cites four recent instances in which yachts ran into calms followed by easterly winds in longitude 17° to the west of the British Isles and France. His implied opinion is that the average conditions in this area are distinctly different from those indicated by the Pilot Charts. I have recently discovered that other experienced yachtsmen, among them George Roosevelt, share the same view. Consequently, I feel it is urgent that the actual facts be brought out.

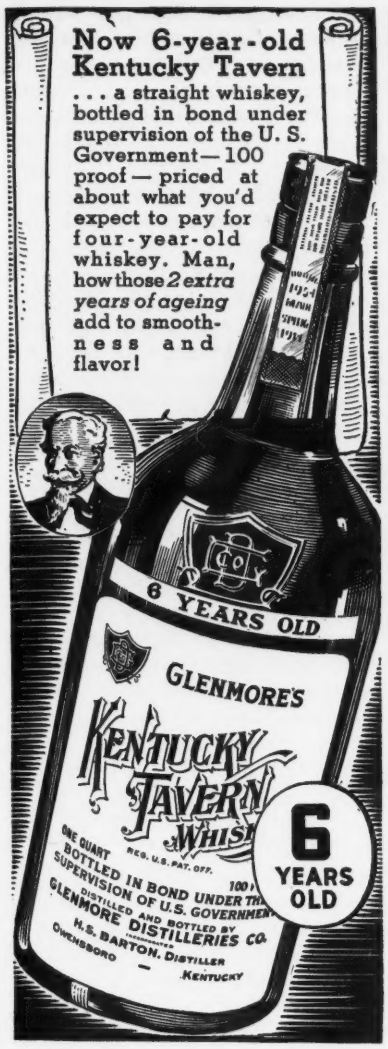
If the picture of average wind distribution which is portrayed by the Pilot Charts were inaccurate (which it is not), we should expect to find inconsistencies between the Pilot Charts and the charts (constructed on the basis of barometric, not wind, observations) showing the mean distribution of pressure at sea level for individual months. Actually there are no inconsistencies. If easterly winds and calms were the rule between longitude 17° and the English Channel, the monthly pressure charts would show in this area sudden and peculiar changes in both the pressure distribution and the pressure gradient, changes which would be necessary concomitants of the change from fresh westerly winds to calms and easterly winds. Actually the pressure charts indicate that westerly winds prevail all the way across the Atlantic Ocean north of latitude 45° during the summer, which is in complete agreement with the picture presented by the Pilot Charts.

Evidently, then, the truth is that the calms and easterly winds described by Mr. Loomis were definitely cases of coincidence. *And in the event that four similar instances of calms and easterly winds shall be experienced by yachts during future Transatlantic voyages, they too must be ascribed solely to coincidence.* Even if the confirmatory evidence furnished by the Pilot Charts were not available, consideration of the general circulation of the atmosphere would alone demand such a viewpoint. Nature does not allow the permanent existence of such small and localized holes, or dead spots, in the general wind circulation over the oceans in middle latitudes.

During short periods, however, the existence of a pressure distribution differing markedly in character from the average condition is a fairly common occurrence. It is not difficult to draw general conclusions regarding the pressure distribution in one's surroundings at a given instant from nothing more than the information furnished by the behavior and height of the barometer and the direction and force of the wind. But it is practically impossible to forecast with any degree of certainty from these limited observations what the pressure distribution, and hence the wind direction and velocity, will be at some later time. Consequently, the yachtsman who has nothing to go by besides his barometer cannot hope to do more than make an intelligent guess.

Generally speaking, however, a rapidly falling barometer is associated with the advent of strong winds. This is because a falling barometer indicates the approach or development of a cyclone, and the pressure gradient is usually steep in the neighborhood of a cyclonic center. On the other hand, a rising barometer is associated with the prospect of lighter winds to come. This is because a rising barometer indicates the approach or development of an anticyclone, and the pressure gradient is characteristically gentle in the neighborhood of an anticyclonic center. But the barometer does not necessarily fall before or during a strong breeze. The wind often blows very hard without any appreciable accompanying change in the barometer. This means that a steep pressure gradient exists (isobars close together), but that the well-developed "high" or "low" that is associated with the steep pressure gradient is practically stationary. In this case, the wind may be expected to blow hard for a rather protracted period; any slackening or change will take place with relative gradualness.

It not infrequently happens that the barometer falls quite rapidly, yet the wind remains comparatively light. Remembering the relation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between wind force and pressure gradient, it is clear that the gradient must be comparatively gentle, that is, the isobars must be relatively far apart. The rapid fall of the barometer must be accounted for, then, in either one or both of two ways. Either a cyclone with a weak gradient on its forward side is approaching rapidly, or there is a rapid decrease of pressure taking place uniformly over the area surrounding the observer, or both. In such a situation the pressure gradient in the rear of the cyclone is often steep, and in that case strong winds will set in as soon as the barometer commences to rise. (It will rise rapidly under these circumstances.) However, the very fact that the barometer is rising indicates that decreasing winds may be expected.

All cyclones, with the exception of the violent tropical type, characteristically display an unsymmetrical distribution of pressure. The pressure gradients are seldom the same in the front and rear of a cyclone. During the approach of a cyclonic system the barometer alone gives no clue as to how many points the wind will shift and what velocity it will have after the passage of the system. This applies in particular to situations in which the wind blows from a southerly direction while the barometer is falling. The cessation of the fall of the barometer will be coincident with a *veering* (gradual or sudden) of the wind to a more westerly direction. The force of the wind, however, may be greater, the same, or less. Unfortunately, an observer having no information other than that supplied by his barometer cannot foretell the nature of the change.

A rapid fall of the barometer may be due to a moderate rate of approach of a cyclonic system having steep pressure gradients (in which case strong winds will prevail at the same time), or, if the winds are light while the barometer falls, to a very rapid rate of approach of a cyclonic system, or to a general cyclonic development. In general, a rapid fall of the barometer indicates a change of wind in the very near future. This is particularly true when light winds persist while the barometer is falling, because in this case the horizontal variation of pressure is relatively small (as indicated by the light winds). Therefore, the rapid fall of the barometer must be due to a very rapid approach of the pressure system, which in turn means that it will not be long before the observer is situated within the rear portion of the system.

There are two considerations which should be borne in mind when interpreting the behavior of the barometer. The first of these, though it may be of little practical significance from the average yachtsman's point of view, is worth mentioning here, if only because of its theoretical interest. Moreover, it is a matter which deserves attention on steamers and fast sailing vessels. Consequently, it has been discussed at some length in a very useful booklet, entitled "A Barometer Manual for the Use of Seamen," published by the British Meteorological Office. Therein it is pointed out that on one tack the barometer will have a tendency to rise; on the other, it will have a tendency to fall. Applying Buys Ballot's law, it is evident that in the northern hemisphere the tack of rising barometer is the starboard, since the ship is advancing toward a region where the pressure is higher. This rule, however, can properly be applied only when there is no change taking place in the distribution of pressure. Furthermore, as already suggested, the rule is of little practical importance when applied on small boats. To illustrate: If a yacht is proceeding on the starboard tack with the wind abeam, and a breeze of moderate strength, say Force 5 on Beaufort scale, the yacht will be obliged to sail about 150 miles, roughly, in order for her barometer to rise one-tenth of an inch. At a speed of eight knots this would mean a change of only about one-hundredth of an inch in two hours.

Actually, it is only rarely that the distribution of pressure remains unchanged for any great length of time in latitudes outside the tropics. Usually the rate of movement of pressure systems is far greater than the speed of a small yacht. This fact is often responsible for the complete elimination of any observable effect of the tack. For example, a yacht may be sailing eastward on the starboard tack. Under stationary pressure conditions her barometer would have a tendency to rise. But if an area of low pressure be approaching from astern faster than the ship sails, the barometer will fall. However, the effect of the tack is often noticeable during a Bermuda race, because the distribution of pressure between Long Island and Bermuda can be quite unchanging for periods of several days during the summer. This fact is manifested by the prevalence of westerly or southwesterly winds over that stretch of the ocean. In fact, it is not uncommon to sail almost the entire way to Bermuda on the starboard tack and almost the entire way back on the port. Whenever steady westerly or southwesterly winds and settled weather are encountered on the way to Bermuda, it will be observed that the barometer rises gradually (though not necessarily at a regular rate) during the trip, its reading at the end being two- or three-tenths of an inch higher than it was at the beginning. Similarly, the barometer will fall gradually during the return trip, since the port tack is the tack of falling barometer.

The Bermuda race affords a useful and interesting illustration of

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how the influence can be felt on comparatively small and slow yachts. For the largest and fastest yachts, therefore, it may be said that in the northern hemisphere a rising barometer on the starboard tack is not necessarily an indication of improving weather, and other signs should be looked for before trusting it. On the other hand, a rising barometer on the port tack is a valuable indication of improving weather, while a falling barometer on the starboard tack warns of the approach of poorer weather.

The second point to consider in the interpretation of the behavior of the barometer is the effect of changes of temperature on the ordinary aneroid. It is well to remember that the stiffness of the spring decreases with increasing temperature. Hence, a rise of temperature will weaken the spring, and equilibrium between the spring force on one side and a constant atmospheric pressure on the other side will be reached in a position where the evacuated chamber is slightly more compressed. This will cause the aneroid to indicate an increase of pressure which actually does not exist. Under certain conditions this effect may be quite pronounced on shipboard. If the cabin becomes unusually warm, due to a hot fire in the galley or strong sunshine on a calm day, the barometer will show a fictitious rise (sometimes amounting to as much as one-tenth of an inch), provided that the actual atmospheric pressure is not changing. When the cabin cools off, the barometer will subsequently register a fictitious drop.

In the construction of the better grade and more expensive aneroids an attempt is made to eliminate this error. The chamber is purposely not completely evacuated; a minute amount of air is allowed to remain inside. Its presence creates a very small internal pressure (i) which pushes outward, as shown in the sketch. When the temperature rises this air expands, and consequently exerts a slightly greater outward pressure, which tends to resist any compression of the chamber resulting from a simultaneous weakening of the spring. An aneroid constructed in this way is said to be "compensated" for temperature. However, the compensation is seldom perfect. The presence of too little air will permit the effect of varying spring tension to predominate, and the readings will be too high whenever the cabin is abnormally warm. If, on the other hand, the chamber contains too much air, a circumstance that is often due to a slight leakage, the reaction under similar temperature conditions will be in the opposite direction.

Even if the compensation of the aneroid for temperature be perfect there still remains the danger that the instrument may get out of adjustment because of careless handling. In this connection a circular issued by the United States Weather Bureau, entitled "Instructions to Marine Meteorological Observers," states that: "Violent knocks and shaking will, especially with the common aneroid, almost certainly change or shift the various links and levers in their joints and change, more or less permanently, the position of the index. For such reasons aneroids are very liable to acquire unknown and often large accidental errors, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as very satisfactory instruments."

Apart from the instrumental difficulties connected with it, the problem of weather forecasting is one of great complexity. One cannot hope to begin to solve it merely through the use of some simple formula. Even a detailed picture of the distribution of atmospheric pressure at sea level at any given instant tells only a small part of the story. There are many other factors to be considered, factors whose existence and importance are, unfortunately, too often unrecognized by meteorologists. It is, therefore, quite wrong to believe that a layman can make consistently good forecasts with the aid of nothing more than a barometer, or any other single instrument, for that matter, when the most experienced forecasters in the Weather Bureau cannot avoid making occasional bad mistakes in spite of the hundreds of detailed observations that are at their disposal. Changes in barometric pressure are merely reflections of complex thermodynamic and hydrodynamic activities that are going on in the atmosphere.

To sum up the matter: The aneroid barometer is by no means foolproof, either as a prognosticator or as an instrument. One cannot obtain truly satisfactory results by attempting to apply hard and fast rules relating to its height and fluctuations. Therefore, its behavior should at all times be interpreted with caution, judgment, and with due regard for other weather signs. Of the latter, clouds are unquestionably the most significant, and much information can be gleaned from an intelligent examination of the sky, that is to say, from the use of the method of "indirect aerology," as it has been called. In the future, when the physical processes governing the formation of various kinds of clouds will be more thoroughly understood than at present, the yachtsman without the services of a radio will conceivably be able to form a very good idea of the kind of weather that may be in store, provided that he can correctly interpret the clouds in terms of atmospheric activity, and can correlate his interpretation with the behavior of the barometer.

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"Lochinvar's" Shakedown Cruise

(*Continued from page 47*)

in the angularity of the oscillating beam, contact would be reestablished and an instrument indicating the angularity at the moment of contact was calibrated in feet and inches.

I had set the photo electric "mike" to hold a course of 91°, almost due East magnetic, which put us off Monhegan in three hours. The *VII*, due to time lost while under sail, was just visible on the horizon. According to the range finder, she was just 6.8 miles astern. This range finder, mounted above the cabin top, was a real joy. I took a bearing on Seguin Island Light, visible off the port quarter, and found it to be distant 17½ miles. A bearing taken on Monhegan Light showed a distance of 3.9 miles. That placed me at 43:42:15 N, 68:19:40 W. The beauty of taking bearings with the range finder is that no pelorus is needed nor is there any figuring with triangulation.

Score number two for the trials came from an unexpected quarter. A phone call from the *VII* announced that she was heaving to while the steering motor cooled off. It seems that the newly invented reversing rudder was causing oversteering with consequent excessive load on the little motor.

This reversing rudder scheme had been designed to give accurate steering control while going astern. An arm from the regular rudder blade projected forward over the top of the propeller and curved downward, ending in a small secondary rudder blade so placed that it got a bite into the slipstream when the wheel was reversed. But the trouble came in that we had forgotten to allow for the twist of the slipstream even while going ahead.

In the *V* we had installed a glass port directly over the propeller for the express purpose of watching the action of this rudder and I could see what had evidently done the damage on the *VII*. The rudder, bracketing over the top of the wheel, was being subjected to a constant one directional push from the water twisted off the blades at the top. A series of bubbles on the "lee" side of the blade showed clearly the one-sided suction that was being induced. Obviously, a change would have to be made. But for the rest of the cruise, steering was done with the hand wheel, much to Professor Olsen's vast content. He did not say, "I told you so," but really seemed to enjoy steering and "feeling" the boat.

I left him on the bridge, holding a course to run just inside of Matinicus Rock, and went below, ostensibly for a routine check-up but really to revel in the liquid sounds of water gurgling by the hull, undiluted by motor noises. My feeling for that motor was actually paternal; therefore its installation had been properly disciplined. The motor compartment was under the "grand stairway" leading down from the bridge and was entered through a door in the passage between the two cabins. I took notes of indicated thrust and torque for subsequent calculation to improve the rubber engine mounting. The amazing accuracy of model tank trials showed up on the indicator card of developed horse power. With an actual output of 62 horse power, we were logging 15½ knots — just a whisker better than our calculated curves.

Going forward to the stateroom, I stretched out luxuriously on the starboard berth. Due to the bulbous bows, it was hard to believe that this room was in the eyes of the ship. But roominess was the least of the advantages induced by the shape. What we discovered by accident is far more important. We were at that moment plowing through the bad, following tide rip peculiar to the Penobscot approaches during the ebb. Ordinarily, a modern wide stern boat makes rather erratic progress when following seas get under the counter and heave. Sometimes such a boat skates off at an angle and loses all sense of dignity. But when a big, fast one piled up under our stern, our extra buoyancy forward kept the balance even and the compass course never flickered.

A shout from the helm made me turn out and, when I got to the bridge, the Professor pointed off to port. Not 500 yards away, the *VII*, under tin sails and power both, was boiling by us at close to 20 knots. Out of our loud speaker came the words: "Given a little science, sailing may amount to something yet. How about a good cry into some beer, Professor?" And, to top it off, the *VII* sailed around us.

Not far off Baker Island, we met one of these new, fast tankers heading west and, just out of curiosity, took her wash broadside on instead of quartering across it. The effect, although not disastrous, was illuminating as an example of just how many ends a boat can stand on seemingly at once. However, two things showed up to good advantage; the telescopic ports, which were all open, took in not a drop and the rolling period was slowed materially by our deck ballast of water tanks.

The telescopic ports are essentially short cylinders in which the glass is permanently fixed. When the cylinder is pushed outward about three inches, screened openings around one side are exposed. The

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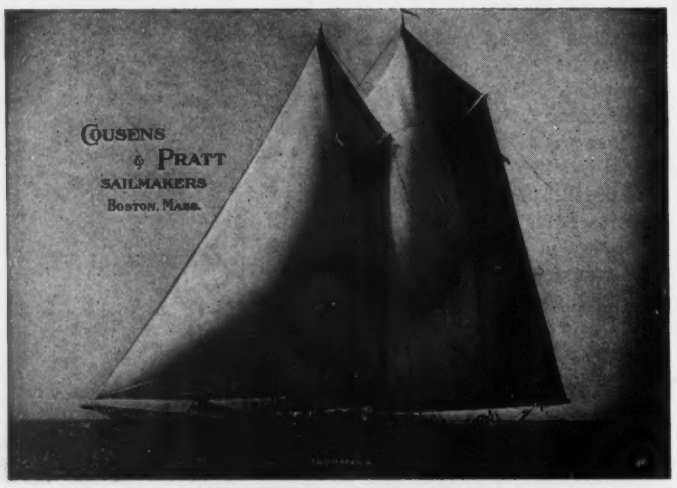

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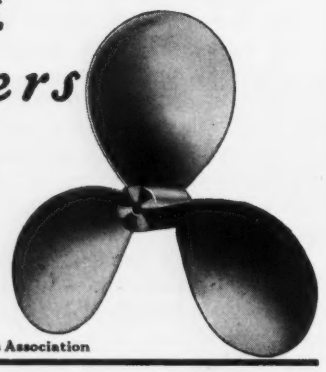

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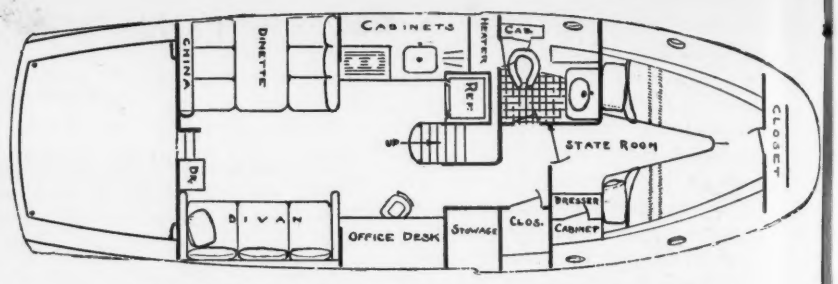

The newest "Lochinvar" had an amazing amount of room below

cylinder can be rotated so that the openings form a wind scoop or they can be turned aft when the boat is under way so that they become exhausters and no spray can enter.

The water tank was installed under the lounging seat abaft the bridge mainly to give gravity flow, but it also served admirably to put weight in the right place for resisting a roll. I really think the *V* is superior to the *VII* in the ease of her action.

At 4:00 p.m., off Egg Rock, we swapped boats, the Doctor coming aboard to take the *V* on ahead for delivery. His plan was to shanghai the owner and make him prove his ability to handle the boat before any papers were passed. Dr. Fabyan had sworn that money couldn't buy one of his boats to be used by a lubberly skipper and the new owner was going to get a third degree on seamanship and piloting.

And then the *VII* slid smoothly in behind Bar Island for an overnight berth. We hung a pair of snubbers overside and thumbed our noses at a hilarious speed boat cutting capers around the anchorage. These snubbers were like little sea anchors and assured a peaceful night. We lighted up the little fireplace to take away the chill and then waded into one of those rare evenings where one eats, reads, drinks and yarns aboard a little ship.

Fishing Deep

(*Continued from page 55*)

The greatest piece of luck I have enjoyed in my fishing career occurred when I was fishing deep. The middle of a very hot, flat June morning found us off Bimini Harbor mouth. I was half asleep on one of the bunks in the *Lady Grace's* open deckhouse when the 36-thread Ashaway line attached to my Vom Hofe 12/0 reel, and 20-ounce Hardy rod, snapped loose from the outrigger. Gifford pulled me off the bunk by the feet and I grabbed the rod from its holder, to strike the fish six or seven times, grumbling all the time about one more damn shark. As I started to pump, however, I realized that my catch was not Public Enemy Number One. At the same time I was sure it was a small fish. I pumped him up hard, still half asleep, and was not fully awake until I heard Gifford scream: "Good God! If he hasn't got an Allison tuna!" Excited as to what possible species of fish this one would turn out to be, he had been looking over the side and down into the crystal blue water. Instantly, things began to happen. I called for my harness and Osborn got the motors running, while my wife almost fell off the cabin roof in her excitement. Here I was, fast to a long-wanted but never expected fish. Not in my wildest dreams did I ever hope to catch one in the Atlantic. A minute later, Gifford drove the gaff into him, and that little fellow (he weighed only 96 pounds) then proceeded to take charge of the cockpit and do all of his real fighting there. Flurry after flurry he went into, and ended by almost breaking my leg with his tail as I tried to hold him down so that he would not be injured for mounting. He was the second of his kind caught in the Bahamas and the sixteenth in the South, as far as I know.

The greatest compliment I can pay the beauty of this fish is to rank him with the dolphin and African pompano. His back was covered with a gorgeous blue mixed with gold and his sides were a rich, glistening silver. The fins were of a most exquisite yellow, and the dorsal and anal fins, stretching back almost to the tail, were like a yellow plume.

It is difficult to describe the beauty of the Allison tuna (neothunnus allisoni) or the thrill there is in catching one. This tuna was named the "Allison" by L. L. Mowbray, Curator of the Bermuda Aquarium, after J. W. Allison of Indianapolis, who founded the Miami Museum. In certain parts of the Pacific this tuna is quite common and in those waters specimens run up to 300 pounds or more.

Don't forget, when you are in southern waters, off the Jersey Coast, Montauk, or No Man's Land, and it is a hot, glassy day and there are no fish showing, try fishing deep. If you have the patience, it may bring you luck.

The Voyage of the "Jeannette's" Boats

(*Continued from page 43*)

tents to more solid ice, they were piped down again to their watch below.

At dawn they launched the boats and, after a fairly good day's work, brought up against an old rotten pack full of holes and water spaces on which they hauled out to pitch tents and remain two days. Then, taking every lead that opened to the southward, they worked their way in the general direction of the New Siberian Islands, the leads becoming larger and more frequent as they progressed. The ice was all in motion and the lanes widened into great bays covered with the first whitecaps they had seen for months. They now dodged in and out of the floe openings, working with tiller and sail to avoid striking the sharp edges of the ice.

The ice shut in and kept them prisoners for ten days. Then it seemed looser than usual and they sailed south rapidly between Faddejew and New Siberia Islands. At first it looked as if they would be swept through the channel without getting a chance to land on Faddejew but, by a great effort, they did so. They pitched their camp on the high, mossy tundra, and enjoyed a night's rest on solid ground.

Between Faddejew and Kotelnoi they got into shoal water and all one night they beat among heavy breakers. They then landed under the lee of a detached sand spit off the east end of Kotelnoi, where they pitched their tents as night came on, worn out and thankful for a rest.

The next day they were held up by a hard snow storm, but the second morning released them. Soon they were under way, scudding through the lanes of broken ice until they came under the land to see the mountains raising their snowy peaks above them. Rounding a point of land together, they hauled out on the lee side of another sand spit and camped. Here driftwood was abundant and, gathering great heaps of it, they soon built a fire of grateful warmth.

Breaking camp the next morning, the boats rounded the spit and all stood to the westward, some of the men preferring to run alongside of the boat on the beach as long as they could. Driftwood on the beach bore axe marks, the first tangible evidence that other human beings were not far off. They hauled out and camped for the night on the southwestern coast of Kotelnoi, under a long line of almost vertical cliffs.

Next morning they started across the open ocean for the Lena Delta by the way of Stoblovski. As the boats were heeled over before a stiff breeze, they suddenly came upon the weather side of a great floe over which the sea was breaking heavily. To collide with it meant destruction. "Down sail! Out oars!" They pulled for their lives. The sea roared against the cold, bleak mass of ice, the men, blinded by wind and freezing spray, strained at the oars, their bare hands frozen and bleeding. At last they weathered the danger. As they faced the death-dealing sea and the murderous ice edge, they found new life and strength. As night closed down, the wind became fitful, blowing in heavy gusts, and the sea ran high. Each helmsman steered with his ear tuned to the roar of the breakers, while a man held the turn of the sheet with a frozen hand. At midnight, upon tacking to avoid another danger, the boats were swept by seas which filled them to the thwarts, almost swamping them. Finally they ran into a field of stream ice which calmed the sea and afforded some shelter.

When day broke it found the crews of the boats shivering together in heaps, their wits either drowned or frozen. The sea soon calmed and a warm sun broke through the clouds to thaw them out, and before long the men came alive again and bright with hope. Stoblovski was just then coming in sight. At dusk, having been well warmed by the sun, they hauled out on a floe, cleaned the boats, wrung out their clothing and, after a meal of pemmican and hot tea, crept, still soaked, into their sleeping bags, under the cover of their tents.

The next day was one of sunshine and, after toiling all day at oar, tow rope and sail, they camped again on the floe. The water had just begun to shoal and they could hear the roar of the surf on Semenovski. When morning dawned it revealed to them the muddy cliffs of the island, not more than 500 yards distant.

Upon landing, a hunting party soon killed a deer which dressed to 120 pounds of good, sweet venison. This they broiled over a driftwood fire and, as the bread had long since given out, it was washed down straight with plenty of hot tea. After this feast they enjoyed the almost forgotten sensation of having a stomachful of palatable food and the prospect of a night's sound sleep on solid ground and a good soup on the morrow. Though the weather looked ominous, it was decided that it was dangerous, on account of the lack of food, to delay sailing any longer than absolutely necessary.

With no thought in their minds except that of reaching the Lena Delta, 90 miles across a sea quite clear of floating ice, they launched their boats about eight in the morn-

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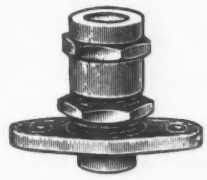

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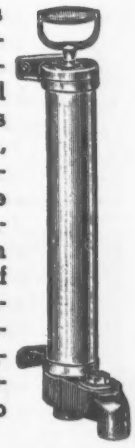

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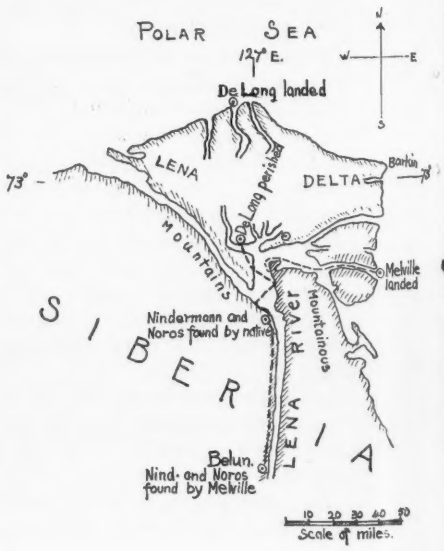
ing. Getting under way at once, they sailed with a good breeze under the lee of the island and ran briskly to the southward towards Wassilewski. Passing through the channel between the islands, Wassilewski was soon sighted in the distance and, just before noon, they hauled alongside of a floe for the last dinner they were ever to eat together. De Long, Chipp and Melville discussed their chances and the comparative sailing qualities of their respective boats. Chipp, although he always liked his boat, was better satisfied when De Long relieved him of one of his men. De Long reiterated his orders to keep within hail if possible, and also what to do in case of separation.

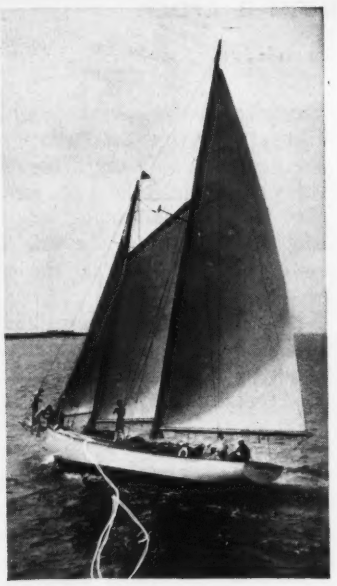
Soon after casting off from the floe, the wind and sea increased, making it impracticable for the boats to sail in formation or even to keep together. The second cutter, Lieutenant Chipp's, performing badly, fell far astern, while the whaleboat was nearly capsized several times by being obliged to jibe to keep from passing the first cutter. To avoid being boarded by the following sea, the whaleboat made sail enough to range ahead, De Long at the time standing up in his boat and apparently waving his assent to Melville. The whaleboat then shot ahead with the wind four points on the port quarter and made good weather of it until dark. Her crew had seen the little second cutter broach to and disappear in the high sea; in their opinion, that was the last of Chipp and his crew. No trace of her was ever found. De Long, as his diary reveals, thought that both the second cutter and the whaleboat had certainly foundered that night.

Soon after De Long lost sight of the other two boats his mast step was carried away. This accident obliged him to ride to his sea anchor and drift off to leeward. The weather, for him, increased to a heavy gale with a tremendous sea. His boat shipped a good deal of water because the sea anchor watched abeam. In attempting to set a riding sail, the sheet parted and both sail and yard were lost. Then, rigging a larger and heavier sea anchor of two oars and the mast, he managed to ride out the gale to it. When wind and sea moderated, he set a jury sail made of a sled cover and thereafter could do no more than keep off before the wind.

In this crippled condition, De Long projected a landfall at Cape Sagastuir, on the north side of the Lena Delta, where he expected to find a native settlement. The cape could be identified by one of the mouths of the Lena and it was here that the first cutter grounded a week after leaving Semenovski. The crew were starved and frostbitten. With feet disabled, walking was nearly impossible. Determined not to die in their tracks, they first made a search for the settlement which they had hoped to find. (It was determined long afterwards that it had been shifted twenty-five miles to the westward of the cape.) Then began their march to the southward.

The beginning of the peak of eventual disaster was when they ate Snoozer, the remaining dog.





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Blocked on their way south by an arm of the great river, they halted, to perish of exposure and starvation — all except two. Those were Nindemann and Noros whom De Long had despatched on a forced march up the Lena in a vain quest for timely succor.

The crew of the whaleboat, on the night of the oncoming gale, made a sea anchor of some of her gear and laid to for fear of running into pieces of young ice which would have been a menace in the darkness. For twenty hours they held on to the drag before it became possible to get under way without being boarded by a sea. They had carried away the upper gudgeon on the sternpost, so an oar was rigged to take the place of the disabled rudder. The last of the drinking water was ruined by salt. Without sighting land, the boat grounded in two feet of water on the shoals of Cape Barkin and cruised for two days more seeking some trace of the two other boats which were to reach the Delta if possible. Coming upon a deserted and dilapidated hut by one of the mouths of the Lena River, they found shelter and water that was wholesome to drink. They built a fire to warm their chilled and benumbed bodies, ate the last of their pemmican and then searched again for more signs of native life. Afterwards they learned that no natives had been living near Cape Barkin for two years. On sailing into the Delta, which they thought looked like the Mississippi River of their homeland, they met a canoe with three natives who piloted them to Jamaveloch, a settlement of Yakuts large enough to give aid.

The Lena Yakuts could not understand the strangers' language but signs and pantomime served. They were well disposed, but had nothing except their own diet of putrid goose and a limited supply of fish to feed the lame and half famished men.

While the party were healing their frostbite sores in a *yourt* which had been assigned to them by the head man of the village, a native brought to them a Russian trader who was also a criminal exile. His name was Kusma and to the Americanski he was a good man. They found that they could understand each other. A bargain was at once made between Melville and Kusma by which Kusma was to receive the whaleboat and five hundred rubles to make a sledge trip to Belun, the nearest point of communication with St. Petersburg and the United States.

At the end of eighteen days, the faithful Kusma returned after a hard journey over mountain passes and broken river ice. He was the bearer of startling news for, in addition to an official letter from the Cossack commandant at Belun, he also brought a message from the two seamen whom De Long had despatched from his last camp. At first Melville was not sure but that De Long or even Chipp had reached Belun. Now, armed with military authority from Belun, he at once ordered a fresh dog team to be ready on the morrow. In due course he arrived at Belun.

When Melville first appeared before him Noros failed to recognize his former shipmate. He gave the newcomer a casual glance and resumed cutting a loaf of black bread with which he was busy. Quite undramatically, Melville then introduced himself, saying, "Hullo, Noros, how do you do?"

There was a cry from Noros. "My God, Mr. Melville! Are *you* alive?"

Then Nindemann cried out: "We thought you were all dead, and that we two were the only ones left alive. We were sure the 'whaleboats' were all dead, and the 'second cutters' too."

Melville then heard the story of the disaster which befell De Long's party. Twenty-five days had elapsed since Noros and Nindemann had parted from their companions, to take up the forced march which was to save their lives. To search for De Long and his crew was in vain.

NOTE: *Though too late for rescue, Melville, after a march which is remarkable in the annals of Arctic exploration, and months of searching, at last found the frozen bodies of De Long and his crew buried in the snow.*

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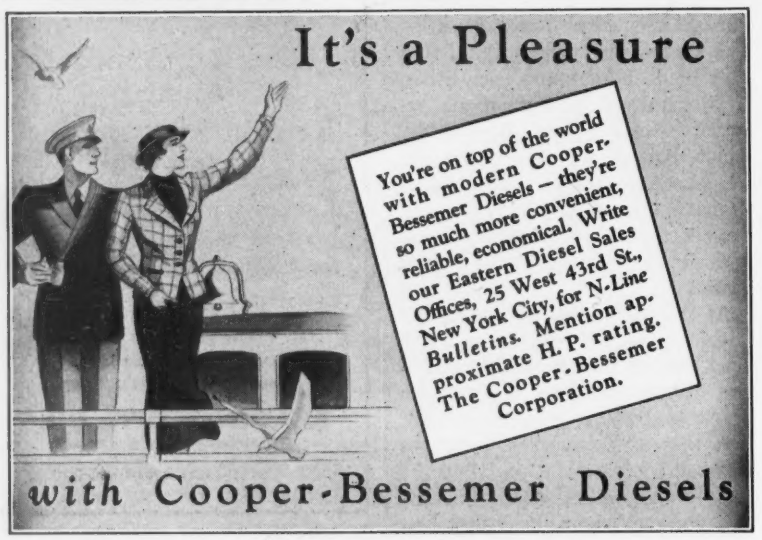
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Working Around a Dock

(*Continued from page 52*)

to swing, right the helm and give her a little more speed ahead to get her stern clear and, as the strain comes off the after spring and the boat ranges ahead along the dock, take in slack on it and make it fast. Now, with the engine keeping the spring from the port quarter taut and the helm aport, she will swing rapidly. When her head is getting down stream, so that the spring from the port side leads nearly aft, let it go and drop the bight of the other into the water and let it take the strain. She will continue to swing on that spring, even without the engine. Indeed, the engine does not do much in this maneuver except hold the lines taut and keep the boat away from the pier; the lines and the tide do the work. If leaving the berth, the spring line from the starboard quarter is let go when the boat is headed down stream and clear. If she is merely changing ends at the pier, she may be backed up against the tide, taking in the slack of the spring, and dropped in alongside after her stern is directly up stream so that the tide will not throw her hard against the dock.

Entering a basin, with the tide running strongly across a narrow entrance, is difficult as a slight error in judging headway and current will cause the boat to foul one side or the other. And you cannot go in too slowly or you won't have proper steerageway to handle the boat. If there is any doubt about making it, the safe course is to make a pierhead landing above the entrance and then spring her around the corner with lines. Make the landing with the boat's stern overlapping the entrance, if practicable, and get out a spring line from amidships and a stout swinging line from forward (Fig. 7). Carry the latter well up the pier. Now take a line from the inshore quarter and make it fast inside of the entrance. The spring line is used for her to swing against while the swinging line controls the operation. Slack the swinging line a little and give her a cant out with the helm. As the tide pushes against the inshore bow, she will start to swing rapidly. Ease away the swinging line handsomely so that she will not swing too rapidly and take in the slack of the line from aft, going astern with the engine. When nearly straightened out for the entrance, the spring may be eased and the boat backed into the basin.

When leaving a basin, it is better to go out bow first if possible as you will then have better control of the boat. Notice how the tide is running before you start and allow for it. If you don't, and try to go out square across the current, your bow will be carried down stream as it emerges from the entrance and the boat may get across the entrance with the chance of having the stern strike the upstream side or of the boat being carried into the down stream pier. Go out at an angle, with the bow upstream, and the tide will straighten her out as she goes clear.

Backing out will be more difficult as the control when going astern is usually not so good. If there is a good breeze, she will be apt to back her stern up into the wind. You can back her out along the upstream side of the entrance, keeping lines in the dock and shifting them as necessary. When she nears the corner, take a swinging line up the dock outside and make it fast and a spring from forward of amidships to the corner. As she backs out, the tide acting on her stern will force her bow up against the dock so that plenty of fenders will be needed and everyone not otherwise occupied must bear the bow off. When more of the boat's length is out in the river, she will be pushed bodily clear by the current and then can go astern fast, let go and be off.

With a twin screw boat, operations will be much easier as the boat's stern may be swung to one side or the other by going ahead or backing on the proper screw. A boat may be turned on her heel by going ahead on one screw and astern on the other. Alongside of a dock, going ahead on the inshore screw will throw her bow out if she is coming in too fast while the outside one will swing the bow in. Use the rudder, of course, to help. Twin rudders, each astern of a screw, have great steering effect as each is in the stream of water thrown aft by its propeller. A boat so equipped is always under control and putting her alongside should be simple.

In general, the secret of handling a power boat alongside a dock is to take advantage of the turning effect of spring lines to put her where you want her, holding bow or stern with breast lines when necessary. The rudder is used to help but the lines and the engine do the work. Current, if any, may be used to help and not hinder. Making a landing with a current running, use an after spring with a fair tide and a forward one with a head tide. If possible, round to and make the landing with the current ahead. Keep the boat nearly parallel to the face of the pier so that the current will not take her on the offshore side and force her in violently. Take it easy and plan what you're going to do and you should have no trouble. And study the chapter on "Handling a Steamer Alongside of a Dock" in Admiral Knight's "Modern Seamanship," to which acknowledgments are hereby made.

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Of Interest to the Skipper

(Continued from page 74)

stops were made at Rochester, Lyons, Brewerton, Canajoharie, Albany and Nyack, New York being reached on June 6th. The weather was favorable, there being but three hours of rain during the cruise. On the way down the Hudson, one boat left the fleet at Kingston and went to her home port, Poughkeepsie, and another dropped out near New York and went to Englewood Basin.

G. G. Smith, of Texaco Waterways Service, who was in charge of refueling arrangements, said that the fleet was notable for the economy in fuel shown on the cruise. Only 1336 gallons of gasoline were used for a total running time of about 750 hours.

\+ + +

Johnson Motors Use Thermo-Flow Heads

THE new Sea-Horse racing engines of Classes A and B, manufactured by the Johnson Motor Company, of Waukegan, Ill., have cylinder heads cast of a new and special alloy. These are the new Federal-Mogul Thermo-Flow heads, already used by a number of marine engine manufacturers. On craft powered with motors inboard, these have shown, through practical use as well as comparative tests with the ordinary type of heads, definite saving in fuel, reduced carbon accumulation and reduction in service costs.

Adopted by the Johnson Motor Company to assure high engine efficiency and smooth, trouble-free power flow, the Federal-Mogul Thermo-Flow cylinder heads have been made available for replacement in models KR and SR racing motors now in service as well as in the new models in these classes.

\+ + +

"Karina" Uses Columbian Propellers

ROBERT E. TOD'S new 50-foot Diesel yacht *Karina*, recently delivered to her owner by Dawn Cruisers, Inc., of Clason Point, New York, is equipped with a pair of Columbian propellers. Two 8-cylinder Superior Diesels drive them.

\+ + +

Naval Architect Shifts His Quarters

C. PADGETT HODSON, naval architect who has been practicing in Philadelphia, has closed his office there and will be in Portsmouth, N. H., during the summer, where he will be ready to design boats for his clients. In the autumn, he will open headquarters in Boston.

\+ + +

Outboard Trophies Announced

THE Champion Spark Plug Company has just announced the prizes which it will offer for 1936 high point drivers in outboard competition. Each will receive a Gallet chronograph, a combined stop and wrist watch. The new chronograph is the first precision instrument with the distinction and style of the smartest watch of the ordinary type. Designed by Gallet, it is the answer for anyone who requires a dependable timing device for racing as well as a good looking, dressy watch for everyday use. Champion officials state that they feel sure that such a practical prize will have a great appeal to outboard drivers.

As in previous years, the award will be made to the high point driver who used Champion spark plugs in all races. Drivers in Classes A, B, C and F in the Eastern, Central, Western and Southern Divisions will be eligible. Standings will be determined under N.O.A. scoring.

A Gallet chronograph, a handsome wrist and stop watch like this, is being offered to high point outboard drivers of the 1936 racing season by the Champion Spark Plug Co.

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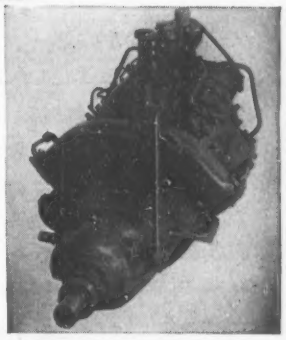

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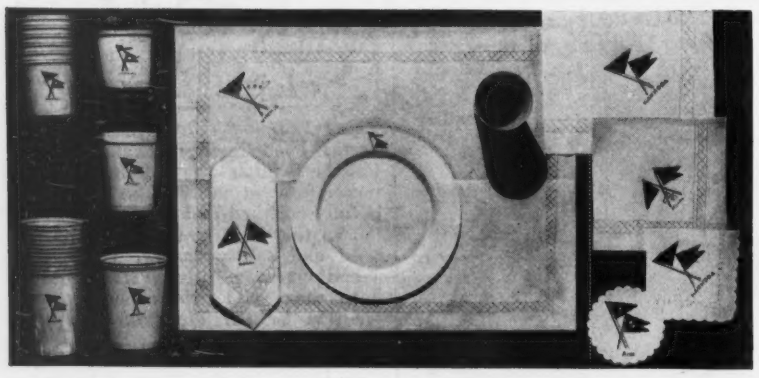

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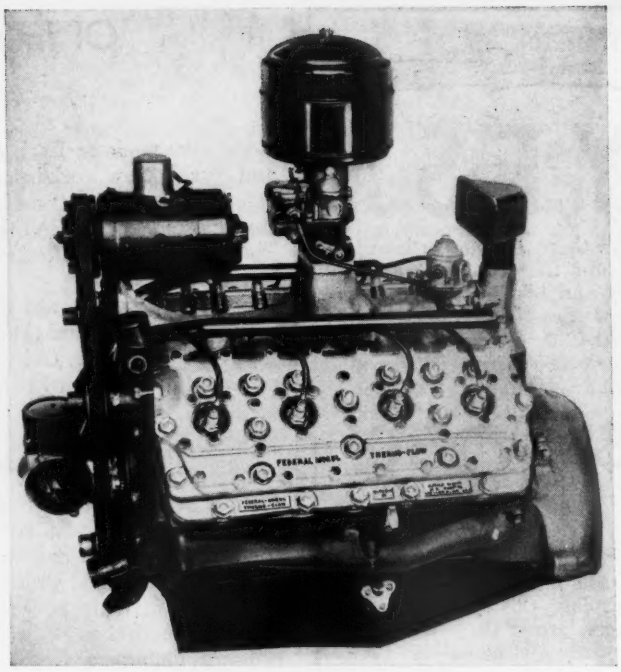


A Ford V-8 conversion with Federal-Mogul Thermo-Flow heads

Thermo-Flow Power Head for Ford V-8 Conversions

AFTER several years of intensive testing under every operating condition and with a successful record in the racing field, the Thermo-Flow cylinder head, manufactured by Federal-Mogul Corporation, of Detroit, is now available for Ford V-8 marine conversions through leading engine builders. In comparison with the heads ordinarily used, the new heads have shown 34 per cent increase in horse power, more than 17 per cent increase in revolutions and a 10 per cent saving in fuel, with less carbon.

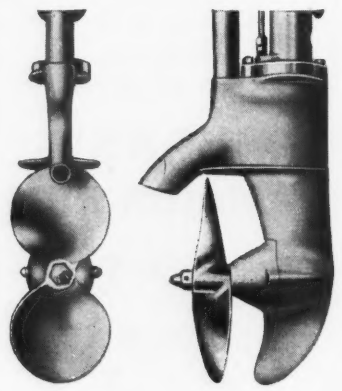
The Thermo-Flow head is now offered as standard or optional equipment, and for replacements, on Ford V-8 conversions by Kermath Manufacturing Co., Lehman Marine Engineering Co., Scripps Motor Co. and Oscar Smith & Sons. It was adopted for Chris-Craft engines some time ago and in the President's Cup Regatta last year proved its worth. In the recent Albany-New York Marathon, *Lady Gen*, equipped with the Thermo-Flow, won in the unlimited runabout class.

\+ + +

Reduction Gears for Outboards

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION announces that special reduction gears are now available for three representative Evinrude models: the Lightwin, the Lightwin Imperial and the Lightfour Imperial. A special gear case houses accurately machined, heat treated, nickel steel bevel gears in the ratio of 11:31. This causes the propeller to turn approximately twice as slowly as on the standard Evinrude motors, permitting the use of propellers of much greater diameter and area. Such propellers efficiently drive heavy loads at good speed and with reduced fuel consumption. The equipment includes propeller of suitable size. The new rig is recommended for use as auxiliary power on sailing craft and also on runabouts, commercial fishing craft, life boats, etc.

The Outboard Motors Corporation has just issued an interesting circular listing and illustrating installation problems on different types of boats. Besides the special reduction gears, these include longer shafts, special brackets and optional propellers for efficient operation. Various types of transoms are illustrated with methods of fitting them for an outboard.



Outboard Motors Corporation now offers reduction gear models in three Evinrude outboards, the Lightwin, the Lightwin Imperial and the Lightfour Imperial

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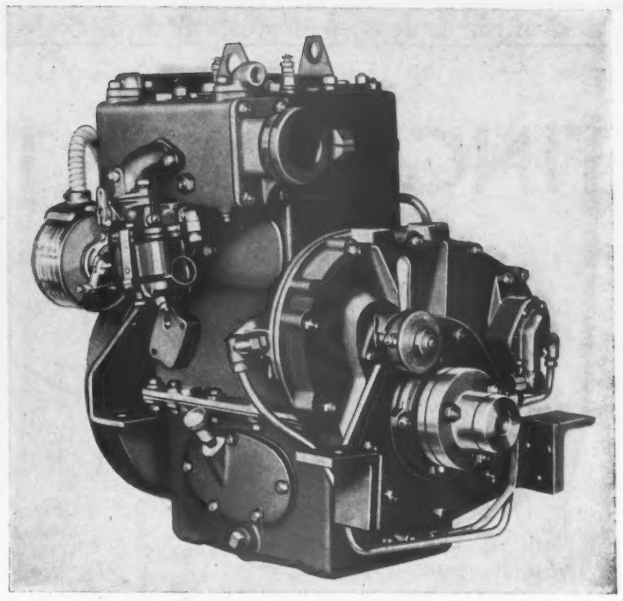
SKANEATELES, N. Y.



Universal's latest, the 'Bob-Tail Twin," a 10 horse power marine engine of compact dimensions

The "Bob-Tail Twin," by Universal

UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY, of Oshkosh, Wis., has just announced a new engine with the above title. The new motor is built to meet the demand for a small 2-cylinder engine with "no frills or fancy fixings." The new outfit is designed for small utility boats, tenders, fishing boats and auxiliaries, boats in which the smoothness and flexibility of a twin will be appreciated if such a power plant can be had in a compact form and without undue cost.

The "Bob-Tail Twin" develops 10 certified horse power at 2,000 r.p.m. and its over all dimensions are but 19 5/16" long, 17 7/8" wide and 22 7/16" high. Its weight is 275 pounds. It has full pressure lubrication, dynamically and statically balanced crankshaft, fully counterweighted, gear type water pump, and cylinder head held with 14 studs — no chance for water leaks into the cylinders.

\+ + +

A Bulletin on Diesels

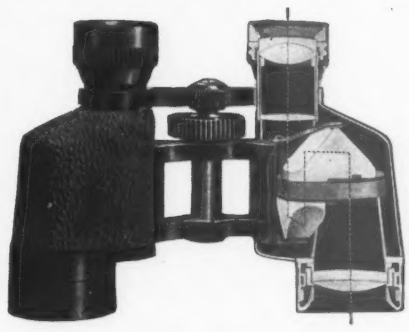
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., of Chicago, have just issued Bulletin 3300-D, covering the Model 33-D Diesel engine. The booklet is well illustrated with pictures of the different sizes of this engine in various installations, afloat and ashore, and describes its construction and operation in much detail.

The design of the engine, embodying such features as oil-cooled pistons, open head combustion, differential-injection valves and back-flow scavenging, originated with Fairbanks-Morse ten years ago, it is stated. Since then it has been developed over a range of four different cylinder sizes and is now available in ratings as low as 250 hp.

\+ + +

A New Binocular

CAMERA users have been long familiar with the high quality of lenses made by Wollensak Optical Co., of Rochester, N. Y., a house which has specialized since 1899 in the manufacture of fine lenses. The company now offers a prism binocular that should appeal to yachtsmen. It is an 8-power glass with 30 mm. objectives. The angular field is 7° 44′ and the field at 1000 yards is 135 yards. Central focusing is provided and the right ocular is adjustable individually. The glass measure 4 1/4" closed and 4 5/8" extended and its weight is 18 ounces. A cowhide leather case is provided and two long straps, one for the case and the other for the glass.



The new binocular brought out by the Wollensak Optical Co., of Rochester, N. Y., is an 8-power glass with 30 mm. objectives

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When Murray & Tregurtha began manufacturing marine engines forty-five years ago, a standard of superlative quality was established. This banner still waves with uncompromising fidelity — unfaltering loyalty to a traditionally high-grade production.

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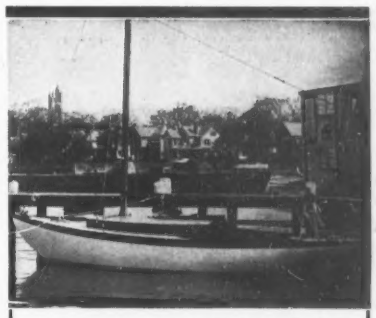
Write for our descriptive folder

MURRAY & TREGURTHA, INC.

North Quincy, Mass.



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Esquire	79	53,050	267,392
Yachting	64	d40,575	243,195
Town & Country	59	39,676	237,300
Motor Boating	74	31,914	214,589
The Spur	42	28,543	151,155
House & Garden	42	26,530	172,302
Cosmopolitan	61	26,382	144,365
Better Homes & Gardens	52	23,197	139,127
The Sportsman	34	22,876	102,781
American Home	36	22,672	178,275
N. Y. Met. Edition	*46*	*28,873*	*212,335*
Nation's Business	52	22,372	116,009
American Magazine	51	21,800	130,882
House Beautiful	33	20,860	167,585
Country Life	31	20,832	124,342
Popular Mechanics	89	19,936	122,038
Redbook	46	19,793	94,898
Field & Stream	44	18,936	100,520
Outdoor Life	42	18,141	84,618
Sunset	36	15,463	79,625
Banking	36	15,365	91,067
Stage	23	15,250	94,636

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